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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

PETER B. KYNE'S
latest short story of Woman, War and Aces
"Chivalry"

HOME, SWEET HOME-BREW By John T. Flynn

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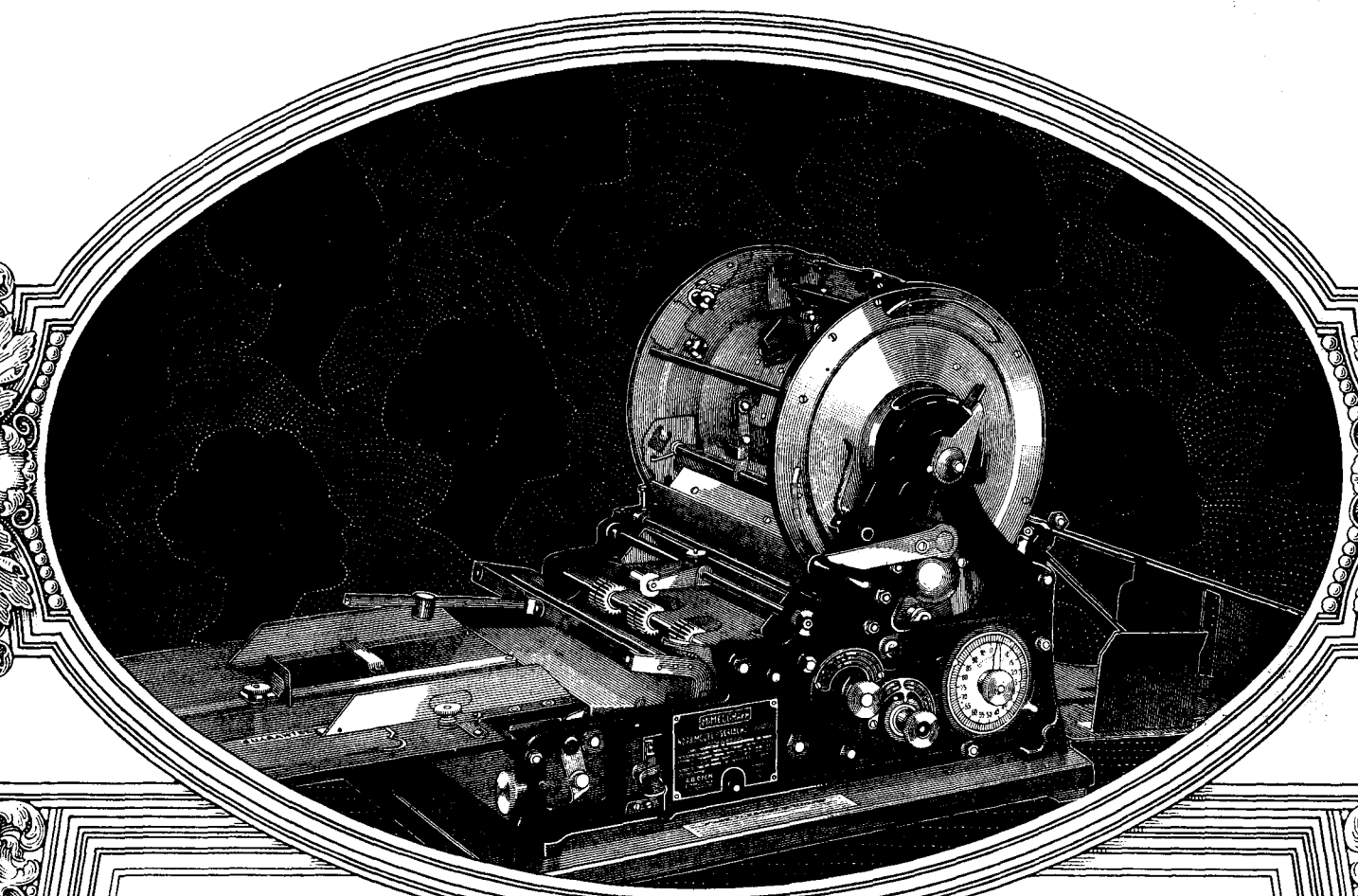

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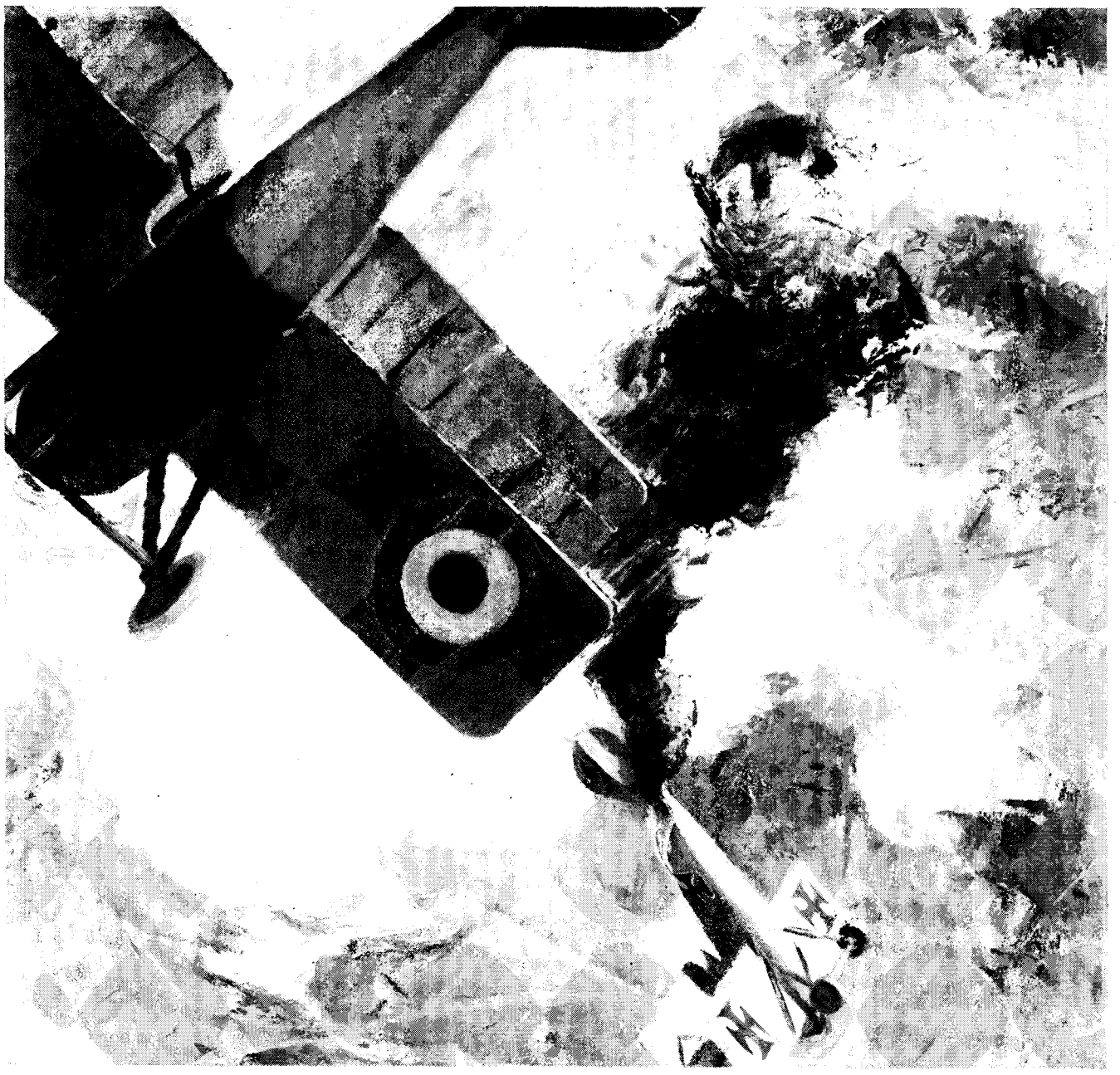

A moment later I send him down with his tail on fire

When gentlemen have a dispute to settle a war cannot be allowed to interfere

Chivalry

By PETER B. KYNE

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

THE French are a practical and frugal race and waste nothing, for which reason, doubtless, Captain René de Girault, who spoke excellent English and had lived in the United States two years prior to the World War and hence was presumed to have an intimate knowledge of the mental machinery of his country's more or less lunatic allies, was attached to my regiment as liaison officer. For three years he had flown and fought with the Third Pursuit Squadron of the 34th Escadrille until a German put one machine-gun bullet through his right hand and another through his left forearm, thus forcing him to retire precipitately from a dog fight. Unable longer to handle the joy-stick or press the trigger of his machine gun, there was nothing else for him to do—so, like a true Frenchman, he had done it gracefully. Grasping the top of the stick in his teeth (fortunately René has a wide and humorous mouth) he dived earthward, flattened out at five hundred feet and fled for home, where he made a perfect landing, switched off the ignition with his long, sagacious Bourbon nose and was lifted out of the cockpit unconscious from loss of blood. However, his legs and head were intact, so while still convalescing from his wounds his thrifty government assigned him to us.

As a liaison officer René de Girault was at peace with his kind. That is to say, he was of no particular value to us or the French, nor was he the least interested in being of value, beyond acting as interpreter for those of us who lacked the services of the American descendant of a French laundry. Nevertheless, we cherished him, for he was a joy at mess. It was my privilege to cut his meat into segments he could handle with his stiff hand; also he preferred our tobacco and hand-rolled cigarettes. Yes, he was a perverse creature, was René, and because he took a queer fancy to me it was my privilege to roll him a supply of cigarettes daily. I will say this of him, however. He licked them himself and then permitted me to pinch the ends down so they would hold together. Fastidious devil! On the other hand he hadn't the slightest objection to drinking from my canteen, particularly when it contained old brandy, which most generally it did.

We gave him a striker. Not that he rated one, but because he had to have one to help him around. One day he complained to me that his striker objected to bathing him. Opportunities for a bath were not too frequent, but when opportunity showed its nose René de Girault was never the man to smother it, and because he could not, as yet, hold a sponge in his left hand and soap it with his right, nor could he use his right arm to scrub himself, he felt rather out of it.

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Well, one cannot ignore a man with as much gallantry-in-action hardware as René de Girault sported on his Gallic breast. . . . Yes, you've guessed it. I groomed him, and found him profuse in his expressions of gratitude. I buttoned and unbuttoned him, too, and he was an infernal nuisance because he made me like it. Knowing nothing of field artillery, beyond spotting bursts from an airplane, his principal diversion was riding around in the car with the old man, looking imposing and selecting the wine and brandy for the mess. That was while we were at the training center in Clermont-Ferrand. About the time we were ready to go up to the front, however, he was fit for active service again, so he left us to go back to his old trade. At parting he wept and kissed me farewell, which paid for everything. Also, he gave me his home address and begged me to call when the war should be over. He had a château in a little village called Migne, in Vienne, with a couple of hundred acres of vineyard surrounding it, and claimed to have excellent partridge shooting and three well-trained Blue Auvergne pointers. He insisted that I must drop in and see if he was there, albeit he was not at all sanguine on that point.

"I HAVE a rendezvous in the skies with that devilish Major Carl von Henckel," he explained, "and that fellow is not to be taken lightly. Has he not brought me down once?"

"Let us hope, René," I replied, "that somebody has, during your enforced absence, brought him down."

"Ah, that would be too terrible," he answered seriously. "But you will call when the war is over, mon ami?"

His optimism piqued me. "Confound you, René," I retorted, "you appear much too certain of my survival."

He shrugged. "Why not? You are in the field artillery and their casualties are never heavy. An average of ten per cent. Nom de pipe! That is nothing." Then he embraced me again, climbed into the old man's car, drove over to the local flying field where we had cadets in training and induced the commandant to send him home to his beloved escadrille in a two-seater.

Well, he survived. I had a letter from him a week before we sailed for home. Now, ten years later, I was alighting from an automobile at the entrance to his château at Migne and there he stood waiting to welcome me, arrayed in a velveteen shooting suit, with the ridiculous leather leggings the French affect when they go afield, and the equally ridiculous peaked hat with a pheasant's feather in it. And three Blue Auvergne pointers barked at me and a tall, blond man, who, even in plus fours and a golfing cap, could not conceal the fact that once he had been a soldier, stood smiling beside him.

OF COURSE René embraced me and kissed me on both cheeks and wept ever so little, while his companion smiled at my embarrassment, for, alas! I had never been decorated by a French general and hence my osculatory adventures had been rather meager, so to speak. In his gracious, almost ornate manner René presented me to the tall blond man.

"My dear Carl," he said, "it is a pleasure and a very great honor for me to introduce you to my good American friend M. le Capitaine Jeemy Barnes. Jeemy, this is my dear friend, Major Carl von Henckel."

The major clicked his heels together and bowed formally from the waist. Then he shook my hand very heartily and said with a smile: "It is a delight to meet the man who taught our René sanitation. I assure you he has never forgotten it. Remarkable as it may appear, he has installed a bathroom in this old ruin with sufficient plumbing to guarantee a plenitude of hot and cold water."

René Girault grimaced. "Once an enemy, always an enemy, Jeemy. He still bears me a small grudge, the ungrateful one. But yes, one expects that of a German; therefore, one should be charitable."

Well, we had a grand reunion and a grand dinner and, apparently by mutual consent, we did not discuss the war or politics. René was at his best—wholly delightful. He was happy because he was prosperous. Having foreseen the fall of the franc, he had invested practically his entire fortune in gilt-edged French securities, making a small payment down and carrying the remainder on notes.

Later he had paid his notes in depreciated francs and with the resultant profits had reëstablished himself in a modicum of the luxury that had been his heritage. Like all royalists he still clings to his ancient title of count, although there is no necessity for advertising his noble blood by employing the defunct title. His nose is sufficient. Any peasant would know him for a Bourbon by that.

Shortly after partaking of our *café noir* and *fine* the major, with nice courtesy, complained of being sleepy, made his excuses and left René and me alone to talk over old days.

"It is apparent to me, René," I observed, as the door closed behind the German, "that after leaving us at Clermont-Ferrand, you brought the terrible Major Carl von Henckel down. You seem to have made quite a neat job of it, too. He appears quite intact."

"We came down together and neither was intact," my host replied. "Mon Dieu! That last fight. It was what you call the lulu. I grow old. Never will I enjoy a fight like that one."

He leaned back, blowing smoke rings toward the ceiling and I knew he was seeing visions, that presently the story would come. And I was not mistaken.

YOU observed, Jeemy [he began], that our dear Carl speaks perfect English. More, he speaks perfect American. . . . Well, I am not such a bum at that myself. I studied English in school in Paris and when I was eighteen I received an appointment as junior clerk in our embassy at Washington. The salary was meager, but the position was dignified in that I was employed in the service of my country, which pleased my old Uncle André, from whom I inherited the title and this estate. Dear Uncle André! He was in Saint-Gervais on Good Friday when a shell from Big Bertha killed him. . . . I like to think perhaps he was praying for me. A good fellow, my uncle André. Knowing my salary was meager, he made me an allowance of one hundred dollars a month while I was in Washington.

IN THE German embassy at Washington Carl von Henckel was employed in a capacity similar to mine; like me, he dreamed of making the Corps Diplomatique his career. In time we met and liked each other, became good friends. He was the son of a rich Hamburg shipping man, who kept him well supplied with funds, which he spent liberally. Also he had a small automobile in which he was good enough to take me on many delightful rides into the country until one night, at a ball given by a nice mamma in Washington—it was her daughter's début—we met the same girl.

Instantly, my friend, we were both smitten by this charming creature. She was glorious. Carl had good looks and charming manners, but I—well, in youth one is inclined to be vain, to be ever on parade. I was the Vicomte de Girault and could trace my family back twelve centuries. These things are important to an American . . . yes, you understand, my friend. The title existed in fancy only and I was as poor as a chimney sweep. It was true I was my Uncle André's sole heir but even at his death I would still be poor as Americans count wealth.

But to my story. At once there rose between this excellent Carl von Henckel and me a disgusting rivalry for the favor of this American girl. Brains? My dear Jeemy, she had not one little thimbleful. But what of that? Who thinks of intelligence, of character, of lineage, when his soul is afire with passion? Such a one, you will agree, must be a dull dog, indeed. Here, in Migne, my Uncle André would have done this thinking for me, but—I was outside the circle of his protection and reveling in my freedom. I was a sweet fool.

Tiens! How I could make love in those days! I tell you, my dear Jeemy, I was what you call fast on the feet. But I was young and when one is young there is nobody in the house—I mean, nobody home. And it was so with Carl von Henckel. A dashing fellow, my friend—one who had fought duels at Heidelberg. You noticed, perhaps, the little scars on his face? Those scars were very attractive to this girl, and I was mad with jealousy when she asked him about them. "Oh, how very romantic," she cried and gazed up at him with adoring eyes.

I could have stabbed him. And at that moment I would gladly have traded my empty title and my pride of lineage for a ragged cheek.

But I had an advantage, my friend. It was in my blood to pay a pretty woman pretty compliments and this ability the practical Carl lacked. He was aggressive, but I was adroit; he was a little heavy with the heaviness of a German, but I was—well, I was a Frenchman! We left the ball that night hating each other, although neither had a perceptible advantage of the other.

Carl drove me to my lodging in his little motor car, and he drove in silence. Arrived in front of the house he said to me:

"René, the situation is impossible."

"What would you, Carl?" I queried lightly and in a manner calculated to affront the excellent fellow. "Am I to be blamed for my charm?"

"Have you a (*Continued on page 39*)

The sparks flew from our rapiers and we were too busy to be aware of an audience

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Man-Eater

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

A Short Short Story

Ted shrugged his shoulders and made the customary remark, "Well, if he wants trouble, he knows just where to find it"

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

TEDDY SLADE was a nice chap, except that he was always wanting to whip someone. Or at least he said he wanted to.

Come to think of it, nobody in the gang ever had seen Ted in action, but from the way he talked it was a great thing for Gene Tunney that Slade hadn't elected to push gloves as a profession.

I don't want to give you the wrong impression, though. We were all crazy about Ted. He was a fairly good-sized fellow and a snappy dresser—rather inclined to stoutness around the mezzanine—and a nice, free spender. He had a pleasant smile and a fund of good jokes which he knew how to tell. But this pugilistic quirk of his kept cropping up in the queerest ways.

For instance, we'd leave a taxi. Maybe somebody in the party would remark that the taxi driver gave us a dirty look. And Ted would square his shoulders and remark that it was a pretty good thing for that taxi driver he hadn't seen it.

Or somebody would remark—on a party—that somebody else was a bit ugly, and Ted would always chime in with, "Well, if he wants trouble, he won't have to look very far."

As I say, none of us had ever seen this man-eater in action, but we chummed around for years and he sort of built up a reputation in our crowd for masticating 'em raw. We felt protected when he was along.

We were a crowd of bachelors, working hard by day and playing hard by night. And it was on one of our nocturnal excursions that we had our first chance to test Slade out.

It happened innocently enough. We were sitting around quaffing the flowing bowl—or what passes for one in a class B night club—and sort of waiting for Johnny Thomas, who had promised to meet us there. Sitting just a couple of tables from us was a man about forty years of age who looked as if he could wallop a mountain and make the rocks like it.

Not that he looked like a prize fighter. Far from it. He had flashing black eyes and bushy brows and the most gorgeous crop of whiskers I ever looked at. We looked at the whiskers and made a few snappy remarks, until somebody happened to notice the girl Old Whiskers was with.

I've seen a few in my time, but I'm here to testify that this kid was the class. And how! Not much more than five feet high, pretty as a picture, figure like a dream and dressed to kill. Whiskers couldn't take his eyes off her, and she didn't seem to mind his attentions any to speak of.

And just as we spotted Johnny coming in the door this couple gets up to leave. They pass our table, and just as they do Ted Slade turns loose one of his wisecracks.

It wasn't a very nice crack. In fact, I might even admit that it was kind of rough, and it directly concerned Whiskers and the girl friend. Whiskers looked around slowly, then walked on out. And just as he leaves Johnny Thomas joins us. He had heard Ted's crack, and he looked rather serious.

"Say, listen," he asked, "did anybody crack wise at this table when that big guy and his Sheba were exiting?"

We all looked at Ted Slade.

"I did," confessed Ted. "Just a passing remark that no harm was meant by. I've cracked worse ones and better ones lots of times."

"Like thunder you have," says Johnny. "Because, listen, Ted: that big fellow heard you, and he's as sore as an infected tonsil—said he was taking his girl home and then coming back here to knock the everlasting tar out of the guy that cracked wise at him."

Ted gave a laugh, but there wasn't a whole heap of humor in it.

"Shuh!" said Ted. "He'll never come back."

"Don't kid yourself, old fellow. And don't ever think that he ain't man enough to carry through whatever he starts. That bird must weigh two hundred and forty."

Ted was considerably pale. He shrugged his shoulders and made the customary remark, "Well, if he wants trouble, he knows just where to find it."

"I'll say he does," says Johnny. Then he turned to us, "This li'l ol' club is liable to get good and hot pretty soon, eh, boys?"

We agreed that it was. Then I happened to catch Johnny's eye, and there was a great big twinkle in it. I knew he was up to something but couldn't figure what—so I didn't spoil things by asking questions. We discussed the coming bout from every angle, and it became readily apparent that Slade wasn't heartily in accord with our enthusiasm. In fact he suggested that he despised public brawls and thought it would be a good thing to move on.

WE WERE tickled pink—not that we didn't like Slade, but it was a relief to watch him dodge trouble the first time it showed up.

We made Ted's life miserable. As a matter of fact, we made it impossible for him to leave without openly confessing that he was afraid. Of course we knew that he was scared green.

When three hours had passed and the big fellow hadn't come back, Ted figured that he wasn't coming, and his spirits rose, also his aggressiveness.

He started explaining how wise Old Whiskers was. "I sure am glad I didn't have to flatten the old bird," he remarked. "Not that it would have been much of a job, but I just didn't feel like hitting such a rickety guy."

Inside of twenty minutes he got plumb insufferable. According to his story, Whiskers would have been lucky to get away with his life. We honestly felt rather peeved at the big guy for not coming back.

But for the week which followed we couldn't get Ted Slade anywhere near that particular night club.

About ten days later we all went out to a road house. We got a table 'way over in a corner, ordered light refreshments, and just as we got settled somebody lets out a cry:

"Good Lord! Look who has just come in! And he's coming straight this way!"

It's Whiskers, of course, looking bigger and broader than ever. Ted's complexion turns a pale green, and the cold sweat stands out on his forehead. Johnny Thomas gives him a playful dig.

"Now's your chance, Ted," he says. "But be sure you don't kill him."

Trembling violently, Ted Slade rose. He staggered, rather than walked, toward Whiskers, and stopped directly in the big man's path. And then—

"Say listen, old chap," he said softly—"about the other night. I'm darned sorry about that thing. I really wasn't talking about you and your girl friend, anyway. I've been hoping to meet you so I could apologize. I'm really terribly sorry about it, and only hope that you don't hold any hard feelings. I—I wouldn't really crack wise about such a gentleman as yourself, and as for the young lady—"

The big man was staring at him from under those bushy eyebrows. And when Ted Slade paused for breath Old Whiskers turned loose a remark that knocked us flat—all of us, except perhaps Johnny Thomas.

"Pardon, m'sieu," said Old Whiskers politely; "I no speak ze English."

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Home, Sweet Home-Brew

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Illustrated by HERB ROTH

"IN THE old days before prohibition we had the brewery and the distillery and the saloon, with a money interest in continuing the reign of rum. Now," says this able reporter, "we have another group of interests equally interested in a commercial way in continuing the reign of prohibition." Prominent Drys are the heads of firms manufacturing prominent ingredients. Federal and state governments protect the poor working grape. The corner grocery outsells the old corner saloon. We annually consume 200,000,000 gallons of wine. Before prohibition we used only a paltry 60,000,000—but few sigh for those drear, dry days except the near-beer brewers. Mr. Volstead has driven them out of business.

SOMEONE hazards the guess that the four major items of domestic expenditure in American households are malt, grapes, bottles and caps.

Perhaps they do not rank first but certainly they hold a high place in the family budget. A Rotary Club poet in Cooperstown, N. Y., thus translates this great American household industry, built on the cookstove and the kitchen sink, into song:

Mother's in the kitchen
Washing out the jugs;
Sister's in the pantry
Bottling the suds;
Father's in the cellar
Mixing up the hops;
Johnny's on the front porch
Watching for the cops.

But first it is necessary for Father to get the makin's. Upon that necessity has been built up one of the great industries of America—an industry almost as great in the amount of money it absorbs every year as the moving pictures.

This has nothing to do with the celebrated profession of the bootlegger: it is outlawed. The trade in the materials for home brew and wine and liquor making, however, is not. It is, indeed, on the great Volstead frontier but it is apparently on the legal side and is carried on by some of the most respectable and driest citizens of the country. The making of these products is lawful. Their sale is lawful.

Dry Profiteers in Wetness

THERE comes a time in the life of these commodities when they become unlawful. But that is after they have entered the home and passed out of the currents of trade. The trade itself is safe, and, to all appearances, permanent.

It runs far in the hundreds of millions. About $136,000,000 a year for homemade beer. About $220,000,000 a year for wine. About $100,000,000 a year for hard liquor and other concoctions. About $100,000,000 a year for carbonated beverages, flavors and syrups to use with hard liquors and about $50,000,000 in machinery for serving it all.

There we have about $600,000,000 spent on intoxicants, not included in the much larger sums which are expended on bootleg booze.

It looks very much as if the wet half of the population is busy making wet goods and the dry half is busy selling it the ingredients and machinery. It looks also as if, under the influence of the Volstead Law, America has been made as dry as before prohibition.

Prohibition, says a prominent dry leader, is now practically out of the woods. It really seems as if there were nothing left to be done now but for the people to stop drinking.

In 1896 two historic figures destined to play major rôles in the great drama of prohibition appeared upon the scene in America. One was Willian J. Bryan. The other was Henning Wennersten.

Bryan, with his eloquence, was destined to light in this country, under the protection of the law, the great blaze of prohibition.

Wennersten, with a little can of malt syrup in a Chicago shop, was destined to train upon the flames a gigantic stream of home brew.

And now it is difficult to know which we have the most of—prohibition or home brew. Whose light burns the brighter: Bryan's or Wennersten's?

Only a few months ago the latter took over as an additional plant the buildings of the old Citizens' Brewery in Chicago in Archer Street, put in a great 400-gallon brew kettle and four monster evaporators, and thus added to his plant capacity another 10,000,000 pounds of malt syrup a year.

Maybe you don't know what that means in terms of beer. It means that anybody with a very small amount of trouble can turn it into 80,000,000 pint bottles. And that from an addition to just one factory!

As a matter of fact, there are many other manufacturers of this product. I have seen a list of 104 such concerns.

The center around which this trade revolves is the malt and hop store or the home bottler's supply store, with crocks and bottle caps and rubber tubing and pyramids of malt-syrup cans in the window and inside the glint of copper of the stills for sale. However:

"Look at the daily papers!" exclaims Mr. Volstead. "You will observe that where you saw pages of advertisements for malt syrups you now see only an occasional display. Look in the windows of the stores. Remember the displays of malt syrup. Where are they today?" And then the redoubtable Andy answers himself, "THEY ARE GONE."

Queer Anti-Saloon Specialists

I HAVE questioned Anti-Saloon League superintendents in several states. Most of them give me the same assurance. One in particular solemnly advises that he has spent two years looking for such a store in his state without success.

When an Anti-Saloon League specialist begins to deal with facts and figures he is an amazing phenomenon. For instance, Dr. Schumaker gravely announces that before prohibition there were 25,000,000 drinkers and that now there are only 1,000,000 steady drinkers and 3,000,000 occasional drinkers. And Bishop Lawrence tells us that for several years he has been traveling up and down the land, that he is out from six in the morning until midnight and that he has seen but one drunken man.

Well, a few years ago malt syrup was sold only in these little malt-syrup stores. That is, there were about 500 or 600 outlets for these goods. Today it is sold in 100,000 stores. Only recently a concern specializing in such things offered to reach for me in a mail campaign 100,000 dealers in malt syrup and hops and 25,000 dealers in home-brew apparatus.

The independent malt stores have increased in number. In New York City alone I have seen a list of 500 such places. There are 800 in New York State, 300 in New Jersey, 300 in Ohio, 100 in Connecticut, and 200 in Indiana, in spite of the almost savage dryness of that state. But today the independent malt store is almost the smallest part of this huge business.

The chain stores have taken over the traffic in malt syrup. One chain, the Kroger Grocery Company, is reported by the trade journal in that field to have handled 50 carloads of malt syrup last year and to be planning to dispose of 100 carloads this year. And this concern operates 3,800 groceries.

Atlantic and Pacific Stores carry it extensively. Out in Stanton, Mich., a gentleman walked into an A. & P. store and bought a dozen cans of malt syrup. Then he pulled back his coat and exhibited his badge, announcing himself as a prohibition-enforcement officer. He arrested the manager and that gentleman was convicted. The case was appealed, but I have not heard the result yet. Other A. & P. stores have been similarly attacked. Piggly-Wiggly stores in many places handle it.

A great many people wonder how this trade manages to exist apparently generally unmolested. The truth is that the industry has now become a big business and, like all big business, it is organized.

There are two trade associations of national scope, and in almost every city and state there are local and state associations. One is called the National Association of Malt Syrup Manufacturers and is made up of the producers. The other is called the Interstate Food Products Association and is made up of retailers and wholesalers.

And there is a trade journal. In fact, there were two until they consolidated. One was called Sips—a beautiful and highly descriptive characterization of the business. The other is the Malt Age. The Malt Age has absorbed Sips—devoured it or perhaps drunk it down. It is now called Malt Age and Sips. It is a monthly, well supplied with advertising and apparently quite prosperous.

A Jolly Gang of Cooks

THE two associations have their headquarters, with an indefatigable gentleman as national attorney, in Iowa—dry Iowa of all places.

Now the courts have held that there is nothing inherently illegal in a can of malt syrup or a pound of sugar or a basket of grapes. But if you sell these things to a man for the express purpose of making alcohol, then the law is vio-

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lated. The guilt or innocence of the transaction lies wholly in the intent.

The whole industry therefore has decided that it is in the food business, not the beverage business. It has got a ruling from the Patent Office that malt syrup is a food.

The National Malt Syrup Manufacturers' Association met last year in the Old Colony Club in Chicago and adopted a set of rules to govern producers in their advertising. Advertising copy writers, they resolved, must be instructed to subvert the beverage idea and emphasize the food field. The words "hops" and "hop flavored" must not be used. And the offering of premiums by dealers of bottle caps and corks, etc., must be discouraged. Right away one unruly manufacturer incurred the wrath of his brothers by publishing a big ad, proclaiming the food virtues of his malt syrup but illustrating it with a picture of a drunken camel leading an equally drunken quartet in singing Sweet Adeline.

And the resolutions themselves, when announced, appeared prominently displayed on one page of the Malt Age while on the opposite page appeared a full-page advertisement of REX, THE KING OF BOTTLE STOPPERS.

Non-beverage Beverages

AN ILLUMINATING series of articles has appeared in the Malt Age instructing retailers how "to make their business trouble-proof."

One manufacturer has issued a booklet of recipes illustrating uses of malt syrup in cooking. The dealers are instructed to get that booklet and to bind it securely in leather and chain it to their counters. If a prohibition agent should wander into the store, made suspicious by the display of bottles and rubber tubing and corking machines, and inquire as to the nature of the business, all the dealer has to do is to exhibit the book of recipes. If a man buys six inches of rubber tubing and an alcohol gauge, why, just hand him a folder of recipes, and there is clinching evidence that the dealer supposed he was buying them to use in making biscuits.

If there could be any doubt about malt syrup being for food and not for beverage purposes, the names on the labels should settle the matter: Gesundheit Malt, Old Heidelberg, Double Dutch, Mixit, Old Wurzburg, Leistbrau, Bismarck, Nitecap, Pilzenbaur and so on through scores of brands.

Many of the dealers take all this quite seriously. The proprietor of the only malt-syrup store in Sacramento said he had quit making a window display.

"Some people are so thick," said he, "that when they see a display like that they think it is some kind of home-brew outfit."

But the editor of the Malt Age, who doubtless has a sense of humor, cannot suppress a giggle. In the same issue with one installment of his instructions he snickers in a moment of humorous relaxation:

"The outsider cannot figure out why during the warm months people should consume so much bread and bakery goods. You who are in the business of course wink an eye like the camel on a certain malt-syrup trade-mark and without sticking out your tongue turn your thoughts to other subjects."

In another issue a wag points out *facetiously why all the strange para*phernalia appear in malt-syrup stores. The malt, he smiles, is for kitchen purposes, and there is nothing like that old hop flavor in the muffins. The bottle caps and cappers are for people who put up ketchup. The rubber hose is for motorists who like to borrow gas from another fellow's tank. The gauge is not for alcohol but for testing gasoline.

All these carefully devised defenses have enabled the malt stores to evade the grip of the prohibition bugaboo. And that in spite of many attacks.

In Rhode Island the clerk of one malt-syrup store was arrested and convicted. But he was held up as a horrible example to the rest of the trade by the association as an instance of what happens to a man who refuses to follow instructions. He gave with his sale of syrup directions for making beer.

In most places these prosecutions have not been very successful. Occasionally a prohibition agent is afflicted with delusions of grandeur. One in West Virginia assumed the rôle of legislator and issued a ukase proclaiming malt syrup a beverage. However, he clarified his decree later by announcing that it is a beverage when sold to make beer, but it is not a beverage when sold for cooking purposes. Thus the same product is a beverage and is not a beverage.

In Kentucky one enforcement officer notified the wholesalers to stop the sale of malt syrup. When questioned he said he was acting under orders from the United States district attorney. But that gentleman disclaimed all responsibility.

In Mississippi the W. C. T. U. went on the warpath and notified dealers in Jackson to quit selling this wicked beverage-nonbeverage. It threw a scare into the grocery stores of Jackson, Natchez, Vicksburg and other dry Mississippi towns. But so far as prosecutions go little headway has been made.

A Man's Castle is His Brewery

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE officials confess that practically nothing has been done by prohibition officials against the trade, and there is a kind of admission that nothing can be done. There is no way of reaching the stores whose sales are apparently legal and of course *no way of reaching the homes.*

One Anti-Saloon man writes me that it could be stopped if the courts would proceed on the theory that a man's home is entitled to no respect when he makes home brew; that then it ceases to be a home and becomes a brewery. If such a ruling were adopted, America would become almost at a stroke the world's great homeless country, and instead the land of breweries, wineries and distilleries.

In Alabama, the home of that great dry superpatriot Tom Heflin, a bill was introduced to destroy the malt-syrup business by imposing a tax of 25 cents on each pound. It was passed in one house, but defeated in the other. And the same thing happened in Mississippi.

On the other hand, the home brewers have had some rather definite protection from the great dry United States Government itself. The Federal Trade Commission ordered one manufacturer to stop using the word "import" and "Bavarian" on its label as an imposition on trusting home brewers. And the Malt Syrup Lobby has been trying to push a bill to prohibit any producer from using the words Malt Syrup on any product not composed wholly of barley.

Thus the great industry which Mr. Volstead assures us is rapidly disappearing grows in volume, popularity, security under the law and in organization. Just how big is it?

The production of malt syrup in 1926 was 438,000,000 pounds and last year it was 450,000,000 pounds. Allowing 10 per cent for baking and other uses, we have enough malt syrup to make 810,000,000 gallons, or almost 6,500,000,000 pint bottles of beer—and this is a greater output than the product of all the 10,000 soft-drink makers in the United States.

Another estimate is that made by Mr. Hugh F. Fox of the United States Brewers' Association, based on the disappearance of the hop crop. He has kindly brought this up to date for me.

The hop crop of 1926 was 29,428,000 pounds. To this must be added imports of 471,173 pounds. This makes a total of 29,899,173 pounds of hops. The export up to August, 1927, was 13,480,272 pounds. Therefore there was left for making beer 16,418,901 pounds of hops. The uses of this crop for other purposes *are so infinitesimal they need not be con*sidered.

Now, it is estimated that 3,279,249 pounds of this was used for making near-beer. That leaves 13,139,652 pounds of hops to be accounted for. What became of them?

Our National Home-Brew Ledger

HOP-CROP merchants declare the whole crops of 1925 and 1926 were consumed in the current seasons. The hop crop of 1927, which was larger than that of 1926, has already almost disappeared. There is no doubt this commodity went into the making of beer, mostly in the homes. Allowing three fourths of a pound to each barrel, we have a total of more than 17,519,000 barrels or about 613,104,500 gallons.

Malt-syrup men think Mr. Fox's estimate is too low. Most of the brewers also think it under the truth. Certainly it is conservative. It undoubtedly does not account for the disappearance of all the malt syrup.

But if we assume that some of this malt syrup goes into home distilling and a large volume into illegal breweries, we still have enough left to make more beer than Mr. Fox estimates. The brewery workers' union calculates that about 840,000,000 gallons are made each year. However, (*Continued on page 47*)

What can a poor dry agent do? Malt syrup's for the kitchen, hops for muffins, caps for ketchup. But hose? For borrowing gasoline, stupid

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Miss Howes dashed straight for Mr. Fulp, who was rolling on the turf, trying to get his breath back

Poet and Plumber

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

In this unromantic age how could a poet and a plumber come to fight a duel at dawn?

IT ISN'T as if I hadn't seen goings-on at country clubs either. Ten years around 'em, as locker-room attendant, on grill service, under-steward. But generally it's the usual thing—light-hearted members trying to jump the goldfish pool and mistaking the distance, or letting on they're porpoises and splashing about the plunge in their dinner clothes, or showing how much they think of some retiring president by putting meringue on his bald head. All playful and friendly and nobody's feelings hurt. One smiles, winks an eye.

This affair between young Mr. Gandy and young Mr. Fulp was not of that sort, and while it is not for me to criticize, still I must say it was something which might have happened in an institution for the mentally unsound and nowhere else. Silly, sir, unsporting, unclubby. At least, I had seen nothing like it in any of the high-class places where I'd been before.

True, the South Adnock Country Club is quite different from Ekwanok or Apawamis or Chevy Chase. It is small-towny, provincial, a bit crude. Only a nine-hole course and a converted farmhouse for quarters, with me acting as steward, chef, janitor or what have you. Not quite what I have been used to. But one has one's ups and downs, as the saying is, and when one is getting along the downs come oftener than the ups. One may have a failing too, sir. So we takes what we can get.

AT FIRST it came a little hard, after taking care of gentlemen who knew what was what: personages, some of them, whose names are household words in the land—captains of industry, statesmen, famous legal lights, actors of note. And here— Well, Mr. Cubbins, the grocer; Dr. Fink, the druggist; Attorney Ross Cates; Mr. Tuttle, manager of the chair factory; Mr. Hub Gandy, the plumber. All decent fellows in their way. Even Mr. Gandy has his good points, I suppose, and is successful in his line, I understand, with so many putting in these new oil heaters and ice machines. An excellent master plumber, I have no doubt, but with an odd idea of what constitutes humor, sir. Very odd.

Then, as compensation, I discovered that among our members was Ethan Allen Fulp, the poet. Gave me quite a thrill, sir, if you understand what I mean.

There have been writers at some of the clubs in which I have served, but one finds them everywhere. I remember a novelist who was quite well known. Very fussy about having his knickers pressed. And a playwright who was always going under the shower with his glasses on and then shouting for me. Also the editor of a popular magazine, extremely temperamental. But, until I came here, no poets.

Perhaps you will understand me better, sir, if I explain that some of my people were employed on the estate of the late Lord Tennyson. Oh, in humble capacities. A great-uncle of mine was footman in the household. So we have the poetic tradition, as it were, in our blood. And in my leisure moments I often read poetry myself: Tennyson, of course, and lines to fit the mood. When I feel valiant, The Charge of the Light Brigade:

Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

If sentimental, Locksley Hall; or of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat; when saddened by the passing of some friend, "a hand that can be clasp no more"; or if low in spirit after a period of indulgence, "I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar." Solace, inspiration, anything one needs.

So I have come to regard all poets highly, to feel that they are of a race apart, born in a golden clime; beings to be cherished, shielded, let to walk alone. Fancy my surprise, then, when I picked up in the club reading-room here a book which bore on the cover the title Liltings, and discovered that the author was no other than the rather stout young man with the dark eyes and the sleek black hair. Naturally I gave him every attention.

But I am pained to state that the members of the South Adnock Country Club fail to appreciate poetic genius—utterly. And in particular young Mr. Gandy, the plumber.

Finding me with the book on hand one day, he remarked: "How does that hit you, Soapy?"

"Why, sir, as poetry," said I.

"Huh!" said he. "If that's po'trey, then Kipling wasn't onto his job."

"We are agreed, sir," I told him. "Kipling was not."

"Some kidder, ain't you, Soapy?" says he. "When our friend Stuffy comes in tell him to shake a leg and get out on the first tee and not hold up the foursome any longer'n he can help."

Stuffy is Mr. Gandy's name for Mr. Fulp, short for Stuffed Poet, a coarse suggestion that he is overweight. And it was Mr. Gandy who first called me Soapy, for no good reason. But a lot of that sort of thing goes on at clubs of this kind, as perhaps you know: a species of rough give-and-take, usually on a friendly basis.

But the exchanges between these two were not of that kind. I could see that from the start. There was an underlying bitterness, as well as scorn, contempt; and unavoidably so, for they were as unlike as two human beings of the same race could well be. Where Mr. Fulp is somewhat short and plump, Mr. Gandy is tall, lean, bony. Mr. Fulp

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is particular in the matter of sport clothes, plus fours in checks and a neat taste in baby-blue socks and sweaters; while Mr. Gandy's notion of a complete costume for golf is to wear rather soiled gray flannel trousers, a collarless shirt with the sleeves hacked off and these rubber-soled canvas atrocities which in New England are called sneakers. Untidy, sir.

Even in the way they play the game they are different, Mr. Gandy being a self-taught, cross-handed golfer; a lunger, a turf gouger, of the fire-and-fall-back type. Quite profane in getting out of traps, sir, a hurler of clubs; while Mr. Fulp, as you would expect, is something of a stylist, practices at home before mirrors, has a back swing much like that of Mr. Bobby Jones, a pretty pitch with a mashie niblick. You can hardly blame him for not relishing defeat, as sometimes occurs, by such a tramp golfer as Mr. Gandy.

In a larger club they would avoid each other, but here, being our two low-handicap men, they were constantly thrown together, called on to balance four-ball matches, paired in tournaments. An unfortunate condition. It subjected a sensitive person like Mr. Fulp to the raw witticisms of Mr. Gandy.

"Hey, Stuffy," Mr. Gandy would ask, "when you gonna write a pome about me?"

"When I do," Mr. Fulp once retorted, "I shall call it an Ode to a Mud Lark."

To which Mr. Gandy replied, "Ah, take a couple of towels and wipe yourself; you're all wet."

It went like that.

AND then came this Miss McCue. Quite out of place she was, and not at all welcome by her uncle, Sandy McCue, our so-called professional and greens keeper. From somewhere in the west, I believe, near St. Louis, or Grand Rapids, or Denver, where Sandy's younger brother had been an assistant pro until removed by pneumonia, or perhaps bootleg liquor. Anyway, she came almost unannounced, and Sandy was forced to take her in. He put her in charge of the shop while he was giving lessons or working on the course.

A wispy little thing of nineteen or so, pert of face and pert of manner, in a skimpy plaid skirt, carroty bobbed hair, with one of these béret affairs thrown any way on her head. A daughter of Eve if there ever was one, sir.

I happened to overhear what was said when young Mr. Fulp first discovered her perched on the work bench.

"Why, hello!" said he, being surprised, I presume.

"Hello yourself," said she. "It's all right, though. I am Jean McCue. I belong here now. I'm keeping shop for Uncle Sandy."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fulp. "Ah!"

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked.

"Mind?" said Mr. Fulp, always the gentleman. "I should say not."

"You mean you're glad I've come?" said she, leading him on.

"Why, of course," he was obliged to say.

"Is it because you like my looks?" she demanded.

He said it was.

"Just what do you like most about me?" she insisted. "Is it my eyes?"

He told her she had wonderful eyes. One does, you know.

"Go on," said Miss McCue.

Being fully able to do so, Mr. Fulp did. "They are cornflower blue," he added.

"Just blue, eh?" asked the minx.

It was like prodding him in the ribs. He put his back and wrists into the next one. "They make me think of bright flags whipping in the breeze," he said.

"Oh!" she squealed, a tender, caressing little squeal. "Nice, that is! You ought to be a poet."

At which young Mr. Fulp confessed modestly that he was one.

"Fancy!" said she. "But I never knew they came so—so chubby." A fair sample of her pertness.

"I am not chubby," said Mr. Fulp.

"Well, not awfully," she put in. "A bit on the plump, perhaps. Anyhow, I'm thrilled. I've always felt that if I ever did meet a poet I'd get terribly gone on him right away."

"Well?" he asked.

From where I stood I could see her turn and glance out at the parking space. "Someone's just driven in," she suggested, "but I think you'll have time."

For a moment he was rushed off his feet. "Wha-a-at?" he asked.

But even a novice could hardly mistake the invitation of the pursed lips. Young Mr. Fulp took what was offered, then dashed for the stairs leading to the locker-room.

He had barely left when Mr. Gandy stomped in. And note the difference.

"Hello, Cutie!" he called out. "Who the heck are you?"

Drooping her lashes, she told him her name.

"Oh, yes!" said he. "The niece Sandy was beefing about having wished on him. Thinks you're gonna be a pest."

"Do you think so too?" she asked.

"Sure, I do," said Gandy.

"Pest yourself!" And she ran her tongue out at him.

"Guess I'll have to help him handle you," threatened Mr. Gandy. "Whaddye mean, making faces at members?"

"It's my face," said she.

"Don't worry," he told her, "nobody else is gonna claim it."

"Blah-blah!" she said, darting out her tongue again.

"You climb off that bench, kid," he said.

"Not for you, mister," she countered.

"Is that so?" he demanded.

Then there was a squabble as he grabbed her, legs waving in the air, elbows thumping him in the chest, and Miss McCue trying to bite his thumb. Rowdy, flaming—youthy. They were panting as he plumped her into a chair. They ended grinning at each other.

"Now you know who's the big boss around here," he told her.

AND that, sir, was how she began her career here—getting herself kissed by young Mr. Fulp, hugged by Mr. Hub Gandy, all within half an hour. Not that these were the only ones she tried her tricks on, for anything in trousers was fair game for her. She came, she saw, she vamped. As busy a little Scotch siren as ever left the heather and as shifty as may be. Seemed to know at sight the weak spot in every male who came within range of her blue eyes.

Of course few took her seriously. Some of the younger men, perhaps, imagined at first that they were on the road to conquest, but most of them soon knew her for the merciless little flirt that she was. "Knows her groceries, Jean does," they told each other.

But with Mr. Fulp and Mr. Gandy it was different. Meaning no disrespect to Mr. Gandy, I should say that Miss McCue was about in his class. He had a way with him, Mr. Gandy, a rather cave-mannish way, and, while he was no inexperienced youth, he did not wholly escape the effects of her wiles.

And at the same time, or rather at different times, she was carrying on with Ethan Allen Fulp. In this, however, she was sly, and Mr. Fulp was slyer still. He took to hanging about the shop forenoons, when there were few around. One would catch them sitting very close, whispering, exchanging glances. It was plain to everyone that he was smitten, becoming entangled.

All of which I was sorry to observe. For I had come to know a good deal about young Mr. Fulp, enough to realize the folly of such behavior on his part and how easily he might ruin his whole life if he kept it up.

He was not, for example, the man of independent means that he seemed. There was an aunt, a Miss Martha Fulp, one of these big, heavy-jawed, husky-voiced women who should have been born men. A dealer in farm mortgages, I understand, and a very shrewd one.

Yet, it was this same Miss Martha, as she is generally called, who first encouraged her nephew to become a poet. Some verses he wrote while at college, where she had sent him with the understanding that he was later to study law. She saw one printed in a college magazine, changed her plans for him at once, wired him to write more. Young Mr. Fulp obliged, very willingly, I take it. He had no relish for the law. And when he finished college he had composed enough verses to make a book. Miss Martha had them published: Liltings, by Ethan Allen Fulp! Took great pride in the fact that her brother's son was the author, always spoke of him as "my nephew, the poet."

She established him in her home, an imposing colonial house with white pillars and a cupola.

I should judge, sir, that Mr. Fulp is not what one would call a heavy-duty poet. Doesn't slog at it, day after day as I am told Lord Tennyson did. Oh, now and then a little thing for the local paper. There was his Tribute to the Lone Eagle, when Colonel Lindbergh came back. I tacked a copy of the verses on the club bulletin board, and I am almost certain that it was Mr. Gandy who scribbled underneath, "Read 'em and laugh."

Which only goes to show that poets and plumbers should have little in common. Least of all should they be interested in the same young lady. Young Mr. Fulp should have had better taste. Besides, he was being unfair to Miss Clara Belle Howes. Now, there was the suitable mate for him, Miss Howes; a young woman of talent, charm, personality. An heiress too. Howes' Hosiery. That large brick building along the railroad tracks is the Howes mill.

IT WAS supposed to be a steeled affair, this alliance between young Mr. Fulp and Miss Clara Belle Howes, and one which gave great satisfaction to Miss Martha Fulp. There seemed to be no difficulties. Certainly Miss Howes offered none. She was quite frank in showing her fondness for Mr. Fulp, and the fact that she was a few years his senior was one that he appeared to overlook. A vivacious, high-spirited person, Miss Howes, somewhat picturesque and unconventional in her manner of dressing—given to floppy hats, many bracelets, Spanish shawls. She had taken voice culture, did elocution, appeared in private theatricals. A romantic nature. What could have been more fitting for a poet?

So far as I could see, Mr. Fulp took the matter rather calmly: may have been a bit smug about it. He almost had the air of having accepted a situation instead of that of a victorious suitor. Perhaps things had been made too easy for him. And poets are apt to be somewhat self-centered, you know: an attitude which seemed particularly to annoy Mr. Hub Gandy. "Acts like he was always giving himself a vote of thanks," was the way the plumber put it. And then he would add, "He's the only bird I ever knew that made me wish I could kick with both feet at once."

(Continued on page 36)

There was a squabble as he grabbed her, legs waving in the air, elbows thumping his chest

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"There is the man! Sickness and leprosy, shame and beggary and violent death—may they never fail in the house of Joab"

Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE hearing of King Saul, who is desperate because none of his soldiers is brave enough to fight Goliath, giant of Gath, David plays his harp and sings a song about vanquishing the giant. Saul takes him seriously and David finds himself expected to make good his song.

That night, lying beside the sleeping Joab, his nephew, though only two years his junior, David blames his harp for getting him into this fix and flings it from him. Then he regrets his hasty action and rises to retrieve it. Walking down the hill he finds Goliath lying dead by the side of Elhanan, one of Saul's soldiers, who, returning to his sentry post much the worse for wine, had accidentally tripped Goliath, whose head had crashed against a stone.

David cuts off Goliath's head and marches triumphantly to Saul, making it impossible for Elhanan ever to prove the truth.

Saul, though he had promised Merab, his elder daughter, to David as reward, arranges to marry her to another. Joab is incensed at this insult and urges David to steal Merab, thinking at the same time to take the younger daughter, Michal. To his sorrow he finds Michal in love with David and David not in love with either. However, at Joab's suggestion, David asks for Michal.

As a marriage present Saul demands a hundred dead Philistines. Joab gathers together volunteers and they kill the Philistines.

David and Michal are married and Saul begins to fear David's growing power.

Saul turns against David and David and his family flee over the Jordan to Moab and then David decides to go back and fight Saul. Joab and his brother Abishai and Abishai's wife, Tirzah, go with him. They gather together about four hundred men.

After a long, hard winter with Saul's armies under Abner closing in on them, they flee to the Philistines, their erstwhile enemies. Achish, King of Gath, takes them in as part of his army. When they are at last ready to fight Saul, David's plan is, if it proves expedient, to turn against Achish and go over to Saul, who he thinks would take him back if he helped him to win a victory. Achish, however, getting word of this, forbids David to fight. Whereupon David's army turns against him.

He wins them back, however, just before word is brought that Saul is dead.

Achish makes David king over Judah, one of the conquered provinces. Whereupon King David finds himself fighting Saul's son, Ishbaal, and Abner in order to keep his province. The lines of battle are drawn when Abner sends out a messenger with a flag of truce.

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THEY met by the pool, the two commanders and their aides, the armies halting on the slopes behind them. Joab instinctively saluted, the captain saluting the general; hard to remember that he too was a general now. There was nothing very impressive about Abner, stout and grizzled—even his plumed helmet could not make him look tall—but there were gold bracelets on his arms such as only a king should wear. King of Israel in all but name; presently, unless they stopped him, King of Judah too—

"Joab, is there any need of this? Our people are brothers. Must we kill each other—for them?" He nodded toward the west; toward Philistia.

"Then let us alone," said Joab curtly.

Abner laughed. "Why, this is our territory. Saul took the Canaanite cities."

"Breaking his oath!" Joab sneered. He had admired Saul for that hardihood; but the reproach ripped out in sheer nervous resentment.

"Suppose he did," said Abner with a shrug. "Judah never claimed this territory. Take your men home, and there will be no trouble."

"And leave your army concentrated three hours' march from Judah? We never interfered with you in Benjamin and Ephraim."

Abner laughed. "Do you think I haven't heard of David's scheming? He wanted the whole kingdom, the heritage of Saul. Saul's son inherits that—not his daughter's first husband."

Joab's hand went to his sword—then dropped slowly to his side. He mustn't begin it. David was right; whoever began it would stand condemned by public opinion. Abner knew that too.

"Well," he said sullenly, "go back to Gibeah, and we'll go back to Judah." Abner looked at the armies, drawn up on the hills above.

"They'll feel rather foolish," he observed with a short laugh. "A long hot march for nothing. . . . I hear you have some good swordsmen, Joab. So have we. Perhaps some fencing matches—only in sport, you understand—might amuse the troops. You and I can go back to the lines and keep them in hand. . . . Well? Shall the young men arise and play before us?"

Under his grizzled beard his lips curled in faint mockery—and Joab knew. There could be no friendly sport today between his men and Abner's; fencing matches would turn to a fight in earnest, and then neither army could be held back. Abner wanted war without the responsibility of beginning it. Well—if it must come— "Let them arise," said Joab grimly; and they went back to their men.

A dozen pairs of fencers were matched, out of hundreds of volunteers (Asahel had volunteered, but Joab rejected him gruffly); from either slope they walked down into the valley, alert; and Joab turned to Abishai.

"Off to the right wing, and be ready. See—Abner's men are forming. It's coming." He squatted on the ground, his trumpeter beside him.

THE fencers met; they saluted. Then swords, that should have touched lightly and drawn back, drove home; men were falling, right and left; from both slopes went up a sudden hoarse shouting. On Abner's side came the blast of a ram's-horn trumpet.

Joab turned to his trumpeter.

"Quick! Form squares!" Two long blasts on the trumpet—and it was time.

For Abner's army hurled itself down the slopes: a long undulating wall of spears—the old furious Hebrew rush that usually carried everything before it. To right and left of the pool they poured down with a wild yell: "Forward! Yahweh and Abner!"

They swept across the valley like a tidal wave—and then on the farther slope they began to break, their first

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impetus failing; they ran more slowly up the hill, breathing hard, their ranks disordered. And they crashed against close-packed, immovable squares—a triple rank of bristling spears, shields interlocked in a wall that stopped the Benjamite javelins; and behind the wall stood the archers, shooting in volleys, rapidly, methodically, ceaselessly. . . .

Joab, in the front of the foremost square, drew a deep sigh of relief. For the attack was failing; behind heaps of the fallen, wounded writhing among the dead, Abner's men were recoiling dazed, disorderd, a jostling mob. Joab's trumpeter blew three short blasts.

Now they moved forward, the ranks of spearmen, each battalion forming into a wedge; running downhill, they drove irresistibly into the mass of Benjamites, while the archers on the hill behind them shot steadily over their heads—a barrage of arrows that broke up every rallying nucleus of Abner's men before it formed. A long blast, a short one. Joab's light infantry fell on the Israelite flank, a volley of javelins preparing the way for their swinging swords—and Abner's army broke, broke and ran in frantic terror. And with an exultant yell Joab's army, that had proved itself at last, flung itself into the pursuit.

Now Asahel was light of foot as a wild roe. As his men broke ranks to hunt down the fugitives he bounded ahead of them hot and eager. For in the route he had marked a stocky grizzled man with gold armlets, running like the rest—Abner.

Abner was short and surly and unimpressive; but those talks on Abishai's house top came back to Asahel now, and Joab's deepening frowns as he mused on Abner's patient, unwearied scheming, ever more successful— Oh, Abner was a giant! A giant whose shadow only an hour ago had lain dark across Judah, who might beat them yet. . . . But the man who killed Abner, who struck down this shabby, unimpressive terrible giant, would finish the war single-handed. . . . And Asahel rushed after Abner.

Steadily he gained on him; at last he could hear him panting, this stout aging man. Abner threw a glance back over his shoulder.

"Is it you, Asahel?"

The boy's "Yes!" was a gasp. Abner ran on, his head down, his spear trailing at arm's length, its butt forward. He glanced back again.

"Turn aside!" he panted. "Kill someone else, and take his armor."

But Asahel would not turn aside from following him. And suddenly Abner's trailing arm swung forward—and back; the spear thrust swift and straight as a striking snake. . . .

JOAB and Abishai, side by side, came up to where a gathering crowd of men stood about something on the ground.

The pursuit had stopped; far away the Benjamites were rallying on a hill.

"Get on!" Joab barked. "On after Abner! Don't stand here!"

Mute and worried the men looked at the sons of Zeruiah. Joab flung them aside. . . . His little brother. Dead.

"He was all right," said a veteran, leaning heavily on his spear. "He was as good as they make 'em. If we'd only thought of that trick—"

"What trick?" Joab demanded. "And where were you?"

"A hundred paces behind, sir. Out of reach. It was that old trick—the backhand swing with the reversed spear. He'd never seen it, I reckon."

"You saw it?" Joab rasped. "Then who did it? . . . Abner! As God lives! Get on!" he panted thickly. "After Abner!"

But the delay had given Abner a priceless half hour. He had rallied some hundreds of men; as Joab and Abishai came up they found his troops in position on a hill, ready for stout defense. And of the army of Judah most still lingered, binding their wounds or plundering the corpses; with Joab and Abishai were no more men than Abner had. And the sun was going down.

"Still," said Abishai thoughtfully, "more and more men will keep drifting in. Our archers can outshoot theirs, and one rush will finish them if they don't get away in the dark. . . . Aggh!"

Abner had stepped out in front of his men.

"Joab!" he called hoarsely. "Must the sword devour forever?"

"Till it devours you!" Joab flung at him.

"Me—and these?" Abner waved at the men behind him. "Must it go on, bitterness and hatred forever between your people and mine? Brothers killing brothers?"

"He's lost one battle, and now he's trying to talk us out of it," was Joab's first furious reaction. But then, as he stared at Abner and the compact group behind him, he grew more thoughtful. Brothers killing brothers! His little brother Asahel—but he had been killed in a fair fight; the sons of Zeruiah had no fair ground to pursue a blood feud against his killer.

"Brothers killing brothers," said Joab aloud. "I wonder—"

He looked at Abishai; but Abishai in this crisis was waiting for orders. . . . If they went on now—massacred Abner and all his men—the battle would be won: but not the war. Every man they killed would be a brother or a son, or a husband to be mourned in Ephraim or Benjamin; his blood would cry out from the ground, an undying fountain of hatred against Judah and David and the dream of a reunited Israel. . . . No, they could not win that way; for this problem the sword was no answer.

So Joab blew the trumpet and all the people stood still and pursued after Israel no more. And Abner and his men went all that night, and they passed over Jordan and came to Mahanaim. But Joab and Abishai took up Asahel and buried him in the tomb of his father at Bethlehem. And Joab and his men went back to Hebron.

Before the new moon he knew he had made a mistake. Abner had tricked him out of his vengeance—and more than vengeance.

For once begun the war went on—a fitful, futile, inconclusive war, a war of raids and forays and skirmishes, burned barns and rustled cattle.

DAVID grew stronger and stronger; the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker: never again after the battle of the pool of Gibeon did Abner dare to stand against Joab in the open field. Before a year was past Joab knew that he could drive in one quick dash to Mahanaim, storm the town, and slaughter Abner and Ishbaal in its burning ruins. . . . But with them would die the last hope of uniting Israel. For they were a cantankerous race, these Hebrews. The Northern tribes, and even Ephraim, despised Ishbaal; they sent few men to aid him. Abner's army was mainly Benjamite, of his own tribe, with a scattering of volunteers from beyond Jordan and adventurers from the Canaanite towns. But if the North despised Ishbaal it still distrusted David; if Joab had tried to occupy the land, if he had marched into Ephraim, all the North would have risen against him and he would have had to meet a nation in arms.

He could beat them—that was the sickening part of it. His army, practiced and confident, could rout the full force of the Northern militia. But to hold a conquered Ephraim had been too costly even for the Philistines, and David dared not even try it. He could not afford to conquer; his only hope was to win them over of their own accord. And if he beat and killed Ishbaal, that hope was gone; Ishbaal as Ishbaal the North despised, but Ishbaal as the heir of Saul represented an idea that the sword could not kill.

So the war dragged on, a war that they could win but dared not win; and as the months passed Joab was beset with a sickening sense of impotent futility. He was a man of action condemned to act in a matter which action could never settle, a soldier who must always fight, who must not lose but dared not win. Abner as a force he no longer feared; that giant had fallen by the pool of Gibeon. But Abner as a patient, cunning brain might beat them yet; all David's intrigues with the dissatisfied minority in the North were brought to nothing by his craft and cunning; he sat like a spider in Mahanaim, and all Israel was caught in his web.

And no one seemed to worry. It became a habit, this fitful war that never settled anything. After a year or two most people stopped thinking about it. David was vaguely optimistic—but David was preoccupied with his wives and the horde of children who began to toddle about his house, and with teaching Judah to pay taxes and keep up the payment to Achish. Even Abishai, when he was not actually in the field, was absorbed in his family; he only smiled absently when Joab talked of some day winning Israel, of some day rising up to shake off the Philistines.

So it seemed to Joab, sometimes, that he was the only man who still remembered their old dreams and tried to realize them. One could hardly expect that an artist-king would worry about the future when the present gave him all the wealth he needed and all the women he wanted, or that a contented husband and father would trouble himself about abstract hopes and remote fears. That was the business of a childless man, a man who had never had time to marry; who without conscious intention seemed to have stumbled into his life work, devoted himself to the single end of uniting Yahweh's chosen people and freeing them from the Philistines. . . . A man of action, playing a game that action could not win.

BUT at last Abner blundered. They heard of it first from a ransomed prisoner come back from Mahanaim; the story ran all about Hebron, one of the countless jokes on Ishbaal. There was a woman, a concubine of Saul's named Rizpah; Joab remembered her from the old days in Gibeah: a tall, gracious woman, silent and proud. She had fallen to Ishbaal with the rest of the inheritance, but Ishbaal could hardly interest a woman who had known Saul; it was no wonder that when Abner wanted her she responded eagerly.

It had taken Ishbaal some time to find out what was going on, and then he had—spoken to Abner! They roared when they heard that in Hebron. He had not even killed the woman; he had spoken to Abner—and Abner had spoken to him, and Ishbaal could not answer another word, because he feared him. . . . It was a great joke; but David, when Joab brought him the news, leaped up exultant:

"God is with me, Joab—we've won at last! This means the end of either Ishbaal or Abner—and we can beat either one without the other!"

"The matter seems to have been settled," said Joab dryly.

"No king, (*Continued on page 30*)

Flash Back

THERE are scores and shoals of ambitious damosels who have hit the trail to Hollywood, intending to spread their charms upon the silver sheet, but there are very few who have brought with them the fair sum of twelve thousand dollars.

Miss Willa Binney was such a one and since she was only eighteen at the time she owned the twelve thousand, you will believe that almost anything could happen. It did, and is very blithely set forth in one of the snappiest short stories that ever came out of Cinemaville-by-the-Sea.

By
FRANK CONDON

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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The Sovereign of the Sea

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

Illustrated by JOHN A. HAELEN

The sea! What is its silent inexorable master?

IT OFTEN happens that the most vital thing in a man's world is something he accepts so casually, so much as matter of course, that its importance escapes him. Captain Graham had been going to sea some thirty years before the abrupt knowledge came to him that he served a master greater than his owners, greater than his ship, greater even than deep water itself. Indeed, all these others—owners, ship and deep water—in their turn served this master. Men signed away for some reason they considered good, for fame, money, love, bread, adventure. Such things were the stars that held them, to which they gave their youth, their manhood, often enough their lives. But after that one memorable voyage of the Carradine, Captain Graham knew that ships and men and the sea were bent to one purpose, to one end, to the yoke and service of one silent and inexorable master before which duty, honor, love, toil, fame, adventure, life itself were as incense offered before some ancient and indifferent shrine.

The Carradine loaded lumber at Gray's Harbor for San Francisco and points south this particular voyage. For two weeks the winches rattled along her decks. Derricks swung, guys jarred, steam hissed, men shouted. On the wharfs gangs labored like beavers, piling the lumber in slings which the winches lifted and then lowered into the gaping holds where other gangs received it. The Carradine's mates watched that the stowage was properly done, this size lumber placed so, that size placed otherwise. First into the ship must go the stuff consigned for San Diego. Above that the stuff consigned for San Pedro. And above that again the main cargo for San Francisco. This last overflowed from the holds, which already held two million feet, and another million was carefully stacked on deck and made fast with great chains.

In time the stevedores left the ship; the hatches were secured; the winches ceased their clamor; the derricks were lowered to the top of the deck load and made fast. The blue peter fluttered from the foremost halyards and the Carradine was ready for the sea. The pilot came aboard. The lines were cast from the wharf bollards. The telegraphs clanged, and the vessel moved away. The next dawn found her lifting and falling across sullen leaden swells, her rigging wet and dripping from the rain that drove out of a sickly sky and her whole lumber-gorged being shaken and creaking from the pounding of her engine. Captain Graham, who had been up all night, took a last look around, crossed the bridge to peer into the compass and then, with a word to his mate, went below. It was about that time things began to happen.

Captain Graham was just finishing a belated breakfast in his cabin when the steward appeared.

"The second engineer, sir," said the steward, a trifle breathless. "He's broken his leg."

"Leg?" said Captain Graham, bolting a last fragment of toast and rising to his feet. The steward nodded.

"He fell over the steam-pipe casing, sir. We took him to his room."

"Well, well!" jerked Captain Graham. "I'll be right along."

"One more lashing," Captain Graham would shout, "just one more!"

The steward went away. Captain Graham pulled on the jacket he had only recently taken off, adjusted his peaked cap and went amidships, a sturdy, brisk little man with graying hair, keen blue eyes and a pleasant, round red face. He bustled into the second engineer's cabin with a cheery, "Well, well!" and thereafter set the broken leg with quick, steady fingers, while he chatted amiably of one thing and the other, told a few stories, swore a bit when a safety pin pricked his thumb. When he left, the second engineer was lying contentedly on his back, his injured limb swathed in bandages, and, though his face was white and drawn, enjoying one of Captain Graham's cigars.

The captain, returning to his cabin, prepared to get some sleep. He undressed without interruption, climbed into his bunk and was just pulling the blankets up to his chin when the Car-

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radine was shaken by a heavy crash. Someone shouted from aft. Shoes pounded along the deck. The second mate rapped on the captain's door, and then opened it to discover the master of the Carradine already getting dressed again.

"Yes?" said Captain Graham. "What is it now?"

"Fall wire of the derrick the men were working with aft, sir," said the second mate. He removed his cap, came over the storm step and stood on the mat just inside the door. "Dropped the boom on those drums of case oil we had lashed to the rail."

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, sir."

The captain sighed and dismissed the second mate with a wave of his hand. He went aft to inspect the damage, gave a few orders to the mate, and then came midship again in time to stop a fight that was raging all over the galley between the chief steward and the third mate, while the cook, purple with rage at the desecration of his private shrine, hovered around, poising a heavy aluminum pot ready to take a crack at the first head which issued from the mêlée. The captain burst on the scene with an outraged, "Well, well!" and matters were smoothed over. The chief steward went to his room. The third mate went to his. The cook calmed down and relieved himself by swearing at his assistant.

Captain Graham thought he might try to sleep now. He was not particularly perturbed by what had happened. Men will occasionally fall and break their legs; wire will give; and men will fight when their nerves are all frayed with too much tanglefoot after a last shore debauch. And then, too, there were voyages when everything seemed to go wrong at once. This, the captain decided, as he climbed to his bunk again, was just such a voyage. He sighed and closed his eyes, and even as he fell asleep he dimly heard four bells, ten o'clock, strike from the wheelhouse above him.

IT WAS about eleven o'clock when Captain Graham was jerked back to consciousness by the mate shaking him. He sat up in his bunk, blinked stupidly around and then rubbed his face in his hands.

He heard the mate saying in a somewhat strained voice, "There's a fire somewhere down in No. 3, sir," and as the meaning of the words seeped into him he stiffened abruptly and then swung out of the bunk and stood upright on the deck. He dressed quickly while the mate explained that he had seen smoke issuing from the port king-post just abaft the bridge and, dropping down into the hole left in the deck lumber where No. 3 hatch was, he found smoke oozing from under the tarpaulin there.

"What's in No. 3?" demanded Captain Graham. "Anything besides lumber?"

The mate thought for a moment, and then his face lightened.

"I had the galley coal put in the shelter deck, sir. It came aboard sacked, and we had about every place filled."

"Sacks wet. Combustion, I suppose," jerked the captain. He preceded the mate out on the bridge, took a long look at the king-post the mate indicated and said, "Well, well!" quite briskly when he saw the telltale wisp of vapor linger for a moment in the rain and then vanish.

First they lashed canvas round the top of the king-post, which was hollow, and, besides acting as a mast for a derrick, allowed ventilation into No. 3 hold. They put extra tarpaulins over the hatch. They securely covered every ventilator that in any way was connected with that particular hold. It was always best to attempt to smother a fire before pouring water into a ship.

One hour, two passed, while the captain paced the bridge talking to the officer of the watch, occasionally going down on to the lumber and inspecting the hatch some feet below. Vapor still rose from minute cracks and openings.

"Well," said Captain Graham, "shoot the hose in there."

For a quarter of an hour two hose played through the small opening between the lumber and the deckhead and then the captain called a halt. There was no further sign of vapor.

"I'll get the men to work tomorrow hauling that coal out," remarked the mate. "We'll have the ship pretty straight by then, hawsers put away and everything secure in case of bad weather."

"That's right," said Captain Graham. "And don't bother me again for a few hours. I'm tired."

He disappeared into his cabin, undressed once more, and this time was allowed to fall asleep and remain asleep until the steward knocked on his door at seven o'clock that evening and asked if he would like supper served.

THE night passed without further mishap. The sea remained sullen and leaden, the sickly sky dripped water, the Carradine soared and pitched and over her bows flung on occasion a scattering of icy spray. Captain Graham, remaining on the bridge until midnight, turned in once more and slept until six, when he rose, washed and shaved, ate breakfast and returned to the bridge to find the mate standing in the wing and staring fixedly toward No. 3 hatch.

"Well, well!" remarked Captain Graham briskly. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Thought I saw smoke again, sir," answered the mate. "She's still afire."

Both men stared then for long minutes, and both saw quite distinctly a single pale feather of vapor rise from the opening in the lumber, hover a moment, and then fade away.

"Fine place to put galley coal," said Captain Graham once again. The mate scowled and made no reply. "Better get it out on deck," the captain added. "It might be the sacks smoldering. We can dump them."

"Where'll I put it on deck?" demanded the mate, gazing at the lumber which filled the Carradine from poop to fo'c'sle head.

A hint of laughter appeared in Captain Graham's eyes.

"That's something for you to worry about," he stated, and then commenced pacing the bridge, his hands behind him and his head slightly bent. The mate swore under his breath and then bellowed for the bos'n.

ALL the morning then both watches labored to clear lumber from No. 3 hold until there was space enough for men to crawl through and get at the coal. They passed it up sack by sack, heavy, water-sodden, and it was carried on to the fiddley, the sacks cut and the sticky black stuff emptied out. The first sacks were cold and soaked, but as the men below worked deeper into the pile they came to sacks that were hot and eventually to several that were smoldering.

The mate heaved a sigh of relief. It was something to know the fire had actually been located and put out. No one wanted to be on a lumber carrier if a real blaze worked up. The coal, dumped in one huge pile on the fiddley, was covered with tarpaulin round which the mate had lines run and made fast to handy ringbolts and cleats. He hoped no bad weather would come up.

That afternoon his hopes began to fall. The persistent rain ceased, and a slow thick fog crept up from the south, wrapping the Carradine in a white blanket that limited visibility to a scant half cable's length overside. The steady roar and bellow of the siren shook the vessel as she nosed blindly ahead on her course.

Soon after four bells, two o'clock, a faint bleating became apparent somewhere to starboard. Captain Graham and the second mate stood in the bridge wing and listened. They caught the bleat again, and the second mate went to sound the Carradine's siren and to stand by the telegraphs. And then, quite abruptly, disaster came.

Out of the fog loomed a dark shape. The muffled bleat suddenly grew to a loud, hoarse bellow. Men shouted. Telegraphs jangled. The steam schooner Elmira, Eureka for Puget Sound, canted to port as her helm went hard over and, sweeping under the Carradine's stern, very neatly swept with her the rudder and screw. The Carradine was swung violently from southwest almost to north, and then she squatted heavily in the trough like a tired animal while the steam schooner faded into the fog, her siren ableat again, lurching drunkenly and looking somewhat like a small dog afraid of what it had done. She vanished and the Carradine was left alone.

Captain Graham's hair seemed to bristle under his peaked cap as he stood stupefied on his bridge.

"We'll have to rig a jury rudder," said the mate sometime later. "Lucky the weather's not too bad."

"Glass's falling," announced the second mate. Captain Graham clucked impatiently.

"It'll be fast work, but we may make it," he said. "Get the rudder rigged first, and then we'll see about the screw. If the weather makes, we can ride to a sea anchor. Get busy now! All hands!"

The noise of hammers and the creaking of blocks (*Continued on page 42*)

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Just Politics By RING LARDNER

Enoch Garfunckel, D. D. S., G. A. R., R. F. D., prexy and habitual keynoter of Electoral, who still wants to deport Aaron Burr and other reds

"Ducky" Trigg, the Galloping Ghost, snapped running with the "ball," as we facetiously call Kate Beasely, the tiger woman of our campus. After seeing this picture Prexy Garfunckel officially approved necking

The Glee, Accordion and Guitar Club, to say nothing of Tambourine, is ready to spot Paul Whiteman three ocarinas and beat him to the end of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"

Virgil ("Rain or Shine") Goodnecker, the campus Beau Brummell, leading man in last year's performance of "Hearts of Hokum" by Electoral's famous Mask and Blackjack Club

THIS is the first of a series of letters from Ring Lardner in which the celebrated political shark of Great Neck, Long Island, will discuss the more or less hidden aspects of the campaign. In this letter he reveals the wild life of the undergraduates at Electoral College (I'd die for dear old Electoral), an institution to which most of us hardly give a first thought.

Editor, Collier's Weekly,
New York,
N. Y.

Gents:

In reply to yrs. of the 20th instant inquiring who do I intend to vote for at the coming election and will I kindly give my views in regards to same, will state in reply to the 1st part of your query that I consider same my own business and further and more on looking through my engagement book that Mrs. Whiffen give me last Xmas in a spirit of ridicule, I find that I am scheduled to have a permanent on the 6th of Nov. and will be unable to get to the Poles, but must explain that my appointment at the coiffure's was made a long time before I had any idea they would choose that date for the election and it seems to me a silly day to pick for a important event like a national election as I understand most of the stores and saloons will be closed on Nov. 6 and the suburban trains won't only run about half their trains.

Why not have it on a regular week day like Nov. 7 or 8 which falls on Wednesday and Thursday this year and I know several of my friends that would vote on either of them days that will not vote on the 6th as they always spend holidays laying around home in their pajamas, perplexed.

I am not saying that I would personally exercise my franchise even if they changed the date as the 1st time I was old enough to vote for President was 1908 and I was working on a morning paper in Chi and getting through work at 2:30 A. M., and I wanted to vote for Mr. Taft to explode the old saw that nobody loves a fat man, and I was scared that if I went home to bed I would sleep till the Poles was closed, so I and Walter Eckersall sat up till it was time to vote and then it was too late to go to bed so we set up the rest of the day and when I got to work at 6 P. M. that evening I was as frisky and full of zeal as the senior horse at a bull fight.

The rest of the sporting department went out for their supper which I did not feel the need of, and I was kind of languishing at my desk when in came a wrestling promoter named Silvie Ferretti and announced that he had the biggest story of the year, he had matched Frank Gotch and Yousiff Mahmout for a purse of $20,000, the bout was to take place at the Coliseum on such and such a date, and so and so.

Well I thought I would write 700 or 800 words in regards to this and leave it and go home, so I stuck a sheet of copy paper in the typewriter and started to work. The story as I wrote it and as the sporting editor found it and gave it to me to keep among my souvenirs, read as follows:

"Frank Gotch and Ypsssf Yousf Yff Yourself yous Mout rhe gaame Frett T You Yuisf Maht Michigan Gosh. Line-up!"

It developed that several other fellows had loved a fat man, and Mr. Taft would have been elected even if Mr. Eckersall and I had spent the day where 23-year-old night workers belong, so while it is generally preached that a American citizen's 1st duty is to express themselves at the Poles I have remained away from same for 20 years.

As for the 2d part of your query, namely will I give my views in regards to same, I suppose you refer to my opinion of the respective merits of the 2 candidates and their platforms and etc. and will reply that what with doing the house work and flogging the kiddies I have not yet had a chance to study

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Prof. Alfred Tennyson Speewack (above), math (lab and field). The only entirely wet member of the faculty

same and will have to postpone disgusting same till some other time, but mean while will take this opportunity to correct a couple of false errors which seems to exist in the public mind in relation to the rules and regulations governing a national election such as is to take place Nov. 6 if the weather continues mild.

In the 1st place when a person says they are going to vote for Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith they are guilty of a misnomer because who they are really going to vote for is a bunch of electors who will get together at the Electoral College later on and decide which of the 2 candidates is the best of the 2. They generally always pick the man who the public has shown their preference for him, but back in 1876 they played a college prank on Tilden and called it a tie between he and Hayes probably figuring that this would mean a double-header the following afternoon beginning at 1:30.

However the matter was put up to Congress and the last-named body desiring to maintain their reputation for fair play appointed a committee of 8 Republicans and 7 Democrats to decide the proposition and you can imagine everybody's surprise when Hayes the Republican candidate was declared elected by a vote of 8 to 7. Tilden then withdrew from politics and became one of the greatest tennis players of all time.

On account of the Electoral College not opening till the 2d Monday in Jan. they are unable to arrange football dates with Yale, Notre Dame, Pennsylvania or Ursinus and have to content themselves with 2 annual gridiron tilts, a preliminary game with the College of Cardinals and the big final match with their chief rival the War College. This battle is always staged at Washington and is preceded and followed by riotous celebrations.

Social life at the Electoral College has become a matter of grave concern since co-eds were admitted as the male students at the institution who used to spend their evenings playing Loo and Snip-snap-snorem with waitresses and dishwashers are now being given the higher education by class mates of the opposing sex and it is seldom a semester passes without the dean summoning a dozen or more frosh and maybe expelling them for shouting "Huzza!" or imitating bird calls.

The alumni include some of the most prominent men in our large cities including L. D. Byron, roofing, Jamaica, Long Island; T. M. Ludlam, haberdasher, Marengo, Ill.; Chas. Onderdonk, automatic oil heaters, Goshen, Ind., and Bert Reith, manufacturer of ukuleles and banjo ukuleles, send for Catalogue "A." I forget all their names but their faces are certainly familiar.

The college motto is "Sic transit gloria mundi" (It makes Miss Swanson sick to cross the ocean on a Monday) and one of the most popular songs is "The Varsity Drug." The refrain runs:

"Down at the heels, out at the toes,
Nothing for meals, nothing for clo'es.
I can't do without the Varsity drug.
Sweeter than gin, nicer than rye.
When you're all in, ready to die,
Makes you feel as spry and fly as a bug.
You can eat taters and meat,
Salad and soup and fish;
I can spare those kind of fare,
Dope is my favorite dish.
Heroin steak, coke fricassee,
Codeine cake, opium tea—
But Ah's jes' crazy 'bout mah Varsity drug."

During a recent trip to Washington it was my pleasure to meet the author of the above lyric, Mr. Caleb Poultice of Shamokin, Pa., and after congratulating him I ventured to ask what did the words mean.

"It's a college song," he explained, "and you might as well ask the meaning of Boola Boola and further and more I would like to inquire if you are familiar with wild beasts and their habits."

I replied that I had made it a life study.

"Well," he said, "did you ever hear a tiger roar wow-wow-wow while rolling up the score?"

I left him as he seemed to be under the influence of the mysterious varsity narcotic.

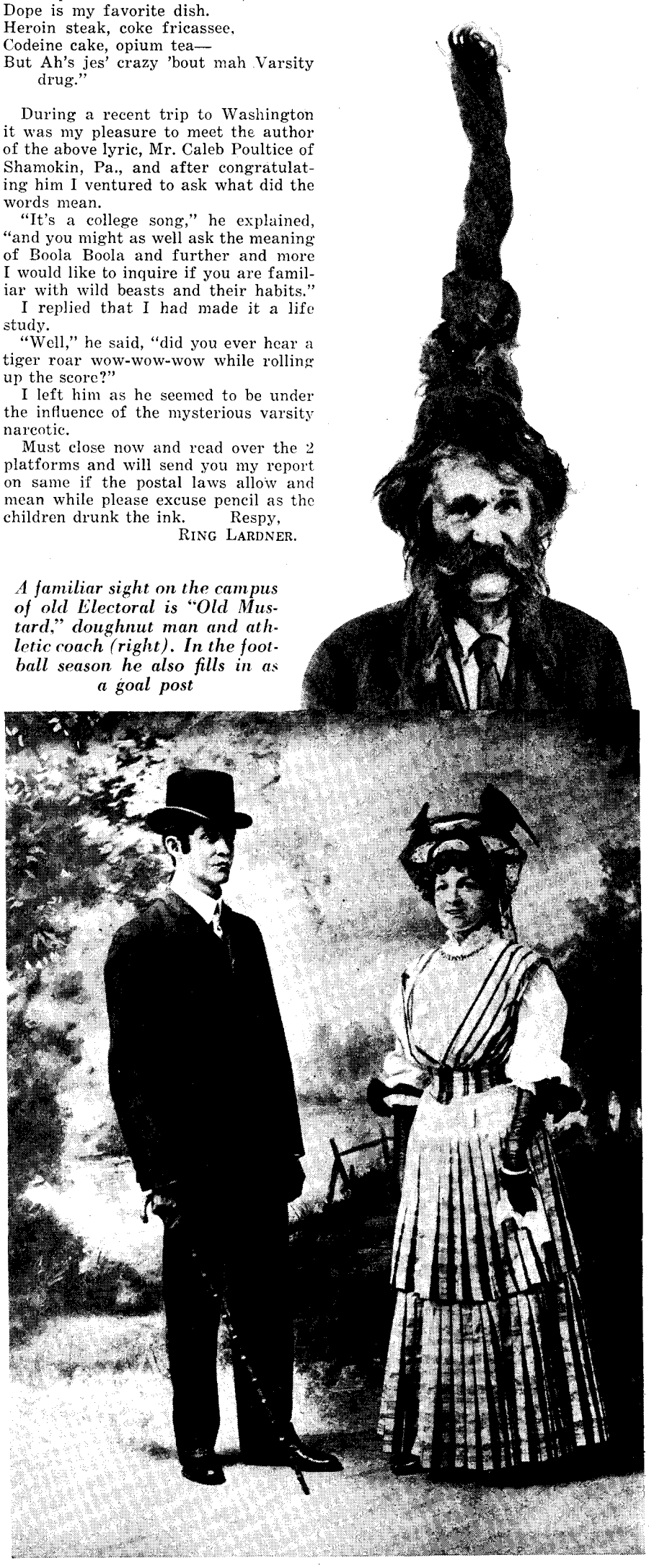
Must close now and read over the 2 platforms and will send you my report on same if the postal laws allow and mean while please excuse pencil as the children drunk the ink. Respy,

RING LARDNER.

Fifi de Silver, the merry college widow, snapped as she was about to trip lightly up the steps of William Jennings Bryan Hall at old Electoral

"Home Run" (Handsome) Schreckingust (right), quarterback, cheer leader and captain of the 1926 Badminton team. Electoral became co-educational largely through his efforts

A familiar sight on the campus of old Electoral is "Old Mustard," doughnut man and athletic coach (right). In the football season he also fills in as a goal post



Prof. and Mrs. Imogene Tulley, flaming enemies of the college fraternities. Mrs. T. cares nothing for public opinion. See how her petticoat shows

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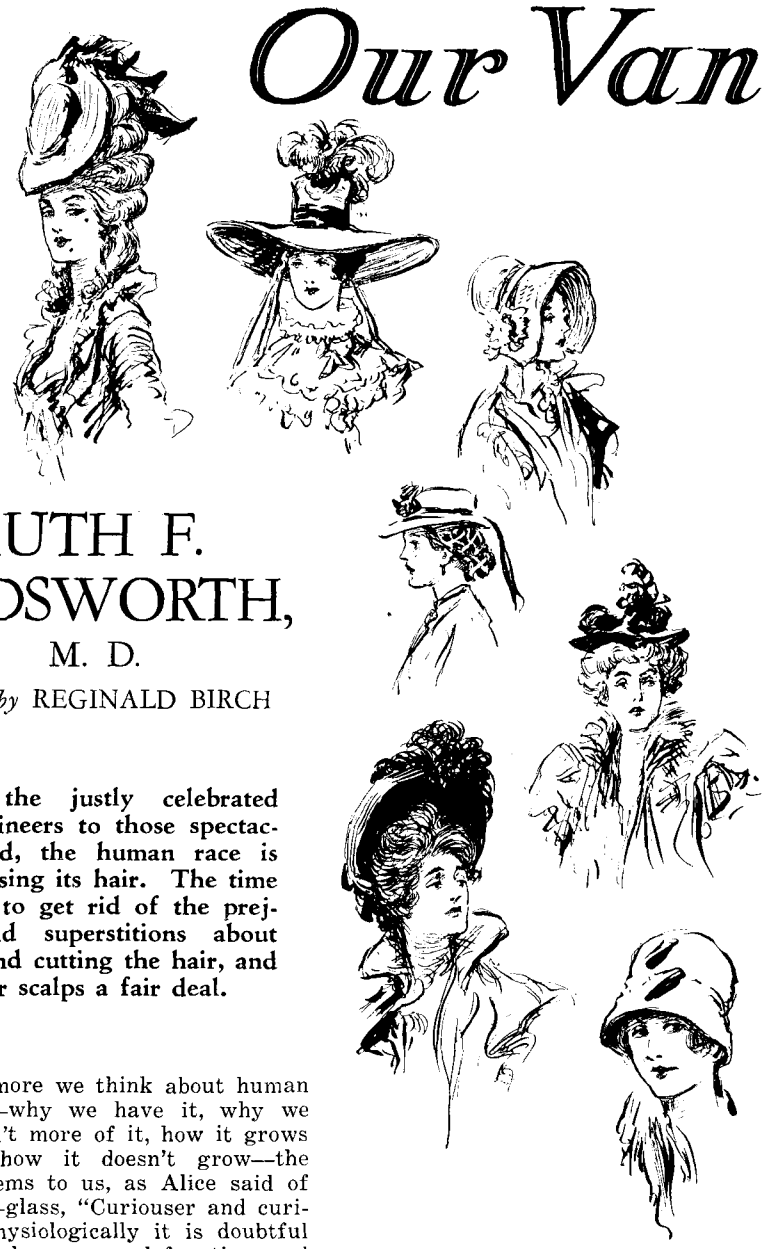
Our Vanishing Mop



By RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M. D.

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH

FROM the justly celebrated mountaineers to those spectacularly bald, the human race is steadily losing its hair. The time has come to get rid of the prejudices and superstitions about washing and cutting the hair, and to give our scalps a fair deal.

THE more we think about human hair—why we have it, why we haven't more of it, how it grows and how it doesn't grow—the more it seems to us, as Alice said of the looking-glass, "Curiouser and curiouser." Physiologically it is doubtful if hair still has any real function, and certainly the human race is getting less and less hairy. Not only is nature gradually providing us with less hair, but each generation cultivates a little less of it. Men now are almost universally clean-shaven, and women have progressed from the Seven Sutherland Sisters, who boasted locks that formed cloaks and trailed on the ground, to the bob that becomes more and more boyish. Moreover, women pluck their eyebrows, shave the hair from the armpits and use depilatories on their legs.

Back in the days when man had a pretty complete coat of hair, we suppose that hair had a function. It not only kept the body warm when clothes were scarce or unknown, but it protected the body from injury. The hair on our faces and scalps still has this latter function. The eyebrows protect the eye from light above, and more or less from blows; the eyelashes protect the eyes from dust and flying particles; the fine hairs in the nose also protect from dust to some extent, and the hair on the scalp protects us from minor injuries, although few of us have enough of it left to do us much good that way.

The Vast Literature of Hair

BUT while hair may have little physiological importance any longer, as a cosmetic interest it gets greater and greater. The shorter the bob, the more time one spends at the hairdresser's; the balder the head, the more a man spends on hair tonics. We are singularly inconsistent in our behavior toward our hair. We remove its last function by wearing complete artificial protective covering on our heads, and as nature responds to our behavior by gradually removing our hair, we become more and more attached to the vanishing attribute.

We are not yet ready to face a future of baldness: the idea of a race in which baldness is normal seems to most of us a horrible one. And yet as intelligent people we must admit that the races among which headgear is scanty and fantastic, or totally unknown, have abundant tresses, and that hair is becoming scantier and scantier among races where hats are worn consistently and continually, where the hats for men have long been close fitting and nearly airless and where women's hats have progressed from the "lid" type which sat on the pompadour to the "cloche" type which incases the entire scalp and forehead so tightly that there is no room to raise one's eyebrows and hardly room for the ears.

As soon as a thing becomes scanty and precious, a vast literature about its care and treatment springs up, and it becomes the object of a number of new racial taboos. Every hairdresser has a theory about dandruff and about the proper time and method of shampooing; every bald man is afraid of something, whether it be sun or drafts, and every human being has a particular system of caring for the hair based on some sort of experience or hearsay. More absurdities are solemnly pronounced about the care of the hair than you will hear about all the other parts of the body put together.

To enumerate just a few of the current prejudices about the hair; it is supposed to be injurious to the growth of hair to:

Wash it too often.

To get it wet with salt water, especially if the salt water is not washed out.

To let the ends of the hair stay "split."

To wave the hair with heat, particularly that form of waving known as "permanent."

To dye the hair.

It is supposed to cause more gray hairs to grow if one gray hair is pulled out (seven is the new number, I think).

It is supposed to remove the curl from hair if it is cut.

Sunlight and exposure are supposed to remove the luster and color of the hair permanently.

All manner and sorts of things, some of them too fantastic to mention, are supposed to cause baldness.

Oils, tar, tonics and scalp foods are supposed to feed and nourish the hair and actually influence its growth.

A knowledge of a few simple facts about the origin and structure of the hair reveals the absurdity of most of these assumptions.

Hair is nothing more or less than a modification or outgrowth of the skin. It occurs everywhere on our bodies except on the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands, and in places where the skin is modified in other ways, as on the nails and the lips. We are born with a definite number of hair follicles in the skin; these are tiny pockets from the bases of which the hair is produced and grows outward. The character of our hair—whether it is straight or curly, fine or coarse, blond, red or black—is predetermined. For instance:

If the hair follicle is a straight tube, the hair which grows out of it is almost as uniform in shape as a pencil, and it is straight.

It the hair follicle is bent in the scalp, or if it is not tubular in shape but angular or kidney-shaped in cross section, the hair it produces is bent and irregular, and we call it curly.

If the follicles are small, the hair is fine: if the follicles are large, and produce much pigment, the hair is coarse.

If our skin has much pigment, the hair will be dark; if our skin is poor in pigment, the hair is generally blond, although this is not an unbroken rule. Generally speaking, however, our hair matches our skin, which is the reason why artificially colored or decolorized hair often looks amiss on its owner. We sense that something is wrong when we see it, no matter how cleverly the artificial coloring is done.

As the skin ages, it becomes, normally, poorer in pigment, and the hair grays. Here, again, artificially colored hair does not match the paler skin, and often brings out the aging of the skin. We understand premature graying of the hair no better than we understand the pigmented patches that sometimes appear in the skin and often remain there permanently. Strangely enough, the prematurely gray person seldom looks more than his age: The grayness of the hair rather accentuates the youthfulness of the skin.

Hair Growth and Health

THE hair follicle is nourished exactly like every other part of the skin—by blood vessels at its base. The oil which occurs on the scalp and on the hair after it leaves the follicle enters the cup of the follicle as the hair is about to leave it. It has little to do with the production of the hair itself, but merely lubricates it and fits it for its life, or death, rather, in the outside world. Removing the oil from the scalp cannot, therefore, influence the growth of the hair, any more than adding oil artificially can promote the growth of the hair or feed the follicle. Oiled hair may grow LONGER than dry hair, because it does not break off so soon, but it cannot grow more abundantly.

There are two things which influence the condition of the hair: the general health and condition of the body and the general health or disease of the scalp. If the blood which feeds the hair follicles is scanty or of poor quality, it follows that the hair the latter produce will grow slowly and that some of the elements of healthy and what we call beautiful hair will be lacking. If the circulation of the scalp is sluggish, or the scalp is affected by a local disease such as dandruff, some of the hair follicles will cease functioning, and some of them will eventually die. Conversely, if the general condition of the body is healthy, and the blood is in good condition, the chances (*Continued on page 43*)

Many tropical people wash their hair before breakfast, and Mexican women are famous for beautiful and luxuriant hair

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Chips off the Old Champs

By GRANTLAND RICE

WE CAN still keep our yesterdays before us, our memories of great achievements on the field of sport, through the names of those who hold the headlines today—for many of the sons and daughters of famous stars are shining now.

Dorothy Bundy has a heritage of championship ability from May Sutton Bundy P. & A.

Wide World

The Walsh Duplicates: But the right-hand one never faced Ruth

AN OLD-TIME baseball fan sat in the Yankee Stadium on a drowsy summer afternoon. The announcer's voice lifted him up with a sudden jerk!

"Battery for Chicago—Walsh and Crouse."

For a few seconds the old-time fan wondered if he were dreaming. "I musta been asleep," he said to himself. "Who's pitching for the Sox?" he asked a neighbor.

"Ed Walsh!"

The old-time fan rubbed his eyes and waited for the White Sox to take the field. He saw a tall, well-built young fellow walking into the pitcher's box. There was the same old cheer from the crowd—the same free, powerful pitching motion—the same blinding speed and the same sharp-breaking curve.

As inning after inning slipped by and the mighty-hitting Yankees stood helpless at the plate the old-time fan saw the years roll away. He went back again to 1906, when Ed Walsh beat the great Cub machine and struck out twelve men in a world series. He lived again through 1908, when Ed Walsh, facing Addie Joss of Cleveland, struck out fifteen Cleveland batters and yet lost a 1-0 game because Addie Joss did not allow a runner to put his foot on first base. Yes, 1908 was the year Ed Walsh worked in sixty-six games. He won forty of them and saved a dozen more—the greatest single season any modern pitcher ever knew.

And so the old-time fan felt things were quite natural as five innings slipped by without the Yankees making a hit. Someone singled in the sixth. Then in the seventh, with the score 0-0, Babe Ruth hit one over the fence.

There was a dejected figure on the White Sox bench. His name also was Ed Walsh. After all, Babe Ruth had not been hitting home runs in 1908. Anyway, for a brief hour young Ed Walsh, son of the famous White Sox star once known as the Connecticut Rosebud or the Meriden Marvel, had turned back the clock for more than a few.

Young Ed Walsh pitched great ball for Notre Dame before coming to Chicago. He lost his first start, but won his second with a fine exhibition.

He had known but thirteen innings of professional ball when he held the mauling Yankees to one hit in six frames.

The name of Ed Walsh is far from being a closed entry in baseball! It may blaze again for another fifteen years, for young Ed looks to be as much of a find as his father was twenty-five years ago.

Heston Breaks Through Again?

AN OLD-TIME football fan last fall was affected by almost the same dream. He strolled out to see a prep-school game and in his reverie he heard the announcer call, "Heston breaks through for 30 yards and a touchdown."

From 1901 through 1904 the name of Willie Heston meant Michigan glory. There are many who still believe that Willie Heston was the hardest-running back that ever carried a ball. He played before the day of the forward pass and the open game, when the combination of speed and power carried the day. Heston had both.

Weighing 190 pounds, he had the starting speed of a sprinter. He could run 40 yards close to record time, largely because he was off like a shot. And it is starting speed that counts above everything else in football.

If you can't get away in a hurry, you may not get away at all!

Willie Heston made 106 touchdowns in four years. On one occasion he jumped over Walter Eckersall in the open field, the take-off coming with snow on the ground. How many 190-pound backs today could jump a tackler in the open and land without losing a stride?

Young Heston, like young Ed Walsh, is almost a duplicate of his father. He will enter Michigan weighing 180 pounds or more, and he has the same great running power.

Alonzo Stagg had to build his defense to meet Heston twenty-seven years ago. He may have to build another defense to meet Heston in the next year or so. Young Heston may not be another Willie of Wolverine glory; no one can tell —but:

Backward, roll backward, O Time, on your way;
Make me a kid again just for today;
Reading the story from somebody's pen:
"Heston breaks through for a touchdown again."

The story of sport is not only a story of sons and fathers. Years ago California had another tennis queen. Her name was May Sutton. May Sutton played in the day when the spotlight had nothing of its present glow and glare. Tennis was then just a game, not an international pageant.

But for all that, May Sutton helped to write more than her share of tennis history. She was as unbeatable in her prime as Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills have been in their day of rule. May Sutton was not only a fine tennis player but she had a world of power to back up her play. She was a tennis champion before Helen Wills was born. She married Tom Bundy, Maurice McLoughlin's famous doubles partner. Only recently the press dispatches carried a story that eleven-year-old Dorothy Bundy had won an important tournament in southern California.

Tennis critics who covered the tournament saw in young Miss Bundy the promise of coming tennis greatness. Even at the age of eleven she has skill, form and power. She has in her the heritage of championship ability, and about the time young Ed Walsh and young Heston are starring, it will be no surprise to hear more from young Miss Bundy on championship tennis courts.

A few years ago young Bernie Wefers, son of the famous sprinter, was running close to record time before he decided to retire. He was not quite as fleet of foot as his record-breaking father, but he wasn't many seconds away.

Football is beginning to be full of similar examples. Back in the near dawn of the game two of Walter Camp's leading all-America selections were Biffy Lea of Princeton and Truxton Hare of Pennsylvania. Hare is still named with Pudge Heffelfinger of Yale as one of the two best guards of all time. In addition to being a star defensive guard he was also a great line breaker and a brilliant punter.

Young Lea played for Princeton a year or two ago and did fine work.

It is understood that young Hare is going to Yale and that he will play his share of football.

Princeton has had several sons of famous fathers make her football teams in recent years.

Watch the Shining Sons

NOT all sons go in for the same sport. Ty Cobb's oldest son likes tennis better than baseball, and young Christy Mathewson has no dream of being another Big Six.

Foster Sanford's son entered Pennsylvania in place of Yale, where the elder Sanford starred, and while he was a good football player he proved to be one of the best college pitchers of many years. Young Sanford could take his place on any major-league team and more than hold his own, but he has elected to take sport as a recreation and make his living another way.

Maurice McCarthy, Jr., intercollegiate golf champion, is the son of a professional golfer, and George Sargent's son is one of the best young golfers in the Western Conference. George came over from England to win the United States Open in 1906. His son may or may not repeat this feat, but he can play a lot of golf just the same.

Snake Ames and Shep Homans were together at Princeton around 1889 and 1890. Both were all-America football selections. Last year young Gene Homans and young John Dawes Ames were golf stars at Princeton. Young Ames captained the Tiger golf team and young Homans won the Metropolitan championship. He is good enough to win an amateur championship before he is many years older.

Competitive sport, twenty-five years ago, was only a faint shadow of what it is today. There were dozens then where today there are thousands or hundreds of thousands. In the next few years you will hear more of these sons of glory-winning fathers.

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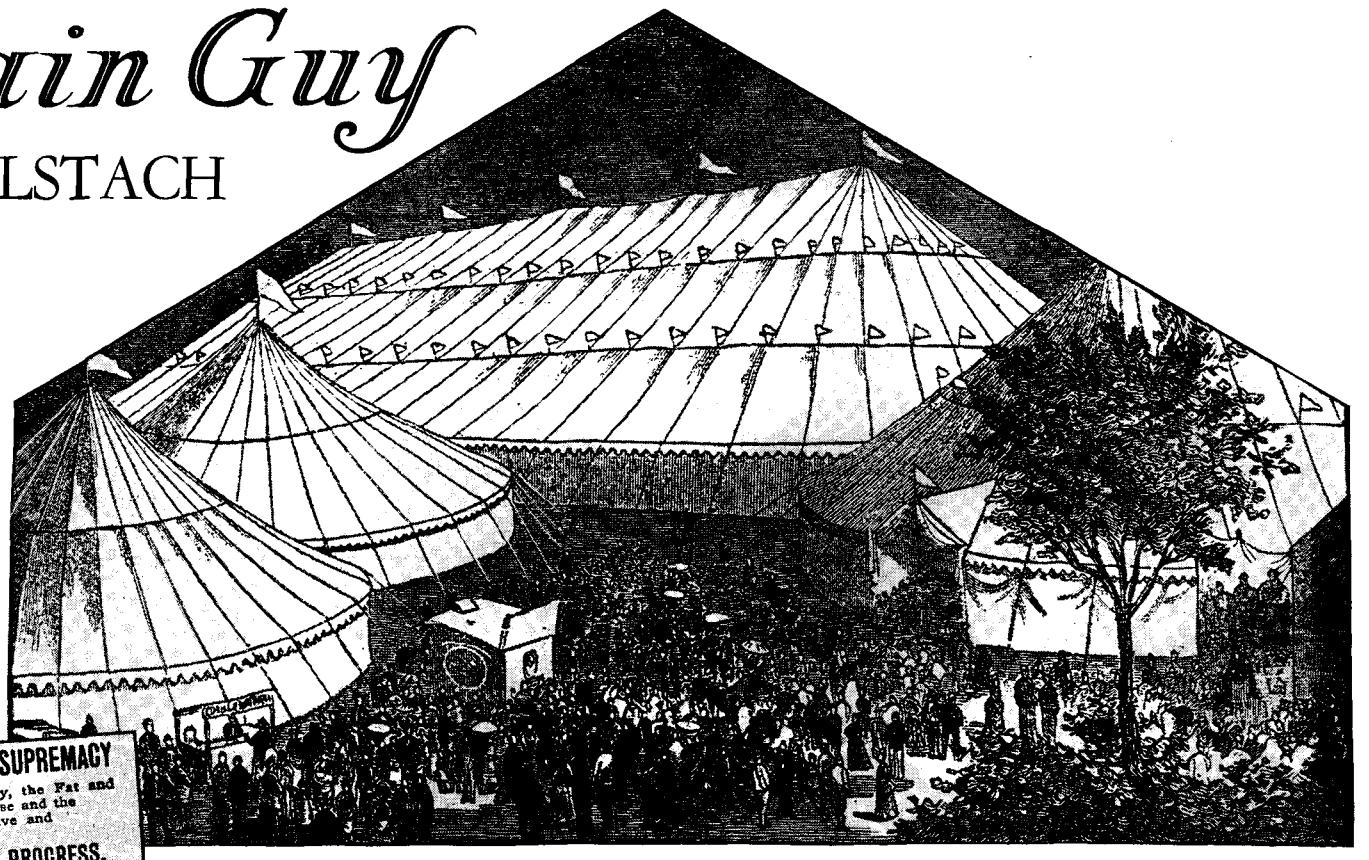
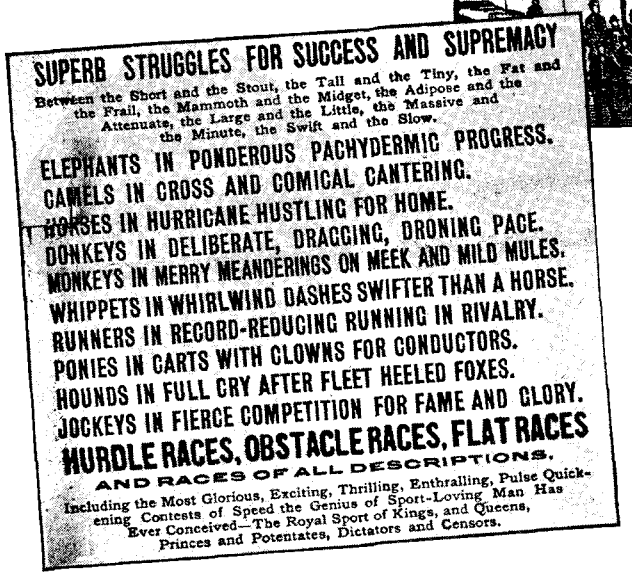
The Main Guy

As told to JOHN WILSTACH



WILL you ever forget the first circus you saw? You were up at dawn, that magical day when the circus came to your town. You watched the red and gold and blue caravan unwind. Perhaps you even earned a ticket by carrying water for the elephants, or blue planks for the seats. It was *romance!* But behind the glamour of the make-believe there was a hidden and even greater romance of reality—here it is.

The story is told by a man who, after a severe apprenticeship, became himself a circus owner, or "main guy," named after the main guy rope which holds up the big top.


SUPERB STRUGGLES FOR SUCCESS AND SUPREMACY
Between the Short and the Stout, the Tall and the Tiny, the Fat and the Frail, the Mammoth and the Midget, the Adipose and the Attenuate, the Large and the Little, the Massive and the Minute, the Swift and the Slow.
ELEPHANTS IN PONDEROUS PACHYDERMIC PROGRESS.
CAMELS IN CROSS AND COMICAL CANTERING.
HORSES IN HURRICANE HUSTLING FOR HOME.
DONKEYS IN DELIBERATE, DRAGGING, DRONING PACE.
MONKEYS IN MERRY MEANDERINGS ON MEEK AND MILD MULES.
WHIPPETS IN WHIRLWIND DASHES SWIFTER THAN A HORSE.
RUNNERS IN RECORD-REDUCING RUNNING IN RIVALRY.
PONIES IN CARTS WITH CLOWNS FOR CONDUCTORS.
HOUNDS IN FULL CRY AFTER FLEET HEELED FOXES.
JOCKEYS IN FIERCE COMPETITION FOR FAME AND GLORY.
HURDLE RACES, OBSTACLE RACES, FLAT RACES
AND RACES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Including the Most Glorious, Exciting, Thrilling, Enthralling, Pulse Quickening Contests of Speed the Genius of Sport-Loving Man Has Ever Conceived—The Royal Sport of Kings, and Queens, Princes and Potentates, Dictators and Censors.

Left: Forepaugh's pachydermic and alliterative style of ballyhoo. Above: The Grant Stoner typical "One Night Only" circus of the old days. It made nobody's fortune

W. C. COUP, Barnum's first general manager, once told General Grant of some of the battles he had waged on the road in the old wagon circus days. The great Union leader crunched on a stub of a cigar as he listened with attention, and then said he couldn't see any difference between the account and that of a real war except that no one ever had any sympathy with a showman!

With the smoke all cleared away you'll have to admit that, no matter how hard-boiled might be the grifters with a show, they never touched or blemished the simple faith or wonder of children. Say, son, we were always saps for the little ones. But that sounds as if I were asking for the slow music!

To start at the beginning and tell you how I first joined on with the red wagons, you must understand that all during the Civil War, and after it in '65, youngsters like myself, who had been too young to enlist, chafed with unrest and impatience. I lived on a farm ten miles from a small Mid-Western town, but some news did filter in from the outside world, and I was, as the sayin' goes, fit to be tied. It was tough to be exiled from all that color and life, a captive on a farm, where I was like a hired man without pay. I lived with my elder brother; Mother and Father were both dead.

Did you ever drive through an unproductive farm country and wonder at the stone fences two or three feet high that line the road on either side, mile after mile? That was the kind of work done by the likes of me. The way I looked at it, freeing the slaves hadn't done me a bit of good.

One day I was ordered by my brother to hitch the team and drive to Glendale for some supplies. It was in the spring of the year, and the roads were terrible. Yet it was a relief to get away from the farm. It was lonely and desolate to me, the only break in the monotony an infrequent spelling bee or barn dance somewhere in the county.

On Shanks' Mare to the Circus

THE horses went along at their own pace, the reins lying idly in my hands. Perhaps it was the presence of spring in the air, but for the hundredth time I had the urge to make a break for freedom. My brother could well afford a real hired man. I was big and strong for seventeen, and could have passed for twenty, hard as nails. Outside, somewhere, was a world where things happened, a place of fun and thrill as well as drudgery.

Along those muddy roads the team couldn't make more than a couple of miles an hour. It was a good five-hour drive to Glendale. Now and again I passed a farmhouse, built facing the road, as they all were; folks in the rural districts didn't care for scenery, they wanted to see who passed by.

At a crossroads, halfway to Glendale we'll call it, I stopped to see something new and unfamiliar hanging on a post—a sheet of paper about six feet long and over a foot wide, which I was to know afterward as a "tree descriptive."

I climbed down from the wagon and walked over to it.

There I stood and read my first circus advertising bill. At the top was a crude woodcut showing a rider standing on a horse with one foot elevated in the air. Underneath were glowing words about the acts with the Great Bramley Circus and Menagerie. There was to be Zennith, the great Clown; Beautiful Mazetta, the Queen of the High Wire; dancing horses; an educated mule, and a European Band that had appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe. Those poor crowned heads, they had to work overtime if they ever beheld all they were supposed to view with admiration!

I wish I had one of those bills now to give you a laugh. A poor piece of advertising you would say, with uncouth cuts and wording. But to me, starved for marvels, all the promise of Arabian wizardry couldn't have forecast more.

The circus was to pitch its tents the very next day near Glendale, though this was the first I had ever heard of it. If I had to walk I'd be there tomorrow!

As it happened, I did walk, and penniless as ever. No use to ask my brother for a day off—nothing to do except take it—while asking him for money would have been useless as well as making him suspicious. I slipped away after breakfast. Having filled up on hot cakes and corn bread, I felt strong for the long tramp. I didn't expect any midday meal.

By a little after noon I reached Glendale and you'd have thought there was a national holiday. The main street was crowded with teams and trucks, and the sidewalks filled with farmers in high boots and their wives, sweethearts and daughters gay with long, bright ribbons and carrying little parasols, though their faces were tanned. Everybody was headed in the same direction.

The Maze of Marvels

THE laughter and joyousness everywhere made me sore at heart. I guessed not a soul except me lacked the money to get into the tent of wonders.

Sullenly, but boyishly resolute, I joined the crowd. I let myself be carried a half mile or so northward from town, where there was a long, level field. Long before we reached it I could see the pitched tents of the circus, banners flying from the poles, and the golden dust in the air seemed to make my vision swim.

Directly ahead was the big top, not yet open, which to me was mammoth in size. At the right was the menagerie and opposite the side show, or "kid top," as circus people call it. Weird, colored paintings on cloth, blowing in the breeze like sails, advertised the freaks: the Wild Man of Borneo, the Bearded Lady, the Glass Eater and the Strong Man, all looking more wonderful outside, if I only knew it, than the pale reflections within. On a platform a big man in a plug hat and a check suit, louder than anything I had ever seen, pointed with a cane toward the pictures and spoke of the maze of marvels within—only 10 cents.

I'm No Deadhead

RELUCTANTLY I passed by, making toward the big top. By the main entrance stood a gorgeous individual

Albert Davis Collection

Robert Stickney offered to repeat the triple somersault for $10,000

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dressed in a long swallowtail coat and black stock tie under pointed high collar. I knew at once he could not be a native.

"Mister," I said, "I'm a strong boy, willin' to work—to see the show. Anything at all, no matter how hard, will suit me to the ground."

He looked me over coolly and examined a long white soft hand with tapering finger nails. If I hadn't been so green, I'd have known he was a gambler.

"Go around to the side and ask for Brownie, boss canvas man. I don't know, he may have something for you to do."

He pointed to the right of the tent.

I Lick the Boss Canvas Man

I THANKED him and scrambled through a maze of tent ropes and stakes. Then I stumbled over several bodies huddled under blankets. Oaths came to me, muffled, and several kicks I was lucky enough to miss.

"I want to find Mr. Brownie," I said, desperately.

The men guffawed.

"Better not, he's in bad humor," said one. "Had a bad night."

Another rubbed a stubbly chin. "When you bump into a big brute with a yellow diamond and a dirty shirt, you'll know it's him. And lookin' mean."

Sure enough, I came upon a man seated on a box, plaiting a rope, who answered the description.

"Mr. Brownie," I began. He regarded me with bloodshot eyes. "I want to work so I can get into the show."

After spitting, deliberately, some black juice, he looked me over with disfavor.

"It's swine like you that make shows go on the rocks. Why don't you work before we reach town so you can pay your way in? Just a lazy, shiftless hulk of a farmer boy."

"I'm willin' to work—"

"You mean come around when all the work is done and loaf till show time. Run along or I'll teach you the Rogues' March."

"But I—"

"Run along, I say."

He swung the rope menacingly.

I was mad clear through.

"I was told you were a man in a dirty shirt," I exclaimed hotly, "but I wasn't told you had a filthy mouth!"

Brownie lashed at me with the rope. Maybe he didn't mean to land so high, but the rope slashed across my cheek. He had kicked the box behind him and stood a little startled, maybe, at what he had done. I touched a drop of blood where my skin had been cut, and at that moment my temper snapped. Almost crouching, I swung my right fist from the ground. It caught him on the side of the face, a glancing blow. He tottered, off balance, and his tiny pig eyes filled with surprise.

"You will, will you?" he bellowed.

And he jumped toward me, reaching out with both hands. I sensed he wanted to grapple, but, though I was husky and strong, he was too heavy for me. I dodged and smashed him in the stomach. He grunted and came on again, with arms flying.

I tried to keep out of his way, but wasn't prepared for a sharp kick in the ankle. I tripped and fell and saw him leaping in the air above me. Just in time I rolled from under the smash of those heavy boots that would have made a smear of my face.

Leaping to my feet, I swung—right and left. The right connected with his eye, and a black puff appeared under it as if by magic. Brownie must have been mad with rage by now.

Dimly I knew that locals and circus employees were making a ring about us—a free fight is always an attraction.

Now I saw a look of cunning come into my opponent's eyes. He put his head down and charged like a bull, trying to butt me. I whirled aside, just in time, and as he went by landed a terrific uppercut, catching him flush on the jaw. He went down with a grunt—and I stepped back.

"The boots! The boots! Give him the boots!"

I heard this savage growl, but I felt even; and I never did like that trick of the timber lands. Instead I took a flask from the hand of a canvas man who saw I didn't want to mark my foe, and, kneeling, opened Brownie's mouth and poured in a big swig. Some of the liquid trickled over his chin, down to the yellow diamond on the dirty shirt.

He shuddered as I helped him to his feet.

"Thanks, boy," he murmured, and, taking me by the arm, drew me away, pushing through the crowd, until we were alone. "You're a nice kid or you'd have given me the boots. I'm not popular with my men—they wouldn't ha' stopped you. I'd like you to work for me, but I can't have a man under me who can lick me. But I like your spirit. Go to Hickey, the boss hostler, in the menagerie—tell him Brownie said for him to give you a job for today—or longer, if you want to stick. You're the kind we need with an outfit like this."

When I found Hickey, the boss hostler, I repeated Brownie's message, and said that I wanted to be a circus man for good.

"You'll do," said Hickey, looking me over. "You've the right punch and spunk. I'll tell you your duties later."

"I don't care how hard they are," I told him earnestly, "but can I only see the show *first?*"

"Sure," he laughed, "follow me—there'll be enough work for you afterward."

So that was how I joined on with my first circus.

In size and efficiency the great modern three-ring show so dwarfs the early beginnings that it hasn't been realized that bigness is not everything. In one dirt ring, in those old wagon days, performers showed skill and dexterity never afterward equaled.

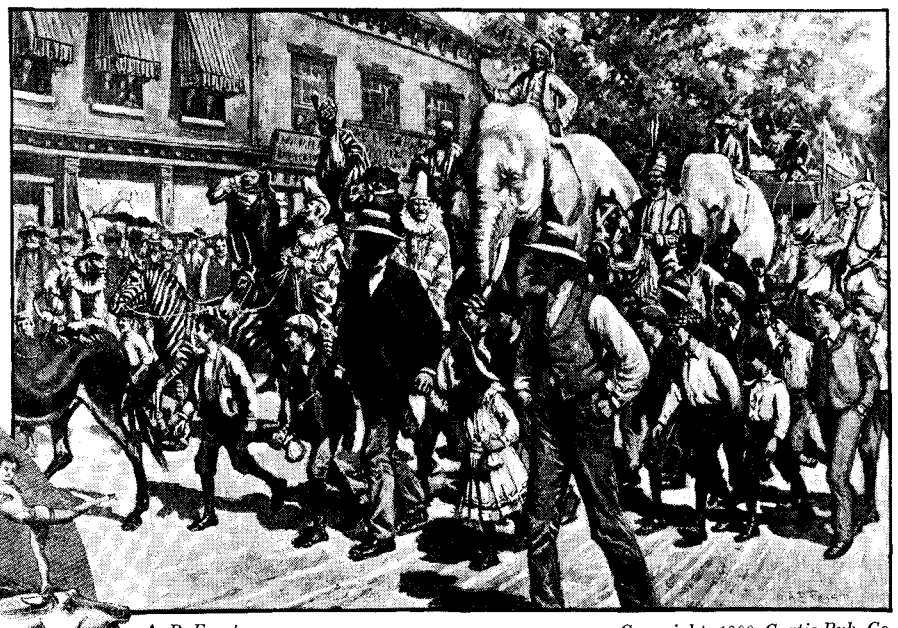
Some of those bygone circus families, in which children were trained in the sawdust from the age of six, produced artists whose feats died with 'em.

Nowadays you see a lot of things going on at the same time, but the genius is lacking.

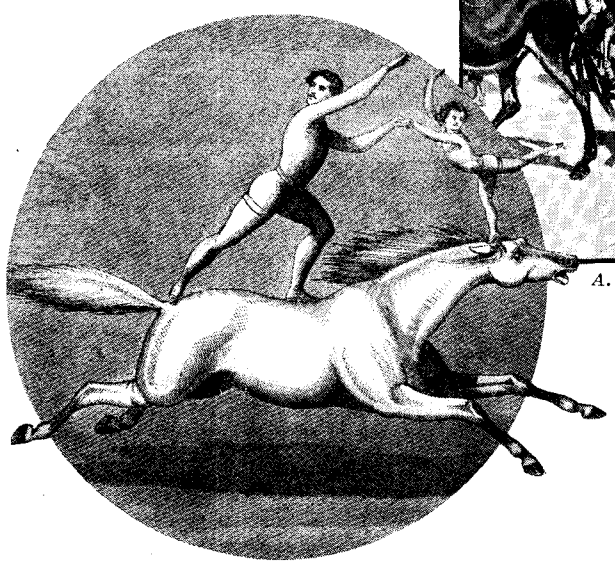
Did you ever hear of Robert Stickney, who turned two somersaults with ease as he soared in air over twenty-four horses? Or George Bachellor, who double-somersaulted over fourteen elephants?

Unrepeated since, too, was the feat of the Gurnella Brothers. Standing on his brother's shoulders, the younger brother sprang up and revolved twice before landing in the same position! This must be classed as a marvel of acrobatics.

Animal trainers of today are tame compared with George Arstinstahl, who trained elephants, lions, tigers and dogs TOGETHER, AND MADE THEM GO THROUGH THEIR TRICKS IN GROUP FORMATION.



A. B. Frost — Copyright, 1900, Curtis Pub. Co.



James Melville and son in a bareback stunt at the Hippotheatron, 14th Street, N. Y. Above: The show is here, and Sonny's first circus is the greatest day in his life

Somersaulting to Death

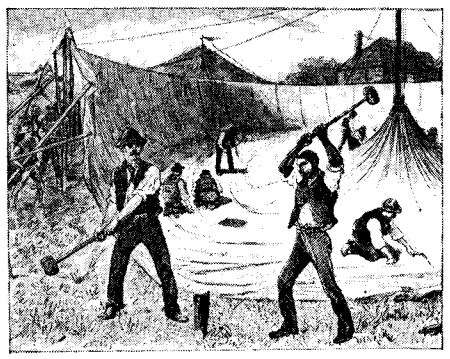
THE fact is that, fired with enthusiasm, the performer of the old days didn't know when to stop. A dream that death could not stifle was a triple somersault. An American named Turner first accomplished it in this country and again in England. The third time he broke his neck.

After the double somersault it is figured that the performer loses his catch, or control of his body, and becomes governed by the law of gravitation.

One of the first recorded attempts was made with the Van Amburgh Circus. The acrobat broke his neck.

Then a try was announced by William J. Hobbes, then in London, England, at Astley's Amphitheatre, leased to Howe & Cushing, the American circus proprietors. So strong had been the advertising that the place was packed. The audience received the expected thrill—Hobbes was killed.

John Amor, who traveled with Dan Rice's circus, made a lasting bid for fame while showing on the Isle of Wight, but broke his neck. I may explain that an acrobat was supposed to land on his feet and on the ground. Nets had not yet been invented.



Harper's Bazar, 1870

With the savage Brownie around tents had to be pitched quick

Bill Dutton performed this great feat at rehearsal while a member of William Lake's Circus, but would not try to repeat, saying his landing on his feet was an accident. Robert Stickney accomplished the feat of the triple somersault once in a gymnasium in New York. He believed he could do it again, but held out for $10,000, saying the chance he took for a final and lasting exit was worth that. You don't see acrobats trying such feats nowadays even with all the new-fangled safety devices.

The Cold Nerve of Bygone Days

THERE is a saying that to each man there is only one circus—the first one he sees as a boy! I will never forget when Hickey nodded to the door tender and the man let me wander by without a ticket.

That tent, really, was absurdly small compared to a big top nowadays. It was a ninety-foot top, with a forty-foot middle piece. You can imagine the restricted space for the show after the crowd was taken care of!

I wandered into the unreserved space, of course—long blue planks, tier on tier. A roped-off space beyond was for reserved seats—the only difference being that the planks were covered with strips of worn carpet.

The tent was filling up rapidly, and I wedged my body into a good spot where I might miss nothing. In the center of the open space was a dirt ring, and at a distance on either side, high in air, swung trapezes. There were no nets. That form of protection for performers was forced on circuses later by the law in various states; the persons most concerned were indifferent.

The cold nerve of the aërialists may be imagined from the fact that shows were often advertised in towns through trapeze performers doing their tricks on bars swung beneath balloons! Not until 1876, and only after many accidents, were nets in general use.

Balloon ascensions came to an end partly because of the terrible fate of Señorita Catalina Georgio, a beautiful girl who lost her life when the balloon beneath which she did amazing feats on a trapeze exploded and fell to earth from the height of three quarters of a mile.

Then Washington H. Donaldson, an aëronaut in (*Continued on page 44*)

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No need to fast or sleep on the ground. Take $200 in checks: then three can go almost as cheaply as one (if the third one is the dog)

The Twenty-eighters

By RICHARD BARRY

Illustrated by GEORGES DEZAYAS

OVER the ruts of the covered-wagon trails of '49 stretch smooth, fast highways. But the old lure is still there—ADVENTURE. Adventure on the safe basis of four-wheel brakes and balloon tires! You won't be able to keep the old bus in the garage after you read this veteran transcontinental motorist's tips on how simple it is to "cross"—what few things you have to take, how little it costs, what gorgeous sights you see, what fine places there are to stay in, and what good things you get to eat—*step on it!*

THOSE who hear I have motored frequently across the continent want to know how long it takes, what it costs, how to get ready, where to stop, and what to take. After hearing it is easy and simple, or should be, they usually end with a sigh by saying, "That may be true, but I'd be afraid to start. And if I got there, I'd be worn out."

This recalls Frederic Remington's first trip west. As the guest of General Miles he arrived in a Wyoming camp in the dusk of a prairie evening, after a fifty-mile canter. Remington seldom had been in a saddle. He tumbled to the turf, panting and exhausted.

Miles, coming up to greet him, exclaimed, "You look tuckered, Remington. What's the matter?"

Unable to rise, the artist moaned, "General, I have the soul of a cavalryman, but I sure have the seat of a hired girl."

As for me I have the soul of Kit Carson, but I was not born in that generation, and I am quite content not to rough it as he did. I would rather climb a tree than make camp. I regard canned food as a calamity and sleeping on the ground as highly immoral. I want all the comforts and the essential luxuries—at a reasonable price—while I enjoy all the country Kit and his forbears in the East conquered.

And I regard a car with anything visible on the outside as devoid of motor etiquette. I travel from New York to San Francisco with the car looking just as it does going down Fifth Avenue.

Though I have driven over 52,000 miles, I know little about the magic carpet which takes me there beyond the fact that it starts when you step on it and stops when you cut off the motor and apply the brakes. If you wish to know anything about what is under the hood of an automobile, you must consult specialists—as I do.

Elimination should be the first law of distance motoring. You can get anything you need or want on the way.

It's desirable, of course, to carry money to buy food, gas, oil and the use of beds—though some people like sleeping on the ground, which is mostly free in the United States, while there are dietitians who recommend a fast of several weeks, and it is possible to beg gas and oil as you go, especially in the West.

At the same time one can be too stern an economist. I prefer eating lightly—say thrice daily—food as I find it. And sleeping once a night, in beds as I find them. And in taking along at least $200 in travelers' checks to pay for the necessities of a coast-to-coast trip. In this case two can go almost as cheaply as one. In my case three, for it includes the dog.

In the Dim Dead Past

ELIMINATION is an art to be learned, of course. I remember our first long trip, years ago, into the Berkshires. It was for a week and a few hundred miles. We spent days getting ready. The dog's standing space was occupied, so he had to roam from lap to lap all the way.

At the last minute we agreed to oblige a friend by taking an easel to his country cottage. It stuck out so far that twice on the way we were stopped by cops who insisted we compress ourselves back into the legal width.

I thought I was getting along pretty well to start on my first trip from New York to California with nothing on the outside of the car. However, I had much to learn.

I put a hatchet, freshly sharpened, in the bottom of the tool chest. That was to chop our way out if we got stuck in the Rocky Mountains. To save our lives in the desert I added a gallon water bottle to my old quart bottle. To escape possible starvation I stowed away several pounds of chocolate, imported, of course. Finally, against the peril of not finding a hotel some night, I devised two blocks of wood to fit in front of the rear seat, on which the front seat could be placed, thus forming a Pullman berth.

Then, ready to shove off, my managing director rebelled. She refused to attempt the transcontinental trip without a more expert mechanic than her mate, whose boast it was he had never changed a tire. So we took a chauffeur.

The only extra precaution I ever found well taken was my towrope. Once we were caught in a flood in the Adirondacks and I tried to get it, but the water was so high I could not locate it in the dark and confusion, and, as I had to seek help, anyway, the towrope of the wayside garage did the work.

Which is proof of my thesis—that the continent is so motor thrifty today that anyone can drive across it without preparation.

With all suggested precautions the thing to do is to consider them carefully—and then discard them. I believe that is the way Lindbergh flew to Paris.

In a gas station at Dodge City, Kan., a stranger handed me an unconscious and subtle compliment which I treasure. I had driven in from the West as he drove in from the East. He had come 'way from Topeka, the other end of the state, he told me, and was off with his family for a camping trip in eastern Colorado—a great trek, hundreds of miles. His car was bent double with dunnage. There was enough to have taken the Arabian army from Mecca to Constantinople.

Looking at my car, a touring sedan with only a trunk outside, he said, "I suppose you're going to the country club for supper."

Starting back on my first round trip, I discarded the chauffeur, put on new cords and rode from Los Angeles to New York, the short way via the Santa Fe and the National Old Trails (about 3,200 miles) without changing a tire or personally going under the hood.

That trip emancipated me—after more than 40,000 miles of touring. For the first time I ascended into the motorist's heaven and sat on the right hand of the touring god.

However, two other eliminations contributed to this final pleasure. They should be noted.

First, I eliminated all reference to the speedometer while driving. In corporate limits I cut my gait to the rule of never passing any cars except those standing still or obviously going less than ten miles an hour. Outside corporate limits I held an invariable rate of 42 to 45 miles an hour.

Free to Roam

THERE is a fine adjustment in that speed. Slower is false economy; faster is reckless and also false economy, for it wears not only the motor but the passengers.

"But how can you tell your speed without looking at the speedometer?" will be asked. By holding under the average you are regulated within corporate limits. Touring speed (42 to 45 miles an hour) is attuned, with me, through the ear. In my car a "z-zing" whistles through the windshield invariably at the 45th or 46th mile. I hold her, by ear, just under the "z-zing."

A locomotive engineer at Mobridge, S. D., headquarters of the Espee, said to me one night, "Forty-five miles an hour is a locomotive's most economic speed. At that rate everything is in perfect adjustment."

Just as true of a gasoline as of a steam engine.

The second elimination is of calculation during your day's run of the distance you are likely to make, and during your tour of the number of days you expect to consume.

In a general way, before starting, be restricted, but not as to hours, miles, or even exact days. Unless this rule is observed, you will be driven to dependence on the speedometer, the road maps and a constant excitation of inquiry at stopping points. At the end of your journey you will need another vacation to recuperate. I am telling a way to finish more refreshed than you start.

The final object of all eliminations is to achieve freedom, a visual mastery of the landscape (*Continued on page 46*)

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The Make-Believe Wife

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright, 1928, by Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

The Story Thus Far: Lovely Beatrice St. John marries Houston Challoner, a wealthy architect, years older than she, chiefly because her sister's health has failed and she realizes what her marriage would mean to her family who are very poor. Her sister and mother are sent to California and Hugh and Beatrice are unbelievably happy. Hugh can't help feeling, however, that he is too old for Beatrice, and that his son Bert would be a more suitable match for her. He realizes Bert is falling in love with her but for a long time Beatrice does not. When Bert declares his love for her, she is shocked and upset, but attracted in spite of herself.

Hugh and Beatrice have been working for months on plans for the Kreutzmann memorial prize. The plans disappear suddenly and mysteriously. Suspicion points to either Bert or Aileen Kavanaugh, who is very jealous of Beatrice and a great trouble maker. Bee is unhappy about the loss of the plans, and the situation between her and Hugh seems to grow increasingly difficult.

One rainy afternoon, Hugh comes home to find her crying after Aileen had told him she'd seen Beatrice and Bert having tea together. Bee gives Hugh the impression that she has been in the house all day. Neither understands why the other is unhappy exactly, but Hugh suggests that Bee go to visit her family until she "can decide about things." But Bee doesn't understand and asks, "What things?"

The sight of him struck a chill to her heart

VII

"EVERYTHING!" Hugh said cheerfully.

"But—but I would come back, Hugh?" Beatrice demanded, with surprise in her voice.

"If you wanted to."

"But I should want to!"

"Then of course."

"It's only"—she said in a low voice presently, as if she were thinking aloud—"it's only that I seem to have made such a mess of everything here!"

"You haven't made a mess of anything at all!" Hugh said decidedly. "We've all managed to make a mess of things for you. I wish—I wish you would go about a little more, Bee, with girls your own age—to matinées and lunches at the club—that sort of thing," he diverged, after a pause.

For some reason this hurt her, and tears came to her eyes.

"I hate girls my own age, Hugh—most of them aren't out of college yet!"

"I know, I know," he said, in quick sensitiveness. "That's just—just it. You oughtn't to be expected to go about with Minnie and Harriet!"

"The children are wonderful, and I love Minnie and Harriet!" Beatrice insisted stoutly. "If—if you were happy, Hugh," she added wistfully, "I'd be perfectly happy. I never get tired of books and walks and lectures and—" Her voice thickened. "And meeting you!" had been the concluding words, but they emerged only an indistinct jumble.

"I *will* be happy, dear," he said. "Everything will straighten out, and you will be running round picking oranges, and eating figs and sand dabs—"

"They sound like spiders!"

"But they're really nice little flat white fish—delicious fish." Hugh began to beat on her hand lightly; his voice was low and steady in the dark. "And you'll write me letters," he said in his pleasant, encouraging voice.

Beatrice's face was wet. She spoke carefully.

"Was it—was it losing the plans that made everything seem to go wrong just lately, Hugh?" she asked. "Or is it Bert?"

"It isn't either, Bee. It's just that I've begun to see things in a different way—perhaps—" Hugh's voice died into silence, and for a little while neither spoke.

"I wish we need never have the lights," Beatrice said presently, "because I feel—I feel nearer to you—safer—now than I've felt for a long, long time!"

"As to the plans," Hugh said, following his own thought, after another long interval, "from the beginning I've known who hid them, Bee."

"Hugh!" she breathed, panting.

"Yes, I knew Bert had hid them, knew it that very first night," Hugh went on.

"Oh, Hugh, *no!*"

"I think so."

"But why—but why?" she stammered.

"That very first night," Hugh repeated, "something in his manner struck me. I thought it over, and I knew it was Bert."

"But—but what motive—" Beatrice gasped.

"What motive?" Hugh echoed dreamily, and was silent.

"Why should he, Hugh! Oh, Hugh, you're wrong. Whatever the explanation is, that isn't it!" Beatrice exclaimed eagerly. "He wouldn't! He couldn't! Bert's crazy—he's spoiled, in a way, but he couldn't do that!"

"At first," Hugh pursued, as if she had not spoken, "I thought I would speak to him about it. And then I thought, no, that would accomplish nothing. He wouldn't admit it. But I was more or less confirmed in my opinion with every word that he said about it. And the days went by and the time was up for the Memorial contest, and I thought to myself, 'If I ask him now, he'll know I'm *too* late, and he'll have all the more reason to stick to his story!'

"And then—when it was too late—it came to me where they were," Hugh said.

"Where they *were!*" Beatrice whispered sharply.

"Yes. I thought that out, too. I remembered that afternoon when we discovered the loss, and how Nelly had told us that Bert had come home to lunch and had had a sandwich, or something, and I followed Bert's train of thought. He would have driven over from mother's in his car, because he had come down to lunch with her, and they had all moved into town—do you remember? Well, I figured that he would park his car just where he always does, on the grass

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by the old barn, and then when he came out of the house, with the plans, he would look up at that stable roof, above the old hayloft, and think what a place to thrust that roll those old cobwebby rafters would be!

"The idea only came to me about ten days ago, and I drove down to Spy Lake that afternoon," said Hugh. "I parked near the old barn, and walked in the door, and climbed up on two or three bales of hay that were there, and put my hand on them as calmly as I'd take a hat off a shelf!"

"Too late!" Beatrice said, hardly above a breath.

"Too late."

"And you mean that you have those plans now!" Beatrice whispered.

"I have them now."

"And you didn't tell me!"

"I felt too badly about it, Bee. Besides, what was the use?"

For a few minutes she was silent.

"But Bert didn't do it!" she said, then, positively. "Hugh, Hugh, why should he!"

"Possibly," Hugh's voice said slowly, "he did not want me—want us—to go to California this year."

Beatrice was stricken silent; she felt as if her heart must stop beating, for fear.

IMMEDIATELY—it was as if she could feel him gathering force in the darkness—Hugh was his considerate self again.

"Here, your hands are cold—why, you're shaking all over, Bee!" he exclaimed. A moment later he had touched a switch, and here and there in the comfortable, book-lined room lamps suddenly bloomed. "Shall I get Nelly—do you want a hot-water bag?" he said. "I'm going to bathe—there's no reason why you shouldn't lie there for another hour, and get to sleep, if you can; it's only five o'clock, and we're not dining until half past seven. Don't we go out tonight?"

"We're dining with Judge and Mrs. Lambert," Beatrice, settling down under her silk cover, answered. "No, don't call Nelly, Hugh. But give me my electric heater—it's right there in my dressing-room—and I'll be warm in no time!"

"I'll have this fire built up—" he said, ringing a bell, going toward her dressing-room, where he found the electric heater, and, taking it from its shelf in the big, white, spacious closet, chanced to glance down at the floor and saw her neat little brown overshoes—

Bee's overshoes, one tumbled down and one standing erect, and both wet!

There was no mistake about it: little pools of rain water had formed around them on the white tiled floor.

He did not come into Bee's dressing-room twice in a year. But he had come in here today—

He laid down the foot warmer he carried and picked up one of the shoes. Cold and soaking.

A minute later he brought her the heater and knelt to attach the plug. Bee thanked him sleepily; she had been nervous and cold and uneasy all day, but now Hugh was home, and Nelly laying a fire, and everything—for the moment, anyway—all right again.

It was more than an hour later that she suddenly sprang up, with the hurry of one who had dawdled to the danger point, and, beginning her own dressing in mad haste, went to Hugh's open dressing-room door, to see why he was so unnaturally quiet, and to remind him of the time.

The sight of him struck a chill to her heart, even though there was nothing startling in his attitude. He was merely standing quiet, motionless, at the window—not looking out, for obviously, even with the low light that was in the room, he could see nothing but a dim reflection in the streaming dark panes. But he was in the position of a person looking out of a window, his arms folded, his head dropped forward, his eyes—for he was half facing Beatrice as she came in, and she could see them—closed to slits.

"Hugh, aren't you going to Judge Lambert's dinner?"

He turned at the sound of her frightened voice, and she saw that his face was that of a stricken man. But, immediately, in his normal tones, he answered that he would begin dressing at once, and as he moved from dresser to closet, opening and closing doors, Beatrice, after a moment's troubled watching, withdrew to finish her own dressing. They started for their dinner party at a quarter past seven, in silence.

Judge and Mrs. Lambert were the richest persons in North Underhill. Mrs. Lambert, who as the dashing and beautiful Nettie Couzens, had been heiress to an old mining grandfather, was naturally known as the "girl who owned a county." Now, in her fat and comfortable fifties, she lived in an Italian villa incongruously situated at Washington and South E Streets, mispronounced French and Italian words cheerfully and fluently, and was interested chiefly in diets and bridge.

But she loved to entertain, and the handsome old dignified judge loved to entertain.

Tonight the Lamberts' guest of honor was a senator-elect, and they had spared neither pains nor money to entertain him fittingly. Forty-nine persons sat down to the elaborate dinner, and at least that many more came in afterward for the dance.

Beatrice was placed between her old friend Dr. Bingham, who had taken care of her during her illness last spring, and a nice young Mr. Peterson, who appeared to be a sort of secretary or confidential clerk to the senator-elect. Far down the royally broad and glittering, flowered and candle-lighted table she could see Hugh's handsome, sleek head, respectfully bent toward Mrs. Senator-elect, who was his left-hand neighbor. Hugh, she thought—there was no one in the world like him; there was no face in the world whose expression was at once so grave and so pleasant, so serious and yet so sweet.

Beatrice was by far the youngest person at the table.

"The youngsters are coming in later to dance," she told Tom Peterson. "I only ranked a dinner invitation because of my husband."

"Your husband! I thought you were Miss Challoner; I thought you weren't much more than a little girl!" the secretary said.

"Oh, no. I'm very much married. There—that's Hugh—that's Mr. Challoner down there next to Mrs. Estee."

"Is that *so?*" Tom asked, inspecting Hugh. "That rather quiet middle-aged man the husband of this brilliant girl in blue velvet!" Tom reflected. "Are you from North Underhill, Mrs. Challoner?" he went on.

"Oh, yes—born here. My father was a surgeon and they said that he would have gone a long way in his profession," Beatrice explained, turning her candid blue eyes upon her interlocutor, "but he died when I was only a baby, and after that my mother had quite a time looking out for my sister and me," she finished, with a little laugh.

"I see," Tom said quite truthfully. That explained it. Nobody in connection with the stunning young red-headed creature was having quite a time now, that was obvious. Wealth spoke in every line of her—her shining hair, her smooth skin, her flowing, exquisite gown of dark-blue velvet and the line of fine pearls about her white throat. Her hand looked young, in its plain gold ring and guardian emerald. "Is your mother in North Underhill?" he asked.

"No, my sister wasn't at all well, so she and my mother have gone to California. It seems a long time!"

"I see," young Peterson said again, adding, "you'll have to get out to California, for I can assure you your people won't come back, Mrs. Challoner!" he smiled.

"Oh, I may go," Beatrice answered. But her heart gave a strange little sinking twist as she said it, and she looked again toward Hugh. "Not long now, Hugh," her soul said to him—"not long now before we can talk honestly, dear, and clear this all up!"

To Beatrice the dinner dance was all a blur, a strange, bright, troublesome dream from which there seemed to be no awakening.

There was dancing, talking, dancing. Beatrice could not see Hugh anywhere. A clock—a grandfather's clock too old, too scarred, too discolored and shabby to be anything but perfectly new—said twenty minutes to eleven . . . to twelve . . . to one. Twenty minutes to one o'clock! How early could one decently go home?

"Bee," said Bert's voice, beside her.

"Bert!" she caught at his arm. "I wanted to see you. Where can we go? I have to talk to you."

"Listen; I've got a job," he said.

Beatrice fixed him with bright, attentive eyes.

"Anyway?" she asked, frowning faintly as she pondered it.

"Anyway."

"Well, I think you're wise, Bert. I know you are!" she conceded briefly. Her eyes were abstracted. "But, anyway—I have to talk to you," she repeated. "Hugh is in a terrible state of mind, Bert. I don't know what he's got hold of, or thinks he's got hold of—"

"Isn't there anything smaller than the main concourse of the Grand Central in this place? Do you suppose they have a jam closet or a bathroom or something that you don't have to have a flivver to get round in?"

SHE laughed shakily, hysterically. Their hostess, ambling by, was waylaid by Bert for information.

"They say he's crazy about her, and, my Lord, you can't blame him!" Mrs. Lambert thought even while she amiably directed them to a "den," back of the main "liberry," where Pa often went to smoke.

Bert and Beatrice had left her and were following her directions and presently Bert parted the heavy tapestry curtains that concealed the door of the "den," and they went through quickly and quietly into a dimly lighted small room where there were pipe racks and a deep leather couch and a fire.

Instantly Beatrice, who entered first, saw that the room was already occupied, and half turned to draw back. A woman in white was sitting on the low-backed leather couch before the fire, with the spangles on her gown twinkling in the soft lamplight, and a man was with her, seated on the same couch, with his body squared about so that he faced the woman, with his back toward the door. Mrs. Kavanaugh and Hugh!

Bert following Beatrice, saw them,—they all saw each other. It was too late to retreat now, although Beatrice was conscious of a sick and terrified conviction that retreat was still their only course.

But she came slowly in, Bert behind her, and Hugh rose and gave her his seat courteously, as if he had expected her, and she sat down.

"Hello, Dad!" Bert exclaimed hardily, discovering his father.

"Come in," Hugh said, after a second's pause. "Come in. We—we were talking about you." Neither of the women spoke. But Aileen Kavanaugh gave a little flicker of laughter—a schoolgirl (*Continued on page 29*)

Nameographs

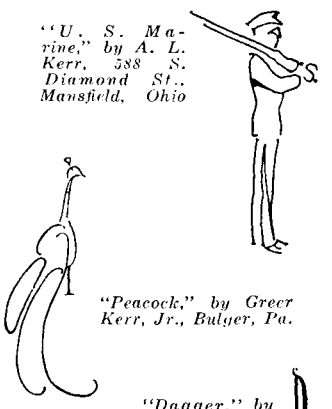
SOME unusually good specimens this week. Take a look at "knight" and "cow." The very simplicity of these contains a suggestion for aspiring Nameographers. We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

For $1.35 you can get from your bookseller or Reilly & Lee, Chicago, a fascinating book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs, suggestions for Nameograph games and parties and all kinds of gay features.

"Ink Bottle," by H. A. MacPherson, 7416 30th Ave. N. W., Seattle, Wash.

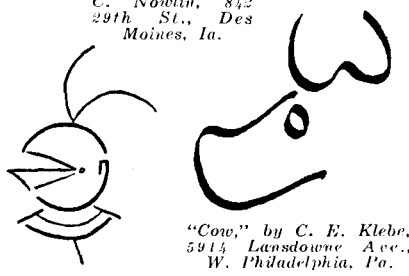
"Smile," by A. R. Doran, 1775 Sheepshead Bay Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"U. S. Marine," by A. L. Kerr, 588 S. Diamond St., Mansfield, Ohio



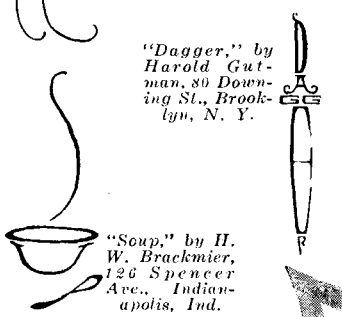
"Peacock," by Greer Kerr, Jr., Bulger, Pa.

"Knight," by M. C. Nowlin, 842 29th St., Des Moines, Ia.



"Cow," by C. E. Klebe, 5914 Lansdowne Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

"Dagger," by Harold Gutman, 80 Downing St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Soup," by H. W. Brackmier, 126 Spencer Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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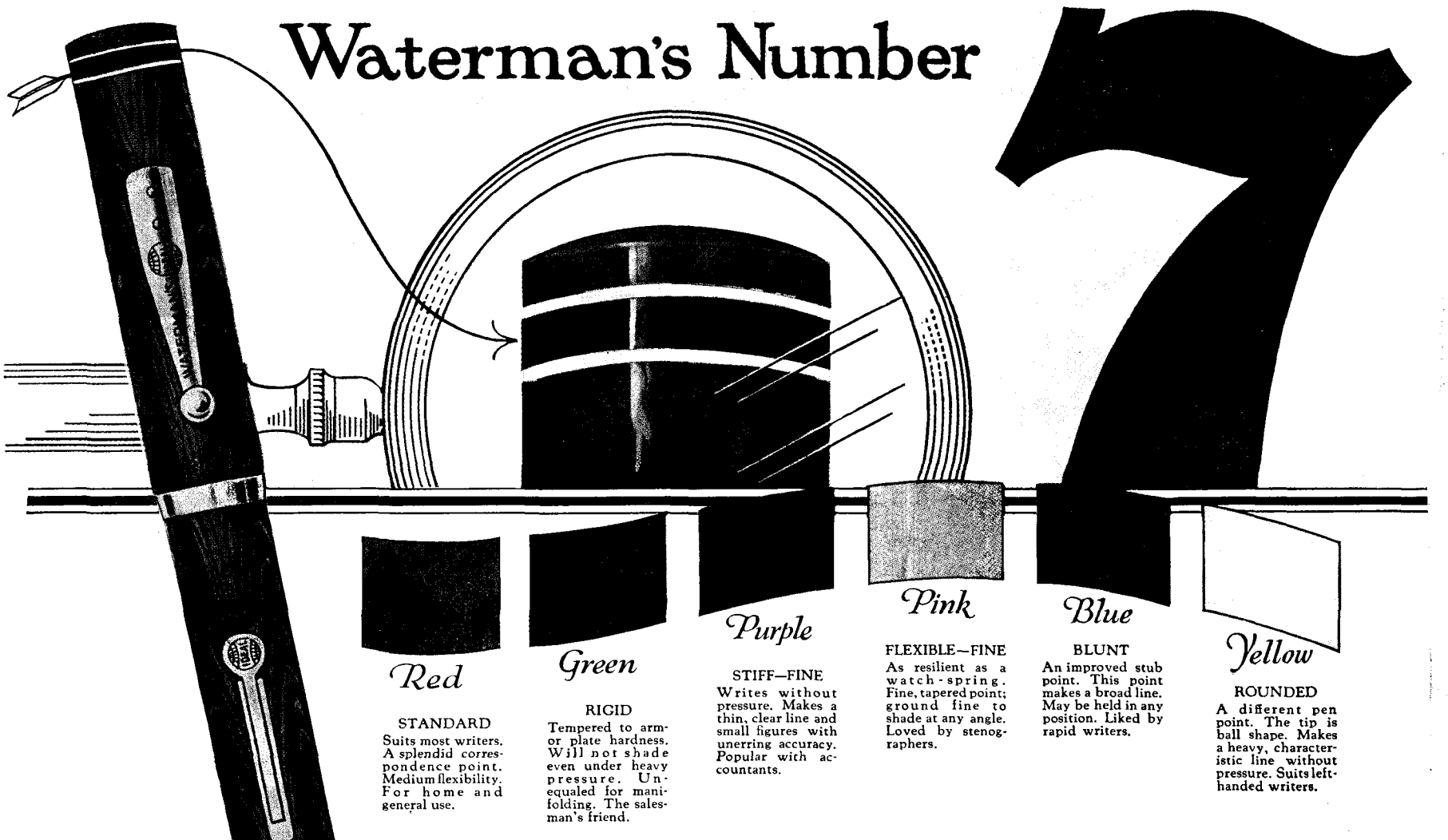
Waterman's Number 7



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Green

RIGID

Tempered to armor plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

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Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

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FLEXIBLE—FINE

As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

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An improved stub point. This point makes a broad line. May be held in any position. Liked by rapid writers.

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ROUNDED

A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Makes a heavy, characteristic line without pressure. Suits left-handed writers.

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Another example of Waterman's supreme craftsmanship. Ink will not stain this beautiful Ripple rubber pen. Made with attractive lip-guard and an unequaled patented filling device.

Thousands of fountain pen users are turning to Waterman's Number Seven. They are delighted with the ease with which they can select a pen point that exactly suits their style of writing. You will be, too, if you step into a store and ask the pen clerk to let you try the six Number Seven points and select the one that suits you best.

No matter how you write—forward or back-hand, straight or slanting, thin line or broad line, a NUMBER SEVEN will match your style

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The "Applesauce Twins" make painting a farce!

THE latest fashion in "cheap" paint applesauce is out. It goes like this . . .

"Our price is *very low* but our paint isn't 'cheap,' because, etc., etc., etc., etc."

Don't be fooled. A *low-price-per-gallon* means a "*cheap*" *paint*—a *skimped* paint—a *terribly costly* paint—*every time*. And there's no "because" that can explain it.

Only one thing is more costly than "cheap" paint. Just let "Cheap" Paint's twin brother, "Cheap" Painter, in on the deal.

There you have a combination that will make a farce of any house paint job.

CHEAP PAINT ISN'T CHEAP AT ALL

"Cheap" Paint is costly enough, *alone*, as thousands of home owners now know. But when you add the careless preparation and unskilled daubing of "Cheap" Painter—you have *the costliest paint job in the world.* Don't let these "Applesauce" Twins fool you. Don't throw good money away.

There is only one way to save money on a house painting job . . . use the *best* house paint and let a master painter do the work.

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, is made of superfine materials. It may be a little higher priced by the gallon, BUT—for every 11 gallons of "cheap" paint required, *only 7 gallons of fine old SWP are needed.* That 4-gallon saving makes SWP cost about the same as "cheap" paint, on the wall or by the job. *But that is only the beginning.*

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For economy,
use the best paint and engage a good painter

The cost of any paint job divides about like this: *One-third* for paint. *Two-thirds* for labor.

Don't try to save money by hiring a "cheap" painter. His careless work *will cost you dearly —in repainting expense.*

Don't engage a *master* painter and then ask him to use "cheap" paint. With all his skill, he can't make "cheap" paint *last.*

It quickly cracks, chips, peels. The *cheap colors* fade. Every year or so it has to be "repainted" at heavy expense.

The only combination that will *save money* for you is a *master* painter and *the best paint money will buy.*

The master painter is an artist. He is trained. He knows his profession. He uses good equipment. He prepares the surface carefully. He applies the paint skillfully. He is conscientious and takes pride in his work.

So, when a master painter applies fine old SWP House Paint for you it assures a handsome job—*at lowest paint cost per square foot of wall*—a finish that will serve for many years—*at lowest cost per year.*

In other words, fine old SWP and a Master Painter is the most economical combination you can use.

The "Master Touch"

You may hear arguments as to formulas—meant to lead you astray.

Just remember this. The SWP balanced formula has been openly printed for years. Anyone can have it. Yet the characteristic qualities of SWP have never been duplicated. Why? Because formula is only *one* factor. The *quality of ingredients* is equally important. These might be duplicated and still SWP would remain unchallenged. *Because* there is one element in fine old SWP House Paint that never has been and never can be copied successfully.

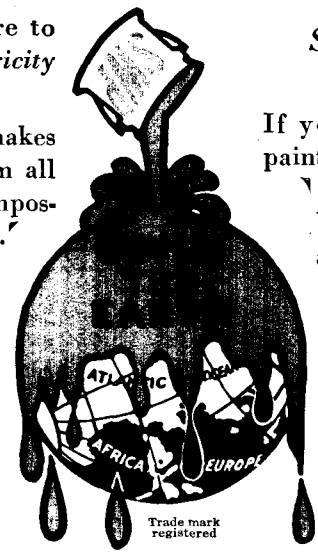
It is the "*master touch*" of the scientific men of Sherwin-Williams.

These laboratory experts are to "paint" what Edison is to *electricity* —what Marconi is to *wireless.*

Their "master touch," which makes SWP House Paint different from all others, is a *human* ingredient impossible of imitation or duplication.

Only Sherwin-Williams has it. Only SWP House Paint users benefit by it.

Before you buy any "cheap" paint, visit Paint Headquarters, your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get his advice and material estimate *on the job.* Compare it with "cheap" paint.



S-W Paint Products are sold the world over under this famous trade-mark

And remember, that what is true of house paint is true of any other *exterior* or *interior* finish. It must be *good* to be *economical.*

See Paint Headquarters and save money

If you do not know a reputable painter who will apply fine old SWP House Paint for you, write us. We will send you the name and address of one who will.

We will also send a free copy of our famous Household Painting Guide, which saves costly mistakes in painting.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World

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"Jack, let me get a movie of you smoking that cigarette . . ."

"All right . . . watch me register 'They Satisfy'."

Chesterfield cigarettes are mild . . . not strong or harsh. Chesterfield cigarettes have character . . . they are not insipid or tasteless.

The tobaccos in Chesterfield cigarettes are blended and cross-blended in a different way from other cigarettes and *the blend can't be copied!*

They are MILD . . . yes, mild enough for anybody . . . and yet . . . they SATISFY.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 24

snicker that grated on Beatrice's nerves like a file.

Against the shadows behind her, and the dark leather of the couch and the dark blue of her velvet gown, her own face looked pale and strained. But the light found her hair, and played and glimmered there strangely, mysteriously, turning it into an aureole.

Both the men sat down; Aileen turned in her white hands the little frilled bouquet of roses and maidenhair and pinks that she had been carrying all evening.

"We were talking about you," Hugh said again. And, turning to Bert, he said lightly, significantly, "I was just going to tell Aileen that I had found my plans, after all."

"Found your plans!" Aileen exclaimed. "Why, Hugh, I didn't know that. Why, Hugh, I didn't know that! When, on *earth*—"

Bert was staring at his father blankly.

"How do you mean you've found your plans?" he demanded bluntly and rudely.

"I mean I went to the place they had been put, and found them," Hugh explained, with a level look.

Bert's stupefied glance went to Beatrice.

"Did you know that?"

"Yes, I—he told me this afternoon."

"Too late?" Bert asked, struck.

"Too late, naturally," Hugh said, a little grimly.

"They weren't burned, then? I always sort of thought they had been burned," Burt murmured, amazed eyes still on his father.

"No, they weren't burned, Bert."

"Gosh, that is tough luck, Dad!" the boy exclaimed youthfully, shaking his head.

BEATRICE, who was deathly white, saw that Hugh was trembling. His voice was shaking too, shaking with passion, as he leaned toward his son and said:

"No, Bert, my boy. Don't—don't take that tone with me! It's too late. I understand—I'm not angry. But trust me, Bert. Don't—don't hurt me any more than you've got to hurt me!"

"What are you talking about?" Bert demanded.

Hugh got up from his chair and stood with his back to the fire, his hands in his trousers pockets. There was a pause, during which they could hear the distant, throbbing strains of dance music, saxophones and drums.

"You know what I'm talking about!" Hugh answered levelly, in a quiet voice.

"I give you my word I haven't the least idea!" Bert stammered, looking from one face to another in turn for light.

"You don't have to keep it up," Hugh said, with a faint sneer on his lips. "It's all plain now. If you and Beatrice—" He glanced toward her for a second. "If you and Beatrice had only known how thoroughly I understand," he said patiently, "you might have discussed all this from quite another angle, while you were having tea this afternoon, at the Washington Arms."

Bert, who had been looking moodily downward, now looked up sharply.

"Yes, I knew that," Hugh said wearily. "It's true, isn't it?" he asked, looking at his wife.

"Quite," Beatrice admitted evenly and briefly, after a second's pause.

"And you telephoned him tonight just before we left the house?" Hugh pursued unemotionally. "It wasn't enough to have tea with him," he lashed out, in sudden passion. But instantly he was calm again. "It wasn't enough to have tea with him," he repeated in a voice of forced quiet, "but you telephoned him just before we left the house."

"I did," Beatrice said, raising hard, bright, defiant eyes to his.

"To tell him that you must see him this evening; that he *must* come to this party?" Hugh went on.

"Whoever your spies are, they are very efficient, Hugh," Beatrice admitted, breathing hard.

"I have no spies," Hugh told her, in a tired voice. "You were seen at the tearoom, and it was casually mentioned in a conversation—"

"Exactly. I know how casually!" Beatrice said bitterly, with a glance at Aileen. "We saw Mrs. Kavanaugh too," she said icily.

"I had no idea—" Aileen began, charmingly regretful and apologetic. But nobody was listening. Between the three Challoners the air was thrilling as if to electric currents, and their words rang in the quiet, warm air like pistol shots.

"As for the telephoning," Hugh was saying, "I tried to get the garage, to find out why Noon didn't bring the car around. I had gone down to the library, you were upstairs in your room, and when I took the telephone off the hook I heard you talking to some servant at my mother's house, and you were asking for Bert."

There was a pause; then Beatrice said scornfully, "Exactly."

"But, look here—I don't know where you get the dope about my knowing something of the plans that were lost," Bert now said hotly. "How do you get that way? Do you think I'd touch your plans!"

To this Hugh returned fiercely, "You'd touch my wife! You weren't too noble—too lofty, for that!"

Bert's glance flashed to Beatrice, who sat like a woman of stone, her red head held high, her eyes brilliant, her under lip slightly bitten. She had clasped her white hands against the rich, dark velvet of her lap; they did not stir.

"That's a lie!" Bert said very gently.

Hugh seemed suddenly to weaken, to crumple; he had run his hand frantically over his hair, in a gesture entirely unnatural to him, he looked disheveled and demoralized.

"If it is, I apologize to Beatrice," he said, in a breathless sort of way, not looking at her or at Bert. "In any case, I'm not going to—I'm not going to stand in your way—" He made a blind bow toward his son. "In yours, or in hers," he added, with another quite unseeing gesture in Beatrice's direction. "I've thought it out," said Hugh, in the strange throbbing silence that held the room. "She will go west—to her mother and to her sister," he persisted, pronouncing every word formally, and with difficulty; "and I will remain here. You will stay here too for a while, I hope, Bert, for all our sakes, and then whatever arrangement you make will suit me. Paris. New York."

HE WAS not looking at any of them. He was talking with a dry mouth and with strange little bows and with averted eyes. Bert, who was on his feet now too, took a quick step toward his father and caught him by the shoulder. Aileen drew a quick little shocked breath and pressed her fingers over her mouth. But Beatrice neither moved nor spoke.

"I know nothing—nothing of your plans!" Bert said hoarsely. With all of them, he felt horrified and shocked beyond measure at this scene. And with all of them too he felt a sudden fear for his father's reason.

Hugh looked in his direction apathetically, shrugging.

"Then I am very sorry that I suspected you," he said, with that faint sneer in his voice again, and with his eyes still avoiding his son's eyes. "And now I think I will go home," he said.

"Hugh, dear, Bert knows nothing about it, I'm sure!" Aileen now put in, persuasively. "I don't understand this whole thing one bit," she protested, stretching out appealing hands. "But this much I do know: Bert knew absolutely nothing about the loss of the plans!"

They had hardly been listening to her, but now Bert turned a sharp, almost a suspicious look upon her.

"What d'ye mean?" he asked harshly.

"I mean—" Aileen looked at Beatrice, and hesitated. "Is it still a secret?" she demanded, dropping her head on one side, her eyes full of affection and concern and sympathy for them all, as became an old family friend.

"I don't quite get you!" Bert said bluntly.

"I'm not talking to you, my dear. I'm talking to Beatrice," Aileen said, her eyes not moving from Beatrice's face.

"What does Beatrice know about it?" the boy exclaimed.

"A good deal, I think," Aileen said confidently.

"I don't understand you," Beatrice said, swallowing with a dry mouth.

"Ah, yes, you do!" Aileen said gently. "Don't you think that we would all be happier if you told us now?" she asked.

"Told you?" Beatrice muttered heavily, stupidly. "Told you *what?*"

"Told us why you took those plans that afternoon," Aileen pursued mercilessly. "And why you hid them in the old barn, down at the Spy Lake cottage."

Bert burst into a laugh.

"So *you* were the one!" he said, turning on Aileen scornfully. "You've betrayed yourself now. *You* were the one who took them."

HUGH seemed electrified into sudden life.

"Bert, my boy—my boy!" he stammered. "It wasn't you?"

"Certainly it wasn't me!" Bert answered impatiently, shaking off his father's hand. "You heard her. She's just admitted it, hasn't she?"

"No, I haven't just admitted it," Aileen asserted, unruffled.

"You knew where they were, anyway," said Bert.

"Yes, I knew where they were, because I happened to be calling there that afternoon, and they told me that Beatrice had just gone down to the garden," Aileen said. "I told the maid—it was old Nelly—that I'd wait, but I didn't wait. It occurred to me that it might be some time, and so I went out and saw Beatrice, down at the end of the garden, where the path forks to the barn, taking the turning there. I went after her, and by the time I'd reached the fork she was disappearing into the barn. I called of course, but she didn't hear me, and so I followed, and was just in time to see her, up on some bales of hay, stuffing something in between the shingles and the roof beams. It didn't occur to me for days what it was, but it puzzled me and I turned back, and walked through the berry garden to the porch and sat down. I thought there must be some explanation. It was weeks after that—days, anyway—that Hugh told me that his plans had disappeared—that he was too late for the contest—and then I knew that it must have been those plans that Beatrice had hidden. But even now," she ended, glancing about the circle—"even now, I don't know what it's all about."

"I don't believe you!" Bert said rudely, in a silence.

"No, no, that's not the explanation, Aileen," Hugh added, with his tired smile. "*Beatrice?* Nonsense!"

"Why, look at her!" Aileen exclaimed suddenly, pointing at Beatrice.

"Look at her! She'll tell you that's the truth!"

Beatrice's face was completely drained of color; her hands were gripped tightly in her lap. Her agonized eyes ignored the other two, and fixed themselves upon Hugh's face.

"Bee!" he said, in a whisper filled with fear and stupefaction.

"It's not true," Bert began angrily, loyally. Aileen silenced him with a quick lifted hand.

"Ask her, then. *Ask* her, Bert," she triumphed.

Before either man could speak Beatrice spoke, her voice coming out hoarse and faint.

"Yes, it's true," she said. "I hid them."

(*To be continued next week*)

Perhaps the best way for the girls to make good on leap year is to leap into the voting booths.

The widening of Forty-second Street, New York, by seven and one-half feet leads to the hope that the sidewalks will eventually be eliminated. Those pedestrians who are left can be got at so much easier unless they emulate the example of the nimble housefly and learn to climb on the sides of office buildings.

Over 350,000 specimens of insects have recently been delivered to the Smithsonian Institution. Someone must have been visiting our garden.

A mechanical trained nurse has been invented by a Maryland professor. The next step will be to have a mechanical surgeon in your own home, who will take out your appendix, tonsils and stomach while you wait for the Sunday radio services to begin.

Science will not come into its own until someone invents a family carving knife that is always sharp when you need it.

In an intelligence test between Yale and Harvard, Harvard recently came out ahead. Another skull race?

Add modern heroes: The husband who tries to sneak a pair of his pajamas into the trunk at the rear of the family car.

NO LYNCHINGS FOR FOUR MONTHS—headline. If this keeps on, we'll have to call for volunteers.

Why not set aside one day a year as pedestrian's day?

It's a poor rule in golf to begin at the nineteenth hole.

You are always out when call money calls.

One of the splendid canvases, by the artist R. K. Ryland, exhibited by the National Academy of Design is entitled "A young housewife pauses in her morning cleaning to look over an illustrated book." Now will someone paint a companion picture labeled "Young college woman, just married, pauses in her intellectual labors to wash the dishes."

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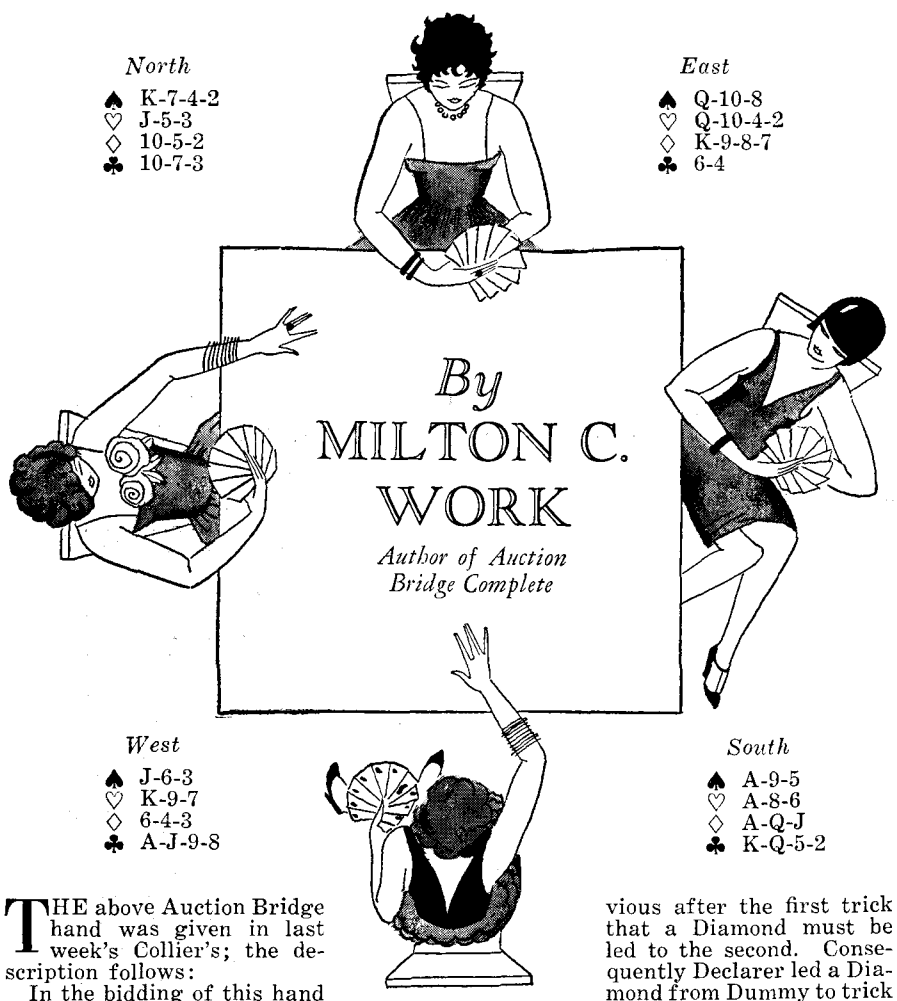
How would you play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

In the bidding of this hand there is practically nothing to discuss. South, with four suits stopped and a count of 20, was amply strong enough to start with two No Trumps. She might even have risked three in Contract, but in Bridge there was no necessity or advantage in calling more than one. None of the other players had the strength to overcall.

The Play

THE Club suit was West's only long one, and her partner had not bid, so she had no alternative but to open it. Her lead was the Eight, which did not seem to be a particularly unattractive opening, but as the cards of the Declarer were distributed it worked most unfortunately for East and West. Using the Rule of Eleven, the Declarer could tell that Dummy's Ten must win the first trick. This had two very distinct advantages. In the first place, it assured two out of the first three Club tricks because it kept the King and Queen together in the closed Hand; and in the next place—and this was most important—it gave an extra entry to a Dummy who was singularly short of them.

But Declarer could see that in spite of the strength on which she had bid her No Trump, the weakness in Dummy left her very far removed from the certainty of making game. She could count two Club tricks, two Diamonds, two Spades and one Heart; or two tricks short of her goal. Her possibilities were a third diamond, which could be obtained if the King were located in the East hand, and a third Spade, which could be obtained if the six adverse Spades were evenly divided.

There are only two further points in the play of the hand that deserve special attention. One that occurred on the second trick readily might be overlooked by a Declarer who did not plan a campaign. Dummy then was in the lead and could be expected to obtain the lead only once more during the entire play of the hand; that once, however, was sure, as the King of Spades must take a trick.

To make the three Diamonds essential for game, it was necessary to lead that suit twice from Dummy; so it was obvious after the first trick that a Diamond must be led to the second. Consequently Declarer led a Diamond from Dummy to trick 2 and finessed the Queen. When the Queen won, it seemed probable that the King of Diamonds was with East. Of course West might be holding up the King, but unless she could see a special reason for doing so she would not be apt to make that play, because, while she would suspect that Closed Hand had the Jack, she could not be sure of it. It looked to Declarer, therefore, as if one of the barriers to her going game had been passed; but the division of the adverse Spades remained to be ascertained. There was no reason for not finding that out at once.

To trick 3 a small Spade was led from the Closed Hand and a small Spade played from Dummy. Declarer, with equal effect, could have led the Ace of Spades to trick 3 and then a small Spade, ducking from Dummy, there really being little difference between the two plays, but the one selected gave the adversaries less information. The play that the Declarer had to avoid was winning a Spade trick with the King in Dummy until the third round of that suit; otherwise, even if the adverse division had been as she hoped, she would not have had an entry to cash her thirteenth Spade. In this hand the adverse Spades broke evenly and consequently Declarer was able to go game.

All of the three outstanding plays that the Declarer was called upon to make—viz., playing the Ten of Clubs on the first trick, trying a Diamond finesse on the second and ducking a Spade on the third—were obvious, but an inexperienced player might overlook them.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 10-5-3	S. K-7-4-2
H. 9-6-2	H. A-J-4-3
D. Q-6-4-2	D. 9-8-3
C. A-J-3	C. 7-2

West	*South*
S. 9-8-6	S. A-Q-J
H. 8-7-5	H. K-Q-10
D. 10-7	D. A-K-J-5
C. Q-9-6-5-4	C. K-10-8

Giant Killer

Continued from page 13

not even Ishbaal, could let it rest there. A king's women belong to his successor by the laws of all nations. If Abner has taken one of Saul's women, it amounts to claiming the crown."

"Everyone has known for years that Abner is the real king."

"Everyone but Ishbaal," said David. "And now that he knows—"

"What can he do about it?" Joab finished.

"He could have Abner stabbed in the dark. . . . And Abner knows that; Abner must strike first. And Israel will never follow Abner if he has killed Saul's son. He's beaten himself. God is with us!"

"Abner is never beaten till he is dead," said Joab.

David sighed.

"You lack faith, Joab. You lack faith."

NOT a week later Joab was summoned to the King's house and found David aglow with triumph. There was a letter on the table before him.

"We've won," he said. "Abner has written offering to come over to us and bring all Israel with him."

Joab stared at him blankly.

"Abner? Coming over to join us? Coming over to be a subject, an underling, when he is a king in all but name now? Let me see that letter!"

He read it, and flung it back on the table.

"Look at that, David! See what he says! 'Israel is in my hand, to give it to whom I please.' Does that sound like a man who will make a loyal subject? Will the man who gives you Israel—Israel, that you can never win for yourself—take second place? Abner is only changing kings. Under Ishbaal or under David, he means to rule Israel!"

"You're a monomaniac," said David irritably. "You can't think anything but Abner. You hate him—naturally—because he killed Asahel."

"Yes. But I'm afraid of him because he is too clever for us—for me and for you too."

"Too clever?" David snarled, half rising. "As God lives!"

"Too clever for you," Joab persisted, his dark eyes blazing at the King. "Every scheme of yours to win the North has been blocked—by Abner. Now that he offers to give you the North, will you dare to take it?"

"Certainly I'll take it—on conditions. And no blood feuds, Joab! Asahel was killed in battle—a fair fight."

Joab nodded reluctantly.

"I have given up thinking of revenge," he said. "I'm thinking of the kingdom. Your kingdom—or Abner's?"

"Mine!" said David. "I lay down the conditions. I've told him that first of all he must give me back my wife."

"Michal?"

"Michal—whom I bought and paid for with a hundred dead Philistines; whom Saul gave to another man. No treaties, no more negotiation, till they give Michal back to me."

Joab felt a great reassurance.

"You've wanted her, then, all these years? David, I was afraid you'd forgotten."

David's eyes were reproachful.

"Forgotten? My first wife? Freshness—youth—all we dreamed together? . . . Moreover," he added thoughtfully, "she legitimizes my succession. Saul's son-in-law has a fair claim on Saul's kingdom."

"I see," said Joab. "Politics. . . . That sort of thing was always too deep for me."

David clapped him on the back.

"You have your uses, old man-of-action! . . . I'm sending the demand to Abner and to Ishbaal. A formal demand that Ishbaal restore my wife, a hint that if he does that we'll end the war, make peace on the status quo, leave him his kingdom. Then he would no longer need Abner—and that prospect will keep him from seeing what Abner is doing, till it's too late."

"Very deep," said Joab. "Very deep. I only hope you may see what Abner's doing before it's too late."

So Ishbaal sent and took Michal from her second husband, a simple, kindly country gentleman, still dazed after six years by his good fortune in marrying a king's daughter with whom he was madly in love. Ishbaal took her—but it was Abner who delivered her at the frontier of Judah, where a guard of honor waited to escort her to Hebron. . . . She rode in rapt silence, her eyes bright with memories and anticipations; and her husband went with her, weeping as he went, and followed her to the frontier.

Then Abner said to him, "Go, return." And he returned. And with parade and blare of trumpets Michal was brought back to David.

Michal! . . . Joab saw her, of course, when she came back to Hebron; saw her and spoke to her, received her happy preoccupied greeting. Matured and rounded, she was more beautiful than the girl he remembered in Gibeah; but his heart no longer leaped and hammered when he looked at her; his stomach no longer turned sick and cold at the thought that she belonged to another man. Thank God, that was gone. . . . But he remembered still her fiery patriotism, her zeal for the cause of Israel, then, as now, bound up with David. She understood politics—and she knew Abner. She was Saul's daughter, but she had no cause to love her family that had treated her as a chip in the game. If she warned David, in this second blooming of their love, he would believe her. Michal, if she only understood, might save them yet.

Calling on the royal women was no such simple matter in David's house as it had been in Saul's; even Joab's privileges did not include access to the harem without an order from the King. So, a week after her return, he asked David for permission to speak to Michal.

For Abner was waiting on the frontier, east of Jerusalem—waiting for David's summons to come to Hebron and deliver Israel to its new lord. All Hebron knew by now what was going on, and the town seethed with breathless excitement; victory, unhoped for, complete, and dazzling, was at hand at last. . . . Meanwhile, on the frontier west of Jerusalem, a Benjamite column was raiding—and that, too, Joab surmised, was part of the game. What were a few butchered peasants in this game of high politics—a few butchered peasants, a few ravished women, a few regulars killed in the routine job of driving out the raiders? Ishbaal would be hoodwinked; the raid would be proof of Abner's loyalty, till it was time to discard the mask.

AND the swift march to punish the raiders, which David had ordered just now in high solicitude for the afflicted frontier, would take Joab out of Hebron before Abner arrived, would keep him out of Hebron while David bargained, trying to beat Abner at Abner's own game. . . .

"Michal?" said David, looking up at Joab in some surprise. And then—"Of course! You were old friends in Gibeah. I'd forgotten. . . . Here—" He scribbled a note. "Give that to the eunuch at the door." . . .

"Joab!" She was radiant with happiness; she gave him her hands affectionately. "This is like old times, isn't it?" (No! Thank God!) "And it's so glorious—everything we all dreamed come true at last, after all those hopeless years! It's all come out right!"

"Not yet," said Joab, seating himself at her gesture. "Not quite."

"Why, what's the matter? . . . Oh! You mean David's other wives? But a king must marry many women—it's good politics." Her laughter burbled. "David says you don't understand politics. But I'm not jealous of them—truly, Joab. They're jealous, perhaps—"

(*Continued on page 32*)

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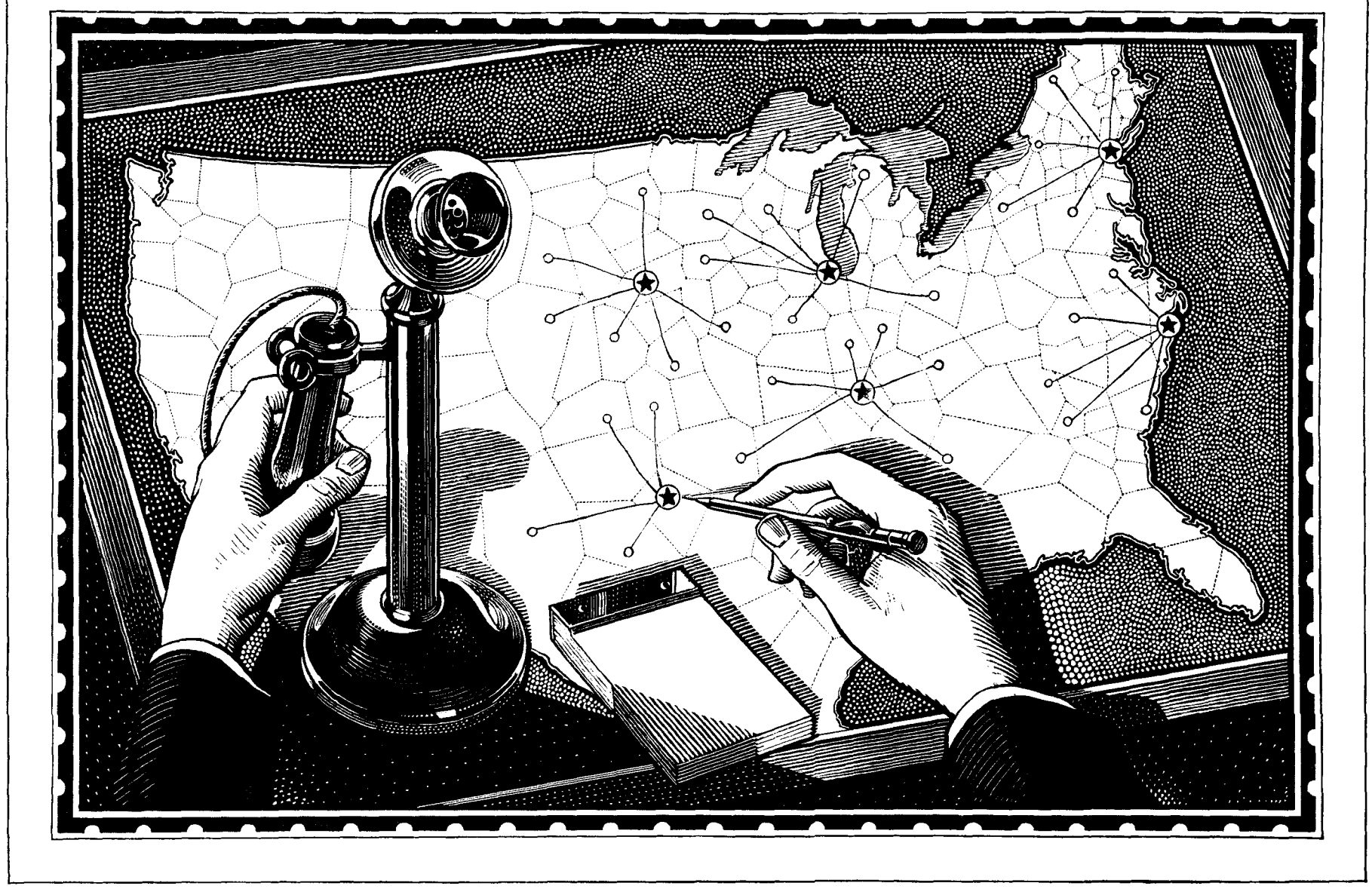
This National key town map Free to Anyone interested in cutting Costs



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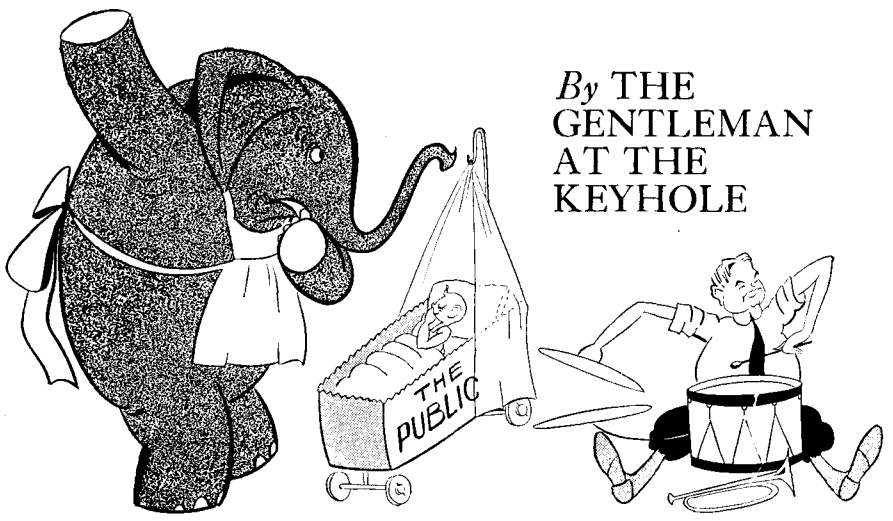

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

Armed with Silence

AT THE moment when I am writing, the Republicans would be in a panic except for two things: the extraordinary majorities or pluralities with which they have won national elections in recent years, and their belief that Governor Smith will lose so many Protestant and dry votes that his election will be impossible.

They know in their hearts that they have lost New York, and they fear the worst about New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

They admit frankly that the Democratic candidate is a dangerous antagonist. Nevertheless they expect to win. And the soberest judges of politics still expect them to win, but not so confidently as they did a fortnight ago.

The two things upon which the Republicans chiefly count for victory—prohibition and religious prejudice—are things about which they must keep silent. To attack Governor Smith's religious faith is dangerous, and may bring a reaction. Mr. Hoover as an uncompromising Dry would throw away what chances remain for success in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, and lose no one knows how many votes in wet Pennsylvania and wet Illinois.

In fact, many of Mr. Hoover's most influential advisers are urging him to say that he too thinks that the Volstead Act might be amended with advantage—advice which he can hardly take, since there is more to lose than to gain in saying "me too" to Governor Smith.

The odd thing about this campaign is that it looks as if the Republicans have not an issue that they can use openly. They cannot say anything about religion. They cannot say anything about prohibition. Their campaign manager, Dr. Work, has issued instructions that these two issues should not be mentioned.

Governor Smith shut them up on the tariff by his tariff plank, committing his party to letting protection alone. And he shut them up on their favorite claim that business trusts them but not their rivals by naming the most conspicuous big business man as his campaign manager.

The Silent Party

MR. HOOVER is in favor of a short campaign. There is good reason for a short campaign. When there is nothing to talk about the less time you have to talk about it the better.

We have heard much in the past about the silent vote controlling the election. This will be, if it turns out as most people expect, the first time on record when a silent party won an election.

They say that Governor Smith in New York has always favored short, sharp campaigns. And they talk as if they were arranging for one solely to oblige their charming antagonist.

But they overlook the fact that Governor Smith began his campaign before the Democratic Convention at Houston had adjourned with his message to the convention favoring the amendment of the Volstead Act, and that he continued his campaign vigorously and strikingly with the appointment of Mr. John J. Raskob, chairman of the finance committee of the General Motors Company, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

These two acts were the boldest and most aggressive campaigning for votes in the history of American politics. They were worth more than a thousand stump speeches hooked up on the radio all over the country. They made everyone rub his eyes and ask, "What is happening to that old pussyfooting business that we all have been taught by experience to expect on every year that is divisible by four?"

You may talk about showing yourself to the voters and letting them look in your beautiful eyes and be won by the charm of your personality. Everybody knows Governor Smith better for that message to Houston and that appointment of Raskob than they would have if he had publicly kissed one thousand Hattie Sullivans and shaken hands with 100,000 voters.

The Surprise Attack

WITHOUT the message on prohibition to the Houston convention Smith's campaign in the East and North would have lagged so desperately that he might never have got it going again. Without the Raskob appointment the North and East would have said, "This fellow Smith is a wonderful fellow, and we like his wetness, but, after all, he is one of those fool Democrats."

Now, I don't mean to say that the message to Houston and the Raskob appointment have not cost Smith anything. They doubtless have in dry and Protestant sections of the country. And that is why the Republicans are not in a panic and figure that by sitting tight and saying nothing except, perhaps, that Smith is a wicked Tammany man, they can win the election. And probably they can, as the thing stands today.

But a man who has made two such astonishingly aggressive and on the whole successful moves as Smith has made in a fortnight may be expected to do one or two more equally amazing things in the months that remain till the votes are counted.

Napoleon is entitled to a well-earned rest, but I shall have to drag him out once more. Smith's are the Napoleonic tactics of the surprise attack and the concentration of all his forces at one point. His message to Houston was a surprise attack. It came swifter and sooner than was expected.

His appointment of Raskob was another surprise attack. It was totally unexpected. Both struck at vital strongholds of Republicanism, the North and the East.

To deliver these two blows Smith weakened his reserves in the South—Napoleonic again. He may lose some ground there, but I am one of those who believe the Southern terrain is difficult for his foes.

Giant Killer

Continued from page 30

Joab suppressed a chuckle. Tirzah had recounted gleeful tales to him and Abishai of the consternation in the harem when Saul's daughter—the first wife, but a childless wife, and returning from another man's bed—had calmly set herself above all the other women.

"I wasn't thinking of that," he said. "I was thinking of the kingdom. Michal, no one but you can open David's eyes to what Abner is doing."

"What Abner is doing? . . . Why, he's saving us all—making it all come out right!"

"You know Abner!" Joab cried. "He is clever; he never gives up. He has been master of a kingdom. Will he take second place now?"

"David isn't Ishbaal!" said Michal proudly.

"No. But he receives Israel as a present from Abner. Abner has sent messages to all the tribes, Abner has persuaded them—Abner will make David King of Israel. You know they would never depose Saul's son and take a king from Judah unless Abner won them over. . . . And why? Why is he changing kings?"

"Because he believes in David, Joab! Because he knows our God has chosen David! . . . Oh, I know you hate Abner, on account of Asahel—"

"No, I've put that aside. I am thinking of the kingdom, Michal! I remember how you used to talk to me in the old days at Gibeah about what it all meant—our war for freedom, all the old petty jealousies forgotten, the old quarrels buried—all our people working together, for Israel and our God! Save that hope for us, Michal! Warn David!"

"But Abner is a patriot. He wants to fight the Philistines."

"He will fight them," Joab conceded, "but he can never beat them. That's a professional opinion. Abner is a great politician but a mediocre general—old-fashioned, unimaginative; I have fought him long enough to know that. Our army can always beat him, and the Philistines could beat him too. . . . Besides, he could never manage Judah; we are a peculiar people. If Abner rules the kingdom, we have no future; only a petty hill state, tributary—

"You love David, Michal. I helped David win you, buy you with a hundred dead Philistines. Help me now—help me save David. When Abner has been two years in Hebron David will be no more of a king than Ishbaal. Your father was a man, but even in his day Abner was half king. Now, when he gives Israel to David—Israel that is three times the size of Judah—will he take second place?" She looked at him, startled.

"Second place? I see . . . Joab, I'm so disappointed in you!" And, as he stared: "You're jealous. You have second place in Judah now, and you don't want to give it up!"

"THAT may be a part of it," he admitted after a moment. "But, jealous or not, I would command a battalion under Abner if I thought he would serve David as I have served him; if I thought he could beat the Philistines. But he's dangerous — clever, patient, unresting—"

"Oh, you're so stupidly unfair! He had a long talk with me, Joab, before he left me at the frontier. He admitted he'd made mistakes; he knew David was the only man I've ever loved, and he was so sorry he'd let Father marry me off to another man, so happy he could right that wrong at last! He told me that I would be the instrument of uniting Israel—but he was glad for me too, because I was going back to my lover. . . . Oh, we were both crying before he finished; he was like a father. He was so proud and happy, as a prince of Israel and head of my family, that at last he could make it all come right—my story and Israel's story too! . . . So, you see," she finished, laughing happily, "it's all right!"

Joab wanted to laugh, but a weary bitterness checked his laughter. . . . Her story and Israel's story too. So that was the way she had always seen it, this keen, fiery girl who had been his first ideal of an intelligent woman, who had awakened his boyish zeal and set him on the long, lonely road that the servant of an idea must travel. All her understanding, her eager patriotism, her yearning for a new dawn of glory for their people and their God, had been only the reflection of the sunlight shimmering golden on the hair of David the Giant Killer that day he came triumphantly up to Gibeah. . . . And Abner knew it—Abner, who was using her once again as the bait in the trap. . . .

AS HE came out David greeted him with a jocularity that could not quite hide a shade of uneasiness.

"Well, Joab! What did you find to talk about for so long?"

"Oh—politics. And reminiscences. . . . Now I'm off to chase those raiders back over the frontier. Abishai goes too—to see the end of the war."

"Don't wipe them out," David warned him. "You could do it—but just drive them away. We can't afford to stir up more bitterness now."

So, for the last time, Joab and Abishai had to strike softly, to win a little where they could have won completely. They did their duty—a skirmish, a tactical victory, a perfunctory show of pursuit; and then they came back to Hebron in hot haste, hoping they might be in time to block Abner. . . . But they came too late.

Abner had come and twenty men with him, elders of Israel—even Benjamites—and at a great feast they had come to terms with David. Now they were gone away to gather all the chiefs of Israel and bring them down to Hebron, to make a covenant with David and anoint him king.

From the window of an upper room in his house—they were beginning to call it the palace now—David looked down at the throngs in the street below, wildly cheering in recurrent outbursts of joy. There Joab found him when he strode in without ceremony, leaving Abishai waiting outside.

"You let him go?" he demanded. "You had him here and you let him go? As God lives, David! Look at them!" He pointed at the crowd in the street below. "Look at them and listen to them!"

"David and Abner!" they were shouting. "David and Abner! God bless Abner, who has given Israel to our lord the King!"

"How long before it is Abner and David?" Joab demanded. "You know Abner. He came to deceive you—and he did!"

"Abner has brought us victory," said the King curtly. "The victory you couldn't win, Joab. That is why he is the most popular man in Judah as well as Israel today. . . . And that is why you hate him."

So Michal had been talking to him after all, feeding him with Abner's propaganda. . . . Joab went out; Abishai joined him; they walked together slowly toward the palace gate. And as they went Joab mused aloud:

"Before the God of Israel, I must play it as I see it! Politics is too deep for me, but action—"

He clapped his hands; a soldier of the guard ran up, saluting.

"Run after Abner," said Joab. "He can't have gone far. Bring him back—ask him to meet me at the gate. Tell him Joab, the son of Zeruiah, wants to put an end to the quarrel." As the runner leaped away Joab turned to his brother. "Go home, Abishai. Give my love to Tirzah."

But as he went out into the street Abishai was still beside him.

"I don't know where you're going, Joab, but I'll go with you."

"I am on my way to be hanged," said Joab dryly. "Go home, Abishai! Home to your wife and children!"

(*Continued on page 34*)

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Tooth paste buy you an auto clock? Certainly!

You needn't dig into your pocket to buy a clock for your car. Let Listerine Tooth Paste buy it for you. Here's how it works out: The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please.

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Get a tube at your druggist today. Try it for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay.

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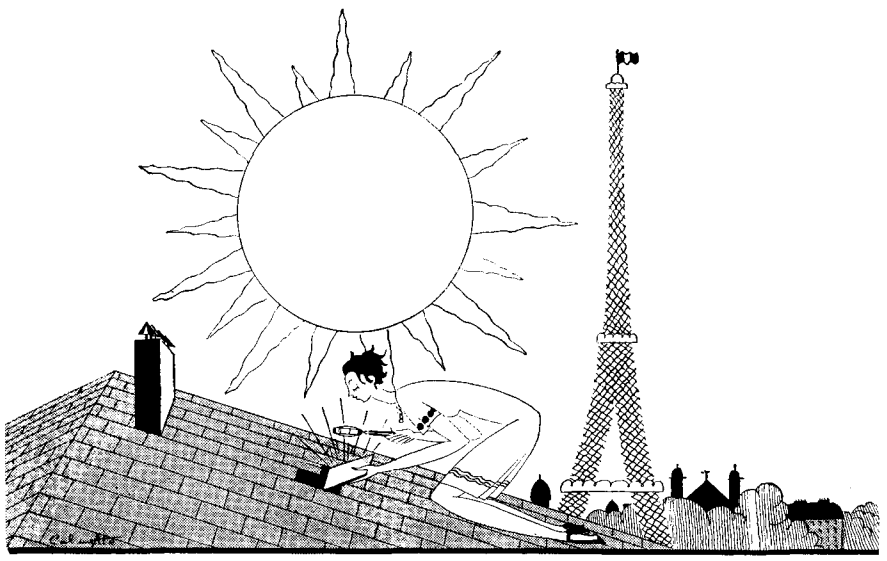

A Startling Discovery

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

A RUMANIAN lady, Miss Maracineanu, has found that the lead roof of the Paris Observatory is radioactive where it has been exposed to the sky for 250 years. A sheet of lead cut from the ancient roof and tested in the laboratory gave off the same powerful and invisible rays as radium from its upper surface, but none from its under surface. The radiation gradually diminished as the lead was kept in the dark, but its activity was renewed when it was again exposed to the sun. Copper and zinc from the observatory roof also showed traces of radioactivity, though less than the lead. When Miss Maracineanu mounted her gold-leaf electroscope on the roof, she found that the radioactivity fell to a third of its value when a cloud passed over.

If you know of any old lead roofs or water pipes in your vicinity or any stained glass set in lead that has been exposed to the sun or bright sky for many years, it would be interesting to see if the metal has become radioactive.

Wrap up an ordinary dry plate in black or red paper so as to be light-tight. Lay it with the sensitive side up and put on top of it some thin metal object; a key or a bit of wire gauze is good. Spread over this object and around it filings or scrapings of the lead. Set away in a dark room or drawer for a couple of days. Then develop the plate and see if a shadow of the object appears clear surrounded by a vague haze as though the plate had been light-struck under the lead. Repeat the experiment on various pieces of the lead scraped from the surface and underside of the roofing. If you have a gold-leaf electroscope you may measure the amount of radioactivity in comparison with a radium preparation of known strength and determine the rate at which it falls off from day to day after being removed from the roof. If you get any positive proof of radioactivity write to me, inclosing a print of the photograph and stating approximately how many years the lead has been exposed to the sky.

Another Experiment for You

IT WAS by such methods as these that the radioactive metals, radium and polonium, were discovered by Madame Curie. These metals gradually lose their power of emitting positively and negatively electrified particles and dark rays of high frequency, and in the course of a few thousand years relapse into ordinary inactive lead. But nobody has been able to reverse this process, just as nobody has been able to reverse the process of decay and restore the dead to life. Nor has any means been discovered by which this continuous and spontaneous decomposition of the radium atoms can be arrested, hastened or retarded. That is why the discovery reported by Miss Maracineanu is so sensational. For if her results are confirmed by the experiments of others, they prove that the radioactivity of lead may be restored by the action of sunshine and perhaps by other forms of wave energy.

Professor M. A. Boutaric of the University of Dijon suggests in *La Science Moderne* (January and April, 1928) that the lead roof may be stimulated into activity by the cosmic rays which were discovered by Kohlhörster, and have been most thoroughly investigated by Millikan of California.

Miss Maracineanu also found that ordinary printer's lead, like a strip from the linotype, when wet with seawater or salt water and dried in the sun, becomes radioactive. This is also an experiment that you could easily try. It suggests that here we may find the secret of the stimulating effects of sea bathing on the health. Perhaps also of certain inexplicable cases of lead poisoning by printers which sometimes strangely resembles the sores caused by radium. The sweaty fingers of the typesetter may stimulate radioactivity.

The Sweetest Plant in the World

DOWN in Paraguay grows a plant containing some substance unknown to science 200 times sweeter than sugar. The natives use it to sweeten the tea that they make from maté leaves, steeped in curiously carved gourds and sucked through silver tubes. The botanists have named the plant Stevia Rebaudiana; the natives call it Kàahée.

The plant grows about three feet high and carries a flower of the daisy type. It is easily propagated by cuttings and has been grown in this country at the botanical gardens of the Department of Agriculture at Washington and at the Agricultural Experiment Station of East Lansing, Mich.

Substances sweeter than any sugar have been made in the chemical laboratory. Saccharin, a coal-tar product, is 200 times as sweet as sugar, and a Japanese chemist has made a preparation from the perilla plant that is 2,000 times as sweet as sugar.

But saccharin is not nutritious and carries a slightly bitter aftertaste. The Paraguayan plant is still more bitter, so it is unlikely to come into favor as a sugar substitute in this country, even if we could make 1 pound take the place of 200. Perhaps the chemist can find out how to get the sweet without the bitter out of the plant.

Giant Killer

Continued from page 32

"Shut up," said Abishai. And the sons of Zeruiah went down to the city gate.

There Abner met them, the elders of Israel waiting outside; he met them, and turned aside with them when Joab beckoned him out of the crowded gateway; and as he faced Joab in a corner while Abishai stood guard against intrusion, Joab saw that Abner knew. He knew, this patient, cunning man—he knew, and waited; he dared not strike first. If he did, all his scheme would crash in ruin. He could only wait, hoping for some freak of fortune—playing it the only way he could play it, venturing his life to save his dream of a kingdom where David reigned and Abner governed. . . . Joab's hand rose in salute to Abner for the last time. The man was a giant—but a giant in the way. . . . So Joab drew his sword and smote him in the belly, and he died.

AND while the crowd swirled about his body, crying and wailing in excited horror, the sons of Zeruiah walked slowly up the crowded street, and all men fell back, making room for them—these scowling, silent, dark-faced men, men of blood. Into the palace they stalked, where the soldiers who presented arms stared at them in blank horror: up to the room where David strode up and down, dumb and frantic with fury and with fear. They drew their swords and flung them at his feet.

Voiceless, he stared at them. The room was filling now with officers, civilian officials, palace functionaries. From the streets came a roar:

"Abner! Murder! The Prince of Israel is murdered!" Over it all, over the slurring drawl of Judah, a great voice cried out in the Northern twang: "King of Judah! Abner's blood cries out from the ground!"

"You hear?" said David hoarsely. "Before my own door they call me a murderer! What will they say in Israel? What will become of us now?"

He glowered at them, his chin dropping; then, with sudden resolution, he strode out on the balcony. They trooped after him—but they shrank back, leaving him standing solitary, as they heard the roar in the street.

The roar deepened—the note Joab had heard that day at Ziklag years ago, when David's men would have stoned him. And again the King stood alone above them, the sun bright on his scarlet robe, on his ruddy beard and hair. He seized his robe and tore it from hem to hem; he stood in his linen tunic, one arm flung high, his whole figure thrusting up, its lines converging on that forefinger pointed skyward.

"I am guiltless!" he cried, and the roar broke down to a scattered muttering. "Before God, I and my kingdom are guiltless of the blood of Abner. There is the man!" His arm came down, pointing like a lance. "Let that blood fall on the head of Joab and on all his father's house! Sickness and impotence and leprosy, shame and beggary and violent death—may they never fail in the house of Joab!"

Through the crowd ran a sucking hiss of horror.

"Rend your clothes!" the King's voice rang out. "Put on sackcloth and mourn for Abner, for a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel! As for me, I will touch no food today. I mourn for Abner. I cannot eat— Oh, Abner, Abner!" He sank down into a chair by the parapet.

From the crowd that harsh Northern voice cried out once more:

"David mourns! David is guiltless! Joab!" they howled. "Joab!" Their clamor rose to a deafening roar as the sons of Zeruiah stood with folded arms, silent and contemptuous, not even looking at the crowd. David half rose, the tears running down his cheeks.

"I am weak," he said hoarsely. "I am an anointed king, but I am weak. They are too hard for me, these sons of Zeruiah." His hand moved in a gesture of despair. "May the Lord reward the evildoer according to his wickedness!"

And he buried his face in his arms and wept aloud for Abner.

So all the people understood that day—and all Israel understood in due time—that it was not the will of the King to kill Abner. . . . Gradually the crowd shouted away its rage and dispersed. And the sons of Zeruiah walked back into the palace, the hovering courtiers falling hastily aside, out of their way; Abishai picked up his sword.

"We have been cursed," he said with a sour grin. "Very thoroughly cursed too. Better than being hanged. . . . Pick up your sword, Joab."

"As God lives!" Joab's voice grated. "If I were a king, the man who disobeyed my orders, killed my guest, deranged my plans—that man would be hanged! . . . Too hard for him! What a king, to admit that!"

"Never mind," said Abishai with a shrug. "Abner is dead."

"Yes—" Joab laughed curtly. "Abner is out of the way—and the King escapes the blame. . . . Perhaps that is why he didn't hang us. . . . Politics!" He retrieved his sword. "Abishai, I think today we killed the best man in Israel."

"He was in the way," Abishai reminded him. "Come—let's go home."

And they buried Abner in Hebron; and the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner; and all the people wept. Then the King made a poem, the Song of the Death of Abner; and so the matter ended. And whatsoever the King did pleased all the people.

But there remained Ishbaal, Saul's son, whom they dared not kill, who might play his own hand now that he was rid of Abner. The spider's web was broken, the great scheme had lost its master mind; for a few days, in Judah and in Israel, no one knew just what to do. If Ishbaal moved—

Then one day two men came to Hebron in haste—Canaanites, officers of Ishbaal's army—and demanded audience with the King. Joab and Abishai and all his officers were with him as the newcomers stumbled into the palace courtyard, dusty and panting; they had something with them, in a sack.

"Yahweh has avenged our lord the King on the house of Saul!" they gasped. "The head of Ishbaal!"

THEY emptied it from the sack at David's feet—a dull scowling sheep face, matted hair and bloodied fringe of beard, the head of his last rival. David looked at the men who had brought it, and his eyes were murky with wrath.

"As God lives!" he raged. "God who has redeemed me out of all adversity! When a man came to me in Ziklag and said that Saul was dead, thinking he brought good news, I took hold of him and killed him. And now you, you murderers—" He turned to the guardsmen. "Cut them down!"

Their heads rolled in the dust, the heads of the men who had murdered Ishbaal and come for their reward. All Israel would hear that too, Joab reflected—that Ishbaal's murder had been avenged by Ishbaal's brother-in-law; and all Israel would approve, would feel its sense of propriety gratified, would turn at last of its own accord to David, knightly enemy and gallant King.

One by one his enemies had fallen out of his way—Saul, Abner, Ishbaal; never by his hand, always to his benefit. Whatever he did turned out triumphant; whatever he failed to do, in blind confidence or downright impotence, other men did for him—other men who took the blame and paid the price.

Surely God was with him.

. . . Then all the elders of Israel came to the King in Hebron; and King David made a covenant with them before the Lord; and they anointed David King over Israel.

And then the Philistines awoke at last.

(*To be continued next week*)

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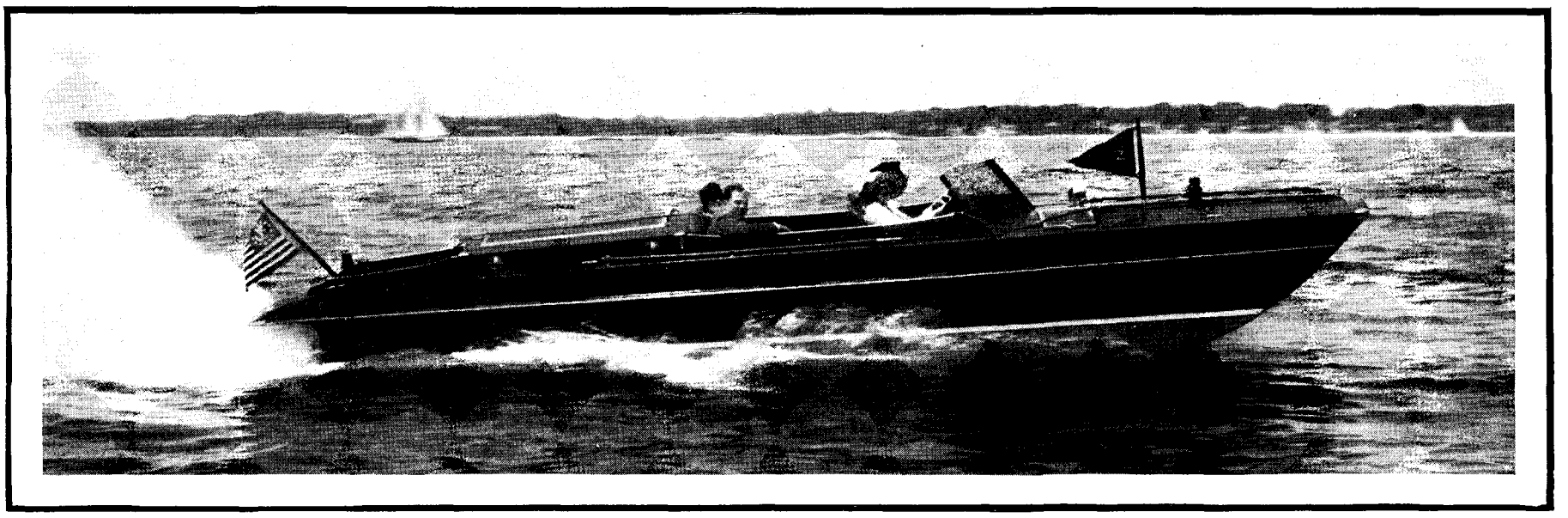
The Art of Entertaining



LET'S assume that you have a lovely place away from the city. You have built terraces and gardens, tennis courts and an alley of perfect turf for lawn bowls ending with a graceful fountain and a lily-pool. Beyond the gardens a stately lawn slopes down to an Italian balustrade with gracious steps to the beach below.

The house contains whatever a cultivated heart can desire. Priceless furniture, tapestries, paintings, odd and costly trifles in ivory and bronze. You have seen to it that the whole estate has an air of simplicity and good taste which makes it utterly charming.

It's a home to which you are proud to invite "nice people". But what do you do to entertain them? They'll get motor rides from the station, perfectly appointed bedroom and bath and three delicious meals a day. They might have had those at home, and, after all, these are only refinements of necessaries but not the luxury of entertaining.

Are you going to let them spend the rest of their week-end visit simply admiring your possessions or discussing the Sunday papers? Are you going to let them stroll down the slope of that magnificent lawn and perspiringly cast wistful eyes across the shimmering water?

Or if your sea steps lead down to a good-looking dock and a commodious float are you going to moor off there a luxurious Model 28 Sea Sled? *Then* you can treat guests to a real thrill, something they will go away talking about.

Then on the hottest and most humid day of the year you can cool them deliciously with a 35-mile ocean breeze which your wealth and thoughtfulness provides when most appreciated. Invitations go out weeks in advance. The very hottest week-end of the summer may come just when your highly-prized friends are on the door-step.

On such days shore games have lost their zest and mere existence is a burden. To be able to go out on the water—to stir up your own cool breeze at will—is a delight and an exhilaration.

And if the weather shifts, as it does on sultry days, what do you care—for Model 28 in competent hands will buffet her way safe and dry through practically anything a summer squall can kick up.

The big Sea Sled is a craft for men of means. She is as smartly equipped as a costly foreign car. She can cater to luxury, safety, comfort and speed in a way almost impossible to obtain elsewhere at any price.

Model 28 with 200 horse-power is priced at $8,500.00.

* * * *

Of course there are other and smaller Sea Sleds at more moderate cost. Model 23, the sportsman's pet, equipped with 80 horse-power is only $2,600.00.

Model 16, a fast outboard runabout with full deck, double cockpits and complete equipment with exception of motor, sells for $475.00.

Model 13, which has won more spectacular prizes for racing than any non-racing craft in the world, is sold for $218.00.

It's a great list and dealers are finding it so.

All Sea Sleds are solid mahogany craft with double-planked bottoms. And all, without exception and regardless of size, have won the reputation of being the safest, driest, most comfortable fast craft of their inches afloat.

Exclusive features

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
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SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

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By JACK BINNS

And It's Portable Too

A CRAZE for portable radio sets has swept England this year, and a British editor asks: "Can anyone think of a better expression to replace the clumsy term: 'portable set user'? We may say at once that 'portableuser' and 'portablistener' have already been tried and found wanting."

Having struggled with one of these devices during a wave of optimism a few years ago, I have no hesitation in suggesting the term "Portablister."

A Vital Question

DURING the lunch period one day not long ago Mme. Irwin Kellogg spoke fifteen minutes at KFI on the subject "Why Breathe?"

Unfortunately my old Complexodyne will not reach out as far as Los Angeles in daylight, so I am still wondering what the real answer is to the question that contains the whole history of life within its two simple words.

Why Not Try This?

TWO plans have been put forward to solve the broadcast tangle in conformity with the 1928 law. One is fashioned by a committee of non-commercial engineers, and the other by the broadcasters' association. Both of these plans, if adopted will lead to litigation with its attendant waste of money and greater waste of time. The basis on which solution must be founded is recognition of the fundamental fact that there is room for no more than three hundred and fifty stations in the United States. This means that an equal number must be completely eliminated.

Experience has shown that no station will quit voluntarily. Why should it? If the Federal Radio Commission orders it from the air, its owners will immediately obtain an injunction permitting them to operate during the two or three years that must elapse before court delay brings us to a final determination of the law's constitutionality. The net result will be two or three years' stagnation under present conditions, with every station hanging on in the hope of ultimately collecting compensation for the surrender of its "rights" and "property."

In view of this impasse there is only one suggestion I can make. The commission should divide the maximum power permissible in the five zones and assign it so that every station gets twice as much as its equitable share according to service and location. The stations in each zone should then be operated every other hour in strict rotation. In this manner none of them will be deprived of their "rights" or "property," and none of them can successfully contest the order since every one of them has already acquiesced in the authority of the Federal Radio Commission to regulate their hours of operation, and most of them have accepted split-time assignments under the old law. Moreover, it is fundamentally sound that the "public interest, convenience and necessity require that no more than three hundred and fifty stations shall be in simultaneous operation within the confines of the United States."

The absolute inefficiency of this method of operation would quickly produce the desired results because none of the broadcasters could economically continue under it. It would lead to amalgamation of interests or absolute mergers so that within a year we should have no more than three hundred and fifty stations in existence.

Independent Advice

THERE is probably no better measure of progress in the art of broadcasting than a comparison of orchestra music as radiated by the chain stations and by some of the independent individual broadcasters. This comparison marks the difference resulting from scientific study and careful preparation on the one hand and haphazard day-to-day operation on the other.

Quite a lot of vilification has been leveled at the N. B. C. by various people on the ground that it is stifling the independent stations, but, so far as I can see after careful observation, the stifling is being done by the independents themselves through sheer inability to profit by experience and progress accordingly.

No one expects the independently operated station to compete on the same scale with the big chains, but it can at least advance within the bounds of reason if its managers will pay attention to the details of possible development which experience is always indicating. All of this leads up to the conclusion that the independents would help themselves by putting more time on their own future plans and less time into complaining about the chains. Unless they do this, they will wake up some day in the near future and find that the public, which is at present sympathetic toward them, has transferred its allegiance through normal preference for programs over protests.

Poet and Plumber

Continued from page 11

It didn't take long for Jean McCue to jar Ethan Allen Fulp out of that pose. He was never quite sure where he stood. And she would play off one against the other with the most brazen impudence.

One day she would barely notice Mr. Fulp—tell him to run along and not bother her—the next she would roll her eyes and have him come to her like a puppy answering a whistle. He took to bringing boxes of candy with verses indited to her tucked inside. Jean not only shared the candy freely with other admirers, but showed the verses about, chuckled over them.

THAT is what happened the day before the finals for the club championship when Mr. Fulp and Mr. Gandy, as usual, found themselves pitted against each other. The little mischief maker even tossed the effusion to me after she had tired of exhibiting it. The thing went in this fashion:

Blue bells and bracken
Where laughing runs the Dee
And limpid lochs of Scotia.
I see them in the eyes of her
And the scent is in her hair.
My bonny one,
My own.

"The big mush bag!" said Gandy. "Maybe I don't ride him some on that."

You may be sure he did, starting in as they were on their way to the first tee.

"Look who thinks he can be club champ!" he cackled. "Stuffy, all prettied up like he was on his way to a pink tea. Ain't he just too sweet for words? But he'll look different when I get through with him, for I'm gonna smear him all over the lot. Come on, Stuffy! Bid your bonny one good-by and prepare to finish with blue bells and bracken draped all over you."

All through the game Mr. Gandy continued his jibes. So I was not surprised to learn that Mr. Fulp had been badly beaten.

He found Jean chatting gayly with a strange young fellow who had more of a burr in his voice than Sandy and whose cheeks were ruddy from Scotch mist and an oatmeal diet.

"Meet Jamie Ferguson, Ethan," she said. "He's just come over from the same little town that Father and Uncle Sandy came from—a sort of cousin of mine. He's going to be a linen clerk in a big store in Boston. And Mr. Fulp's a poet, Jamie. Writes the cutest verses. Don't you, Ethan?"

"So Gandy has been telling me," said Mr. Fulp, and left for the locker-room as Jean began giggling.

He had finished taking his shower and was half dressed when Mr. Gandy came in, followed by a group of members who had gathered to cheer the victor.

"Aw, I can't hand myself much on beating Stuffy," he told them. "Say, if he's a golfer, then I'm Bill Shakespeare."

Some laughed at that, and when they were through Mr. Fulp stepped out from his alley and glared at Mr. Gandy. "If you'd like to know exactly what you are, I can tell you," he said.

"Yeauh!" sneered Gandy. "Well, I got an ear stretched."

"You're a roughneck," said Mr. Fulp.

"Is—that—so?" said Gandy. "Well, maybe I ain't sandpapered behind the ears. But, anyhow, I don't go cuckoo over any little man-chasing vamp that happens to roll her eyes at me—nor write sappy pomes about 'em either."

Young Mr. Fulp went white. "You—you retract that remark," he demanded.

"Ah, go take a bite out of a niblick!" jeered Gandy. "You'll be all right, Stuffy, when you get wise to the fact that your bonny Jean is just stringing you along."

Young Mr. Fulp had in his hand a pair of golf stockings, and before anyone could interfere he had slapped Mr. Gandy in the face with them. There came near being a disgraceful scene, but Attorney Ross Cates, who weighs over two hundred, grabbed Gandy by the arms, and someone else pushed Mr. Fulp away.

"Now forget it, you two," said Mr. Elmer Tuttle, who is vice president of the club and chairman of the house committee.

"But I have been grossly insulted," insisted Mr. Fulp. "You heard him, Cates. And he has insulted a young lady also. I—I demand an apology on both counts."

"Quite right," said Attorney Cates.

He is a wretched golfer, Attorney Ross Cates, and perhaps not a great lawyer, but he has the instincts of a true gentleman, if I may say so. True, he has the reputation of being quite a practical joker, but in this matter one could see that he was serious. He grew eloquent in pointing out to Mr. Gandy that he had deeply offended Mr. Fulp, who had resented his slurring words in the only proper manner, and that the next move rested with him.

"Well, what you want us to do—kiss and make up?" asked Gandy.

Attorney Cates waved a big hand for him to be silent. "There are two alternatives," he told Gandy. "You may offer suitable and adequate apologies to the injured parties or you must meet Mr. Fulp on the field of honor. Do I accurately state your position, Ethan?"

Mr. Fulp looked a bit dazed, but he nodded his head.

"Ah, cut the hooey!" said Hub Gandy. "Whaddye mean, field of honor?"

"It is my painful duty, Gandy," said the lawyer, "to inform you that you have been challenged to mortal combat, to a duel."

"Duel!" snorted the plumber. "Why, he's full of prunes. That stuff went out before Henry Clay got into the cigar business. Besides, that padded poet ain't got the nerve to fight a one-armed cripple."

"We will soon determine that," said Attorney Cates. "Just a moment."

After he had taken Mr. Fulp one side and they had whispered for a short time, he announced in that booming voice of his: "You are wrong, Gandy. And while I admit that Mr. Fulp's proposal to resort to the code duello is as obsolete as it is illegal, he insists that not only his own honor is at stake, but that of a certain young lady. He is eager to wipe out that stain. So once more, Gandy, will you apologize, or will you—"

"I'll fight him," broke in Gandy. "Any kind of a fool duel he wants. What does he ache to be carved up with, swords or butcher knives? Or does he want a shooting match?"

"I believe the usual custom," said Ross Cates, "is for the challenger to concede to his opponent the choice of weapons."

"You mean," asked Gandy, "I can pick anything I want?"

"Quite so," said Cates. "Also the time and place."

WELL, after they'd sent Gandy home in one car and seen Mr. Fulp start in another, Attorney Cates and Dr. Fink, the two seconds agreed on, locked themselves in the small cardroom and didn't come out for nearly an hour. Once or twice I thought I heard Cates chuckling, but perhaps he was only clearing his throat. As they left I heard them arguing as to what time it was light in the morning. Cates thought it must be about 5:45.

"And don't forget to bring iodine and bandages, Doc," he added.

Do you know, sir, those words gave me a chill. And the more I thought about the affair the more nervous I became. Did young Mr. Fulp realize what he was getting into? Duels are so apt to turn out fatally. Even if Mr. Fulp should happen to be the winner, he would be locked up on a charge of manslaughter or worse. In any event, the club was in danger of losing its only poet. So could I, with the Tennysonian tradition strong in my blood, stand idly by?

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Some of the 170 Stories

Speech on Accident Insurance.
Extracts from Adam's Diary.
Concerning the American Language.
Answers to Correspondents.
At the Appetite Cure.
First Interview with Artemus Ward.
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man.

Speech on the Babies.
The £1,000,000 Bank-note.
About Barbers.
A Burlesque Biography.
The Five Boons of Life.
The Office Bore.

Cannibalism in the Cars.
Legend of the Capitoline Venus.
Concerning Chambermaids.
John Chinaman in New York.
Col[illegible]bus's Craft

A Deception.
Disgraceful Persecution of a Boy.
Does the Race of Man Love a Lord?
A Double-Barreled Detective Story.
A Curious Dream.
My Boyhood Dreams.

The Stolen White Elephant.
An Encounter With an Interviewer.
The Esquimau Maiden's Romance.
Eve's Diary.
A Curious Pleasure Excursion.
A Curious Experience.

Some Fables for C[illegible] Boys and Girls.
A Fashion Item.
A Fine Old Man.
The Facts in the C[illegible] George Fisher, Dec[illegible]

History Repeats Itself.
Honored as a Curiosity.
How I Once Edited an Agricu[illegible]
Inf[illegible]
Ir[illegible]
Ita[illegible]
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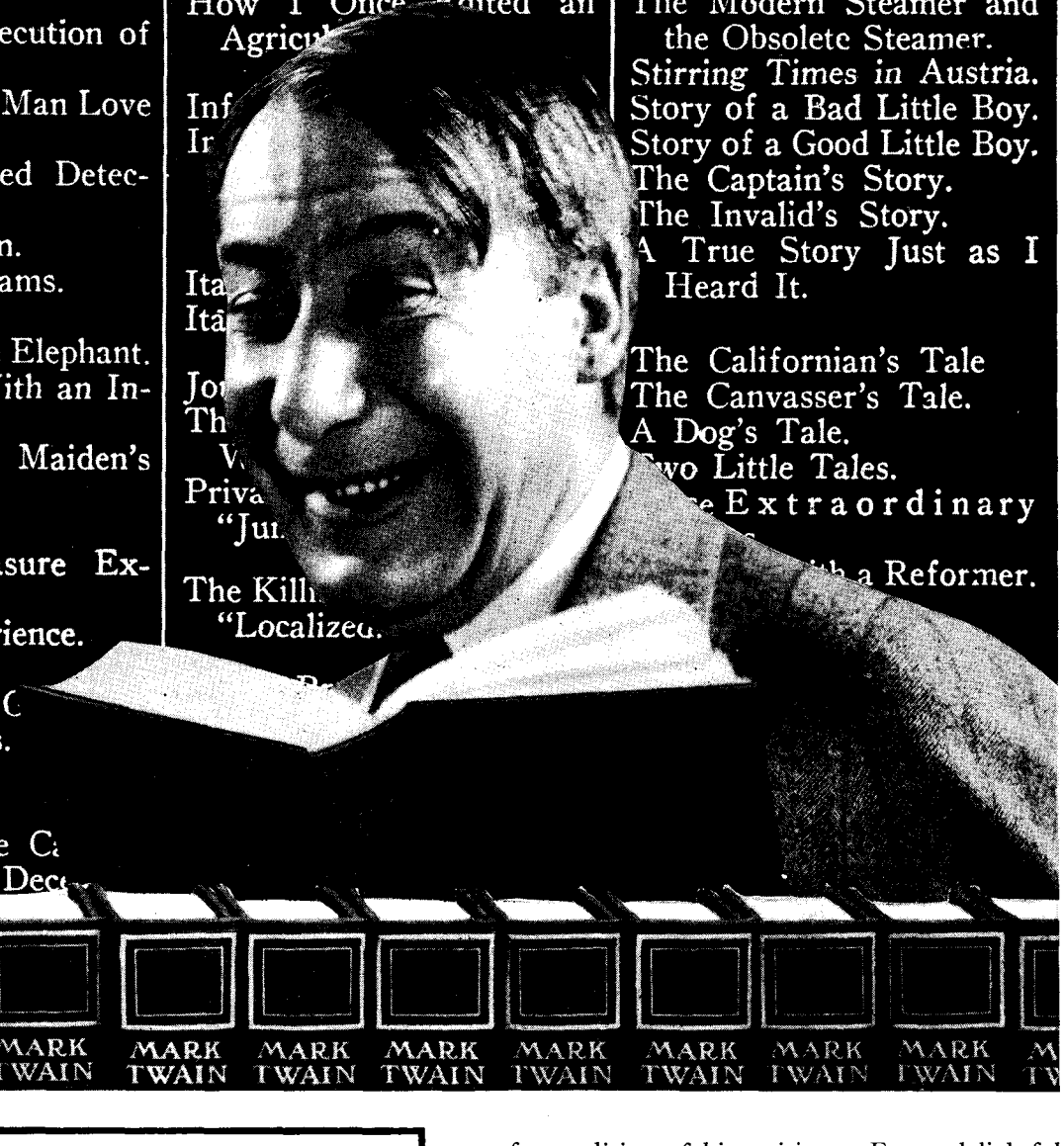

Speech at the Scottish Banquet at London.
The Modern Steamer and the Obsolete Steamer.
Stirring Times in Austria.
Story of a Bad Little Boy.
Story of a Good Little Boy.
The Captain's Story.
The Invalid's Story.
A True Story Just as I Heard It.

The Californian's Tale
The Canvasser's Tale.
A Dog's Tale.
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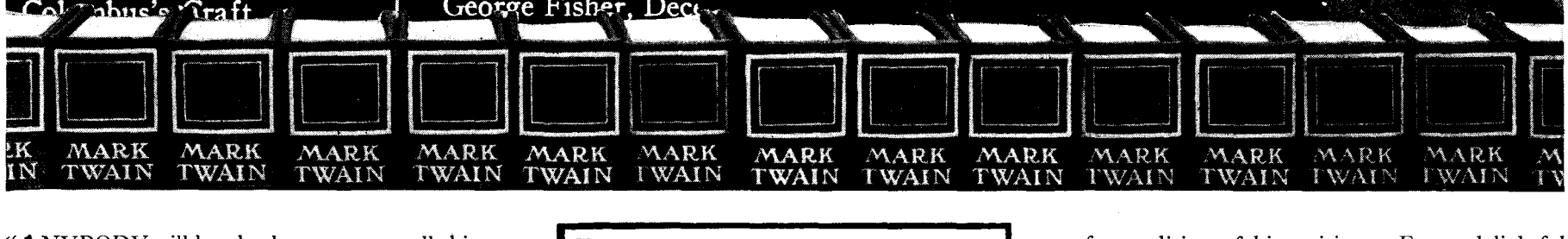

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"That's just what happened to me. I was at a friend's house. He owns Mark Twain's works. I picked up a book at random, and opened to a little story called 'The Esquimau Maiden's Romance.' I give you my word I didn't know anything on a printed page could make me laugh so. The way he told about that mystery of the missing fish hook was nothing short of a riot. If there is a living writer who can make me laugh half as hard as Mark Twain, I wish he'd send me all his works C. O. D."

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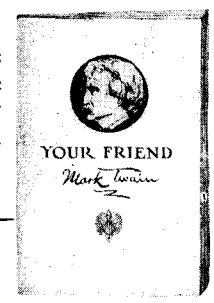

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Poet and Plumber

Continued from page 36

I hunted up Sandy McCue, whom I found driving some stout stakes in the middle of the first fairway. I told him the outcome of one of Jean's little flirtations. "What she needs," I added, "is a good sound spanking."

"Aye," said he. "And ye are welcome to the job. You'll find her off meanderin' wi' that young Jamie lad. I wusht she'd stay off."

"Why the stakes in the fairway, Sandy?" I asked.

"Orders of Attorney Ross Cates," says he. "Fifty yards apart he steepulated, and so they are."

So here was the place, and the time was daybreak. A few hours more and young Mr. Fulp would be out here risking his life, all on account of a little whippersnapper with blue eyes and a faithless nature. My great-uncle had once gone to the rescue of Lord Tennyson when the immortal poet found himself out on a lake in a leaky punt. And now Ethan Allen Fulp was menaced by a plumber. I went in and called Miss Clara Belle Howes on the telephone.

"This is Marsh, at the country club," I said. "The steward, you know. Yes, Soapy. And you will pardon me, Miss Howes, but young Mr. Fulp is in danger: that is, he will be at dawn."

"At dawn!" she gasped. "Why at dawn, Soapy?"

"A duel," said I. "I thought you ought to know."

"Yes, yes," said she. "But that is such a ghastly hour,"

"The results may be still more ghastly," said I, "if you do not come."

"O-o-o-o!" said Miss Howes in what you might term a yodel of horror. It is a great gift, elocution: enables one to voice the deepest emotions. "But I must be there," she went on: "I shall be there—at dawning. Thank you, Soapy."

WELL, I had done what I could. If I slept at all that night, it was only in naps. At four in the morning I was struck by another idea. If Miss Howes should fail to arrive on time, there was Jean McCue. Perhaps, after all, she could stop this fatal encounter better than Clara Belle Howes. I went into Sandy's room and woke him up.

"Rouse your niece," I begged him. "Tell her she must save young Mr. Fulp."

"Gang back to bed, mon," said he. "Jean's run awa' wi' young Ferguson. There's a note she left, sayin' they're off to be married, which isna such bad news to me."

In two minutes he was snoring again. I went down to the kitchen and made a pot of coffee.

About half past five I heard a car drive in; shortly after that another. There were voices in the locker-room, hoarse whisperings, footsteps on the stairs, silence. I crept out the side door, slipped around to the edge of the first fairway, hid behind some bushes. There was a pinkish glow in the east. I could make out a group of four persons who seemed to be discussing something very earnestly. Then they separated, two going to each stake. I caught the gleam of polished steel. Weapons. Another moment and they would be at it. I ran out on the fairway waving the note Jean McCue had left for Sandy.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," I said, "but here is something Mr. Fulp ought to see before this goes any farther."

Attorney Ross Cates was disposed to object. He said it was irregular, irrelevant and non compos. After glancing at it, however, he handed it to Mr. Fulp. And I must say that Ethan took it nobly.

"Thank you, Marsh," said he, "but I am not at all interested."

"One side, Soapy," said Cates. "And when I drop the handkerchief let the bloody work go on."

What I saw then puzzled me. Dr. Fink was tying the left ankle of young Mr. Fulp to one of the stakes, and down at the other Attorney Cates was doing the same for Mr. Gandy. Also, dumped on the grass near each contestant, was a little pile of white objects. Golf balls. And in the brighter light I saw that the shining weapons were golf clubs—mashies, to be exact.

And this, sir, was Mr. Gandy's notion of a duel. Mashies at fifty yards! Quite what one would expect of a plumber. Making a farce of an affair of honor. Or it may be that this absurd method had been suggested by Ross Cates. At least he was aiding and abetting the rowdy scene.

"Shoot at will, gentlemen!" he cried, dropping the handkerchief.

And they did. I saw at once, however, that Gandy had made a shrewd and somewhat unfair choice of weapons. For Ethan, being a stickler for style, is in the habit of taking his stance deliberately, waggling his club a certain number of times, swinging gracefully. Gandy, on the other hand, plays the shot with a quick lunge. One executes a high pitch which drops accurately after describing an arc; the other hammers into the turf and shoots low and straight.

THE plumber had sent two balls whizzing past the poet before Ethan had finished his preliminary waggle.

Besides, the bulk of Mr. Fulp offered a much easier mark than the angular height of Mr. Gandy. Also Mr. Gandy, ignoring all etiquette, was shouting coarse remarks at his opponent.

"Watch this one, Stuffy!" he called. "Here's a shin stinger for you. Ah, put a little speed into 'em, can't you? What you think this is, a wand drill? How'd you like that one, eh? Getting the range on you, old top. Wowie! First hit! Do I get a cigar for that one, Doc?"

He had struck Mr. Fulp just below the knee, and it must have been a painful blow, for a hard-hit golf ball is not a missile to be laughed at.

"Quit dancing around, Stuffy, and guard your tummy!" he shouted. "I'm gonna get a little more elevation into the next few."

It was all very disturbing to Mr. Fulp. He was hurrying his back stroke, heeling his shots, flubbing them weakly. Just as he was preparing to swing a ball would come whistling at him. Twice more he was struck, once just above the knee, once in the thigh. And then a ball caught him fair at the belt line, a vicious, stinging blow. With an explosive grunt he dropped to the grass.

"Time out!" called Ross Cates.

Just at that moment too a car whirled through the gates, and a second later two ladies came running down the fairway—Miss Martha Fulp and Clara Belle Howes. Miss Martha was picturesquely attired in a flowered dressing-gown, bedroom slippers, and the usual hideous jet hat. Evidently she had been summoned hastily from her sleep. But Clara Belle Howes must have costumed herself with some care for the occasion—a gown of rose pink, a brilliant Spanish shawl thrown over her shoulders, her dark hair streaming romantically down her back, her lips and cheeks liberally rouged.

It was Miss Howes who first reached the scene, and she dashed straight for Mr. Fulp, who was rolling on the turf trying to get his breath back and holding his hands to his stomach.

"My hero! My poor fallen hero!" she wailed, kneeling on the grass and taking Ethan's head in her lap.

She was patting his damp hair, kissing his pale brow. It was all very touching.

"Has he been shot?" demanded Miss Martha.

"Yes," said Ross Cates, "with a golf ball."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Miss Martha.

"And there stands the brute who did it," shrilled Clara Belle, pointing to Gandy.

"Good gosh!" said Miss Martha. "Shot by a plumber! And you got me out of bed at daybreak to see my nephew being made a fool of? Get up, Ethan."

"No," said Mr. Fulp. "I—I am quite comfortable as I am."

"You poor dear boy!" crooned Clara Belle, patting his cheek. "Um needn't get up if um doesn't want to. There, there!"

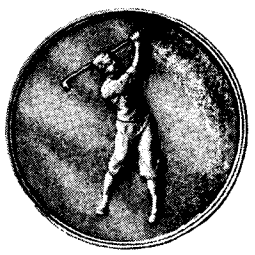
"It looks to me," said Attorney Ross Cates, "as if honor had been satisfied, and this lethal affair happily ended. Doc, bring over that iodine."

AS I left for the clubhouse young Mr. Fulp was still being patted by Clara Belle Howes, and his dark eyes were rolled up to hers in tender gratitude. He had discovered, I take it, where sympathy and understanding were to be found.

Thursday last they sailed for the Riviera, and when their honeymoon is ended they may be found at home in a villa somewhere in Kent, England.

Oh, yes! I am leaving tomorrow, as agent, majordomo, and prospective butler of Ethan Allen Fulp, the poet. So you see, sir, I am still faithful to family traditions. We Marshes were born to serve where fancy breeds. And it may be that in the land of Tennyson and Keats young Mr. Fulp will find rhymes for his verses. At any rate, I trust he may learn to shoot without waggling, and I shall make bold to advise that he practice the running-up shot. Even in England plumbers play golf.

Jingles in the Rough



A few more golf jingles that have earned gold luck pieces for their writers. And with their initials engraved neatly on them too!

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
Though raiment be noisy and comment be loud?
Man learns to play golf at a staggering price
But all he retains is a hook or a slice.

—Charles Darlington,
Des Moines, Ia.

I've got the edge on other guys
Because I get more exercise
From playing golf; I always swing
Five times before I hit the thing.

—Donald A. Streeter,
Beaumont, Tex.

My drive goes in a sandtrap,
Approach goes in the creek—
And so, in desperation,
A lucky-piece I seek.

—Clay Shackelford,
Omaha, Neb.

The prize for all the toughest luck
Should go to Johnny Joyce;
He up and made a hole in one—
And then he lost his voice.

—Lawrence E. Roxbury,
Youngstown, O.

'Twas ever thus: the greatest dubs
Require at least a dozen clubs
While players more than passing good
Score with three irons and one wood.

—Jack Smith,
Roslyn, L. I.

When it comes to hunting golf balls
My middle name is mud.
For I always lose a good one,
And I always find a dud.

—H. P. Stockwell, M. D.,
Stanstead, Que.

Washington was a statesman,
He knew war from his crib.
But he'd never make a golfer
'Cause he couldn't tell a fib.

—Harley S. Aldinger,
Rochester, N. Y.

I wish I knew more about golf and its lore
—Not only to help with this verse.
It meant nothing to me when that man hollered "Fore!"
But it now means a lot. Ask the nurse!

—Ralph M. Dibble,
West Point, N. Y.

Send your golf atrocities to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Maybe your pen will get you a luck piece too.

Actual Size

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Chivalry

Continued from page 6

pair of rapiers, René?" he demanded quietly.

I nodded. "At your service, mon ami."

"Get them," he commanded. "This lawn is a pleasant place to argue the matter."

"Shall we fight to the death, my dear Carl?" I asked him.

"Not necessarily," he answered. "Not unless you desire it. It was in my mind to fight until one of us draws blood; then that one shall retire and leave to the other a clear field. For my part I shall not try to run you through."

"Hah!" I thought. "I shall cut the comb of this German cock," for I was not at all a poor swordsman. I entered my lodging, returned with the rapiers. We removed our coats and waistcoats, rolled up our sleeves and advanced to the lawn. We saluted.

"*En garde*, monsieur!" I cried and our blades crossed.

AH, MY dear Jeemy, that first fight! It was magnificent. That Carl von Henckel was truly a foeman worthy of my steel. He would not give ground. Always with him, as with the German army, the assault, the counter-attack. He was much larger, much heavier than I, and his weight and strength forced me backward. The sparks flew from our rapiers, the rattle of the engagement sounded through the silent street. I tell you, Jeemy, we were busy like two bees—so busy we did not notice the approach of a limousine nor were we aware we had an audience until a voice—ah, the beloved voice—like sheep bells tinkling across the fields at sunset—addressed us:

"For mercy's sake, what are you two boys up to?"

Carl turned his head for one fraction of a second. But that was enough. I lunged, slipped in under his guard and ran him through the shoulder—high up. A trifle—a mere scratch, but in an instant his white shirt was crimson.

"Touche!" I cried and backed rapidly away, my point lowered. He raised his rapier and saluted me, then shifted his weapon to his left hand. "You took unfair advantage," he charged.

"Pig of a German," I raged, "you would make a brawl in the presence of a lady?"

Out of respect to the lady, who spoke no French, we both spoke in that language.

"Are you two boys mad?" cried this houri for whose favor we fought. "Sillies. Stop it this instant."

But Carl was a madman. He advanced upon me and I saw, by the manner in which he handled his weapon, that he was ambidextrous—and a left-handed swordsman is ever a mean opponent for a right-handed one. Something told me that if I stood my ground he would, in his present state of fury, run me through, and I had no relish for dying and leaving him a clear field. Neither could I, with honor, refuse him.

"The action had not ceased," I reminded him. "If I took an advantage, is that not what you accorded me? Does one not seek every advantage in a duel?"

He thrust at me and I slipped on the wet grass. His blade slid past me, under my left arm and as quick as a wink I clamped my arm down and held the rapier momentarily close to my body, then thrust and ripped open his left forearm.

"Touche!" I cried. "Be grateful, animal, that I did not pass my rapier through your heart, as you tried in vain to pass yours through mine." Name of a dog! I was consumed with fury. I leaped to my feet and gave ground before he could thrust again, and then that girl was standing between us.

"Murderer!" she addressed me. Her sympathy was all with Carl, because he had been injured. On his part he flung his rapier toward me. "You have a clear field," he growled. "That time you pinked me fairly. I leave to you the explanations," and immediately he leaped into his so adorable little automobile and fled the scene.

"What were you two trying to do?" said this lovely creature, who had, perhaps, spoiled a nice murder. "Slaughter each other?"

"It was but a jest, mademoiselle," I pleaded. "We had an argument and after our own fashion we decided to have a small passage at arms to ascertain the truth of the matter."

"But you have wounded Carl cruelly, Monsieur de Girault."

"He will recover. And meanwhile," I added, in my most audacious manner, "I shall have a clear field to make my addresses to mademoiselle." And I took her little hand and kissed it gallantly.

"You're an idiot but I like you," she rewarded me. "Good night."

I picked up my rapiers and went upstairs to my lodging and to bed. For a month I saw nothing of Carl von Henckel, and each night I spent rapturously in the society of that adorable girl. I was mad with love of her. I lost my appetite. I could not sleep with worry over the knowledge that until Uncle André should pass away I could not hope to marry her.

And then came the affair at Sarajevo. Tiens! We were busy at the embassy after that and I had little time for love-making. Came one afternoon, however, when I paid a call upon this beloved one. My friend, imagine my rage, my horror, my sense of desolation, when, as I came up the walk to the entrance, I saw, through the glass door, Carl von Henckel standing with mademoiselle in the hallway. He held her in his arms, he was kissing her and she was weeping. The situation was plain to me. He was bidding her farewell.

I retreated and at the corner awaited Carl. When he came I said:

"Well, traitor, would you have another duel with me?"

"Not now," he replied. "I have other fighting to do. Tomorrow I sail for Hamburg. Upon arrival I shall report for military duty and presently I shall have the great privilege of killing some of your countrymen."

"I have resigned my position with the embassy, Herr von Henckel," I told him coldly, "and next week I shall have the pleasure of sailing for la belle France, where upon my arrival I shall report for military duty. Presently I hope to have the distinguished privilege of meeting you once more in action. Is it permitted to inquire what branch of the German army you contemplate disgracing by your presence in it?"

"I SHALL join the flying corps, Monsieur le Vicomte de Girault. My father has already arranged the matter for me."

"My Uncle André is not without influence, Herr von Henckel. I, too, shall enlist in the flying corps of my country, and in order that you may know me, in the event that we meet hereafter, the fuselage of my plane will be painted with the tricolor—a red nose, a blue body and a white tail tip."

"You will know my plane, monsieur," he replied gravely. "The coat of arms on my fuselage will be two crossed rapiers, superimposed by a woman's head. This so you will remember."

We bowed and lifted our hats to each other. *Ma foi*, but we were polite!

You will understand, my friend, that Carl and I had performed our compulsory military service before coming to the United States, and as employees of our respective embassies we were not required to resign and report home for active service. To be frank, neither Carl nor I believed we could arrive in our own countries in time to participate in the war, for after Mons it did not seem to us that the war could last two months. But when Papa Joffre drove them back from the Marne—well, that was different.

I applied for the air service and passed without employing my Uncle

(*Continued on page 40*)

Remember this!!

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Pipe Lover Finally Discovers Tobacco Satisfaction

Tries ten different brands, pays high prices, then finds his favorite at moderate cost

Everlastingly trying brings success, even in finding the right tobacco. Mr. Gaw's experiences prove that. He tried more than ten different brands of smoking tobacco, paid high prices, only to suffer the pangs of dissatisfaction. Finally he concentrated on Edgeworth, and it was then that he achieved true pipe-enjoyment. Read what he says about it:

Philadelphia, Pa.
Sept. 21, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I write you this complimentary letter because I feel that if any one tobacco company deserves praise for its products, it is your company.

During the two years that I have been a pipe smoker I have used more than one—in fact more than ten—different tobaccos. I have even invested as much as one dollar and twenty-five cents for a half pound of a well-known mixture, trying to find satisfaction in price; but it was all in vain. After the first few pipe-loads I readily discovered that even price and a reputation couldn't supply that bit of satisfaction that my pipe and myself crave.

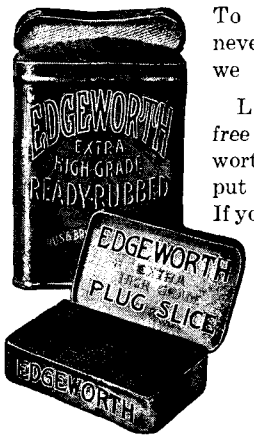
I had no other choice, so it seems, but to return to the most satisfactory pipe tobacco that I have ever experienced. That tobacco is none other than the Edgeworth tobacco.

Now the pangs of dissatisfaction and grief over exorbitant prices have entirely disappeared since I've concentrated my pipe smoking on Edgeworth.

I am taking this means of thanking you for curing my pipe ills as well as putting my mind at ease now that I have tobacco that satisfies pipe as well as man

Your ardent well-wisher,
Samuel Gaw

There seem to be a lot of men who have an unsatisfied smoke-yearning. Some of them try to quell this longing with one new pipe after another. Others, like Mr. Gaw, spend a lot of money on tobacco that simply doesn't hit their taste. They all try many different brands, without success. But those who persevere until they discover Edgeworth seem to be so satisfied that they want to tell the whole wide world about its goodness.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

Chivalry

Continued from page 39

André's influence. But I am a cautious fellow. If one would fly a battle plane one must know his engines, so for six months I was a motor mechanic. Then I applied for training as a flyer and in the fall of nineteen-fifteen I was a sergeant in the Third Pursuit Squadron of the 34th Escadrille. I tell you, my dear Jeemy, I was proud and filled with conceit like the cat of the barber, until, over Amiens, I had my first fight. We engaged a flight commanded by that greatest of all air fighters, Von Richthofen. I was happy he did not pick on me, and for his carelessness that day I achieved great honor. It was my good fortune to bring down three of his flight, and when I could find time to look around I was alone in the sky with one German. Von Richthofen was pursuing the only other survivor of my squadron and this other fellow had been left to attend to me.

THROUGH the mirror I could see him circling above me and I wondered why he did not attack. Then I knew. His machine gun was jammed and he was trying to free it. "Hah!" I said to myself, "easy pickings for René de Girault." What you call the cold meat, eh? I zoom up; I get on his tail and give him a burst—and then—sacred name of a pig! My own machine gun is jammed! I could have wept. Well, perhaps I did. I do not know. Well, the pistol is not jammed, I think, so I swoop down close alongside him until our wings almost touch. And then I get the thrill of my young life, Jeemy. On the fuselage of this German I see two rapiers crossed, with the head of a woman superimposed. By damn, it is that Carl von Henckel! So I know why he had stayed behind. He had recognized my plane!

He looks up. We are not six meters between wing tips and we stare at each other. Then this amazing fellow does a curious thing. He tears off his flying helmet so that I may with the greater ease recognize him and to his nose he puts his thumb and twiddles at me his greasy fingers. He is contemptuous! But René de Girault is not to be outdone in politeness. I, too, tear off my flying helmet. I stick out to him my tongue, with my pursed lips I make to him the gross animal noise he may not hear because of the roaring motors. But, by damn, he can see and understand. To me, then, he tosses with the tips of those greasy fingers a lover's kiss —and to him I make my most correct bow. Ah, Jeemy, we were magnificent until we raise our pistols. His first shot misses me, but my first shot goes through his right arm and his pistol drops to the floor of his cockpit. I wait, for I know he is ambidextrous. Then I remember. We are too close together and Carl may not use his left hand to shoot at me and permit his plane to fly uncontrolled. He needs his left hand for the stick.

He is helpless, but his face does not show it. Jeemy, he just smiles at me and waits. Blood of the devil! One cannot kill a brave and helpless enemy as one would a mad dog, so I thrust my pistol back in the holster. I salute him. He returns the salute—and then we each turn to go home. Not a minute too soon am I on my way, for a German plane has dropped from the sky and because I know he is faster than I the advantage of the good start is not to be sneezed at.

I free my machine gun just as his burst tears through my tail and cuts the wires controlling my rudder. In an instant I know I am helpless, doomed, for I cannot maneuver. I have but one chance—to dive, but diving into German territory—well, you must admit, my good Jeemy, that is not so good! The enemy zooms up and over me, does a loop and is coming back to his position on my tail, when another plane slips in under me and gets into position.

I look back. It is Carl von Henckel. I raise my pistol on the long chance that my luck would hold, that I may hit his head just showing over the little windshield. But he shakes that head at me and nods to the rear. Then he, too, turns, as the other comes up, seeking to put a burst into me from the side; he waves his wounded arm at his comrade in a gesture that forbids the attempt; he waves him away!

And then I knew! I had refused to kill Carl when he was helpless. Like the good fellow that he is, he therefore refused to permit his comrade to take unfair advantage of me. He flew in between me and harm, he circled, looped, side-slipped and dodged, always between me and that demon who would destroy me. He is tremendous in his chivalry! Ah, my friend, how my heart swells when I see what a noble enemy he is. The tears come to my eyes, I cannot see my instruments; it is hard for that other German to abandon his prey, but eventually the thought, I daresay, occurs to him that if he crosses Carl in the latter's desires he may have to answer for it back at the airdrome, so in great disgust he flies away and Carl escorts me home. He hovers over me as I bring my crippled plane into the landing field and crash; he waits at an altitude of a few hundred feet until he sees me crawl out of the wreck and wave to him that all is well. He waves back at me with his helmet and is on his way.

But not far! Mon ami, the devil himself is bossing the job that day. In his anxiety over me Carl has come down within five hundred feet; now as he starts to make altitude our fourth pursuit squadron is coming home from the morning patrol. . . . Far above him and between him and the German lines they see poor Carl and swoop. Five falcons on a crippled partridge! There is no escape. But, yes! One—and that one my noble enemy avails himself of. He turns back, flies to the far end of our field, comes up into the wind, lands, and taxies up beside my wrecked plane.

Meanwhile, to our commandant, I have explained the situation. "From you, mon colonel," I said, "I beg this German, to do with as I please. This day, in my first flight, I have accounted for three German planes. I would not be presumptuous, sir, but have I not earned this little favor?"

That commandant is a good fellow. He places his hand on my arm. "Sergeant de Girault," he said, "would it not be a gracious thing to invite this splendid fellow to luncheon, after our surgeon has dressed his wound?"

I am touched. "Sir," I reply, "I know this German but we are not on speaking terms. And he is an officer. It is for the commandant to invite him to luncheon."

Carl von Henckel got out of his plane and stalked toward us, walking like a grenadier. "Sir," he said, addressing me in French, "I am your prisoner."

I replied to him, in English, which the commandant does not understand: "Oh, go to hell! This is war and truly each of us is without brains. Come with me to the surgeon."

SO OUR surgeon dresses his wound—fortunately the bone is not shattered —and the commandant invites him to luncheon, and, sergeant though I was, he also invites me to be present. Had you been present, Jeemy, you would have been treated to a most unusual spectacle, that of several French gentlemen stewed to the gills.

The experience of the morning has shaken me. The fight, my first, is bad enough and the knowledge that Carl is now a prisoner for my sake quite finishes me, my dear Jeemy. I am filled with rage at him. But yes, you understand, my friend. As a prisoner he will survive the war, but as a combatant surely I will not—and when the war is ended the cunnning fellow, having played well his hand, will marry the adorable girl and triumph over me at last. So I drink three large glasses of brandy to make me forget, with the result that it makes me speechless too and thus I am unable to respond to a toast to Carl when the commandant decides this is the graceful thing to do to a noble enemy. I am what you call pass from the picture. But from the picture that Carl von Henckel declines to pass. Have I not told you he is tremendous? He can drink a battalion of Frenchmen under the table, and of this I am assured, for when I come again into the picture the squadron off duty is helpless and Carl sits at the table, pulling his nose and looking fierce like the Kaiser.

"Well, Frenchman," he addresses me, "you have on me three times put your mark. Is it finished?"

Of course it is not finished. But I do not know what to answer Carl until the commandant comes to me.

"Well, Sergeant de Girault, old cabbage!" He was still a little zigzag, so you must forgive this familiar language to a sergeant. "This prisoner is yours. Do with him as you please."

So I check up on his plane and see that everything is O. K. Then I fill him with gas and oil and when night comes, to Carl von Henckel I say: "Get to hell out of here."

For my courtesy he insults me: "Sergeant de Girault, you are very impolite." Then he climbs in and is off and I know he reaches his airdrome O. K. because six weeks later he flies over our airdrome and drops a nice note to inform us that today he has had the pleasure of bringing down two of our planes and gives us their numbers and the names of the pilots. Also he sends his regards to me and expresses the hope that soon we shall meet.

BUT now I have a Spad. Ah, such a sweet ship and fast as the Albatros; I feel my courage rising as I take off the first morning in that little darling. And good fortune is mine. I am the sole survivor of a dog fight in which I add two more planes to my list without injury to myself, and am on my way home when I am aware of a two-seater taking photographs under convoy of two pursuit planes.

From five thousand meters I hop on these fine fellows. I am under them and on the tail of the photographer before they know it. I finish with the two-seater in one burst; it goes down in flames. But after that I am one busy little frog; fighting for my skin. In the next three minutes I send one of the pursuit planes down out of control and then, by Sainte-Radegonde, I am alone with Carl von Henckel! No, there can be no mistake. I see his coat of arms and again he thumbs his nose at me.

We fight until we are out of ammunition; we shoot a hundred holes each in the other's plane, and then I am alongside of him to work with the pistol. Flying almost wing to wing we empty these silly weapons at each other, and when they are empty, again that Carl von Henckel thumbs me his nose and again I make at him the gross animal noise he may not hear above the roar of the motors. But he is clever. He throws something large and green at me. I am hit on the side of the head, and there in my cockpit lies a small cabbage.

I am insulted. All the way home I am thinking: What can I do to repay this monstrous insult? Ah! I have it.

Thereafter, when I go on patrol I carry in my cockpit a small box filled with eggs that are no longer as young as they used to be. I am resolved to humble this Carl von Henckel, to send him home to his people afflicted with such vile smells that even his orderly will faint. I am resolved to spoil his uniform, to make him sick in the stomach.

Well, I am issued a new Spad and for two days I remain at home to paint the sweetheart with the tricolor so this wretched fellow may recognize me from afar and come to meet his fate.

Then a great misfortune befalls me. My escadrille is moved up into Flanders to help the British, who are being

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Pointer

"—Growing Big and Strong, Thanks to Sergeant's Medicines—"

"When my dog was about 6 months old, he used to have fits and was sick very often. A veterinarian advised some of your Sure Shot Capsules (for worms). Since then the dog has grown big and strong. Thanks to Sergeant's Medicines."

Worms are recurrent. If you do not worm your dog regularly, he may have fits or other serious troubles. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules or Liquid. For puppies, use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules.

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Bad breath, watery eyes, ravenous appetite, pinched expression, pale inner lips, twitching while asleep, fits, tendency to eat sticks and stones.

Do You Know?

Do you know how to rid your dog of worms? Do you know how to diagnose the ailments that your dog may have at any time? Such information may easily save your dog's life. It's worth knowing. This information costs you nothing. There are now effective remedies for this and all other dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

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We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of more than fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and raising dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs. It is free.

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If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1377 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va..

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"A medicine for every dog ailment"

badly used, and for six months I see nothing of Carl von Henckel. But ever I carry with me my rotten eggs, since success in battle can never be attained without preparedness. But I know that Carl lives, for in the daily exchange of notes between the flyers of both nations my good comrades in Carl's sector beg to be informed whenever he shall die. Carl is equally concerned about me, and one day he appears over an airdrome of ours and drops a personal note for me. It is sealed, so the commandant forwards it through the post. It contains his card and six sheets of very thin tissue paper, and between each sheet a thin layer of snuff. Ah, the monster! I sneeze until I can sneeze no longer. I can merely suffer. And this, you will also agree, my dear Jeemy, is not the act of a gentleman. It is not war.

From Flanders we come back to the old sector and Carl and I meet again, but this time by arrangement. I fly over his airdrome and challenge him to come up. I wait and he accepts and when he is ready to go into action I run a small white flag up over my cockpit. Instantly he waves at me and flies over. Again we fly with our wings but a few feet apart, Carl looking at me inquiringly, until I commence my barrage of eggs. I spatter his fuselage with them, I drench his cockpit, I break one against his cheek and deluge his tunic. Out of a dozen shots I make five hits and then again I make the gross animal noise he may not hear above the roar of the motors. And while I am thus engaged he smites me with a barrage of overripe tomatoes. A moment later I send him down with his tail on fire.

Fortunately for him, he has not far to go; fortunately, too, the fire is in his tail so the flames stream behind him, otherwise he must be incinerated. I watch him crash on his own landing field, and turn over and with a gladness in my heart I flee for home. I am avenged. Not only have I brought him down, but I have brought him down in disgrace. Thereafter, if he survives that crash, he will be the jest of the entire German flying corps.

He survives it! I receive a note next morning informing me that he has escaped with some slight singeing, a broken leg and some broken ribs and he begs me to take good care of myself until he is able to greet me again. The wretch is almost affectionate.

I am lucky for three months, then I am sent down out of control and awake with my motor on my chest. I am six months in hospital and a week after I am in the air again I meet Carl. Two minutes later I am wounded and helpless. This is the time I fly home with the end of the joy-stick in my teeth! Carl follows me, giving me burst after burst until he sees I am out of action, when he turns and permits me to depart in peace, although he can very readily follow and finish me. He has his good moments, this Carl. He remembers I have not followed him when he retreated in flames. But then, what would you, my friend? Had I not achieved sufficient glory with my rotten eggs?

WE DO not meet again until November of 1918. I am on a solitary patrol. I fly into a cloud and as I emerge there is Carl. He does not see me, athough having heard my motor in the cloud he is on the alert. So I put a burst under him to wake him up, for, lost though he is to shame, I will not take an unfair advantage of him. He turns, sees me, waves his hand and side-slips. I see my tracer bullets go by him; as he flattens out he gives me a burst and I hear one of my struts crash, and the "zing" of broken wires. Simultaneously a burst from me splinters one of his struts and cuts some wires and I see his wings begin to wobble.

I have him! He is mine, by jingoes! Then I look at my own wings and oh, my friend, they are wobbling, *too*!

The fight is over. Neither of us dares attempt a maneuver; if we do our wings will break off! We are both headed toward the American lines and instinctively each realizes that the end has come. Carl is flying in front of me now and may not turn back. I can, perhaps, send him down with a burst, but—I have other things to think about. Ah, those quivering wings! The least strain *may snap them. My friend, I had to* be careful.

We shut off our motors to reduce the vibration and volplane gently ten kilometers. Such very long kilometers and every meter of the way I shiver in my skin! Never have I known such fright before. You understand, my friend. I have too much time to think!

We land in a meadow far back of the American lines and there is naught but shell holes in that meadow. We have no choice of ground, but take it as it is. Carl brings his plane down on its tail and rolls over on his right side, while I turned a somersault. But beyond a severe shaking up neither of us is hurt. We climb out of the wreckage and look at each other.

"So," said Carl von Henckel. "You are a captain, eh?"

I SALUTE him. He is a major, and the inferior, as you know, my dear Jeemy, always salutes first. "Major von Henckel," I announce, "you are my prisoner."

"Always optimistic," he murmurs, and I see he has me covered with his pistol.

I sit down and stare at him. From the front the steady rumble and crash of the guns floats down to us. I get out my cigarette case and light a fag and smoke while I consider this peculiar situation.

"M. le Capitaine René de Girault," Carl von Henckel reminds me, "I repeat my former charge: You are impolite."

I make for him with my lips the gross animal noise and this time he hears it. "Major von Henckel," I remind him, "you are behind the American lines. Put your pistol in your holster and do not be a greater ass than you have already demonstrated yourself to be. What you and I very much need is a drink."

He puts up his pistol and I hand him my cigarette case. "I was in error, Captain," he then says. "You are not impolite. I forget one does not proffer a cigarette to the man who has a pistol pointed at him. Permit me to reciprocate." And he pulled out a small silver flask.

I thanked him and drank to his good health. Bon Dieu, it is good brandy and I need it. He reciprocates my compliments and drinks some himself. "Well," he says then, "shall we shoot it out with the pistols? We do not seem to have in the air the luck we desire."

"That," I reply, "is due to the fact that we are both donkeys."

He smiles. "You admit, then, that you are a donkey, René?"

"I am the father and the mother of donkeys, Carl."

He sits down on the tail of my wrecked Spad and considers this. "That girl," he said presently, "married a stockbroker in New York. Last week we captured an American aviator, who had known me in Washington and he told me of this great benefaction which has descended upon us, René."

We look at each other and laugh. Then, suddenly, the smiles on our faces freeze, for a great silence has descended upon France. The tremendous thunder of the guns has ceased; in the sky a lark is warbling. Then, after five minutes during which we strain our ears for the drum-fire to start again, *we know!*

Carl commences to tremble. "It is over," he cried. "Oh, my friend, my friend, it is over!"

My dear Jeemy, I feel very queer. Never have I felt like this before. My knees knock together like cymbals, my throat is dry, my hands shake. By damn, I need some more of Carl's brandy.

And then—well, there in the field we embrace. We weep. We are like children. We cry aloud our thanks to *Le Bon Dieu* and to each other in that supreme moment we make the *amende honorable*. My friend, it is a magnificent moment!

Comte René de Girault blew some more smoke rings. After a while he said: "We shall have a fine shoot with Carl tomorrow. The partridge are very plentiful."

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The Sovereign of the Sea

Continued from page 15

began to rise from the Carradine's after deck. From below came the firemen, the oilers, the engineers, the wipers. All hands! While the seamen under Captain Graham's orders worked on a rudder, the rest of the ship's company let go the cargo chains and commenced to transfer the lumber from the after deck to the foredeck, which was already ten deep in wood. A substantial sea anchor was rigged out of huge new spars and lowered from the foc'sle head. It so happened that the ship's spare screw was carried in the shelter deck of No. 5 hatch, and to get at it necessitated more lumber's being shifted. The amount of work was appalling. More than once Captain Graham, remembering he worked against time and a threatening storm, and that he was caught without power or guiding force upon one of the worst coasts in the world, was tempted to cut things short and order the men simply to pitch the lumber overside.

BUT that was against the ethics of the sea. Only in a dire emergency might cargo be destroyed. And slowly and almost imperceptibly, with the transference of weight from aft, the stern of the Carradine lifted higher and higher from the sullen fog-hung sea.

Darkness came, and in the light of electric clusters the men labored. The fog wreathed ghostlike about them. In spite of the clammy cold they streamed with sweat. The cook kept coffee steaming in the galley. The steward replenished huge stacks of corned beef, cheese, biscuits and bread. There might have been complaints, might have been men dropping out from sheer exhaustion, but Captain Graham moved briskly about, his keen blue eyes twinkling, his lips laughing, and a stream of conversation, light oaths and jests pouring from him. He was a human dynamo. He made the hardest tasks easier. Did a man drop a plank on his foot it was, "Well, well! Why've you got such big feet?" Did a man curse his aching muscles it was, "Well, well! The Frisco girls'll cure that. Stand up to it, boys. Another hour, and we'll be through."

It was always just another hour. Dawn glowed through the whiteness, paling the clusters, showing the sweating faces, wan and drawn. Nearly all the lumber was off the after deck now and piled up for'ard. The spare screw had been hoisted from the shelter deck of No. 5 and was lying near the stern rail where the bos'n was rigging stagings for lowering overside. Her after tanks pumped empty, to lighten her further in that quarter, the Carradine seemed almost to stand on her nose, her bows buried in the solemn fog-covered swells and the remnants of her mangled rudder and screw dripping and clear of the surface.

It was finished at last. The engineers climbed up from the frail swinging wet stages. The crude but effective jury rudder answered the helm. The screw turned, as a tentative letting of steam into the cylinders showed. The drive shaft was weakened, but the chief said with care it would hold. There was a brief pause then while men looked at each other strangely and wondered stupidly why they had been slaving so. One or two began to sit down on the deck. One or two commenced to shamble for'ard for the foc'sle.

"Stand to it, boys," said Captain Graham cheerily. "We'll just throw the lumber back and make it fast, and then we'll be off."

They all looked at him, stared with sullen eyes at the small, erect man standing amid the litter of spanners, bolts, axes, saws, tackle, rope and planks on the after deck. His blue eyes ran over them, coolly, twinkling a little as if amused. One by one the men shambled for'ard, seized a plank, and brought it back on the after deck. Captain Graham watched for a while, and then, summoning the mate to join the men and keep them on the move, he walked to the bridge, went up to the chartroom and sank on the settee there.

He stared at the glass and muttered an involuntary, "Well, well!" The weather would break any minute now. Indeed the Carradine was already lifting the spray over her bows, and there was an uneasy pitch and roll to her hull that talked of a rising sea.

"We'll keep her to the sea anchor until we get that lumber made fast," said Captain Graham to the third mate, who had the watch. Then he went aft to work with the men again.

They were grumbling now. They lagged. Sometimes they stood for half a minute or more gazing dully into the fog that was thinning before a rising wind. Captain Graham shouted, swore, roused them again. His solitary, dogged will held them at their toil. And slowly half a million feet of lumber was transferred from the foredeck back again aft. By the time it was done, hours and hours later, the wind was a roaring, screaming fiend from the north, and the icy spume was rattling like gravel against the deck houses and in the men's faces. The fog was wiped away, to disclose a murky black sky and a sea of livid green shot with slaty white, booming from horizon to misty horizon.

The engineers, firemen, wipers and oilers had long since gone below to tend the engines. The seamen were left to run lashings over the deckload, and once this was fairly secure Captain Graham sent them below to sleep while he and the mate and the second mate drove wedges under the heavy chains from rail to rail to tighten them. They went for'ard, set the engine ahead, cut adrift the sea anchor and made good the course. The Carradine plunged ahead into the gale.

"Now," said Captain Graham, "if the rudder'll hold, we're all right."

He did not feel so tired now. His exhausted body had passed the stage where muscles ached and every joint seemed sore. As long as he kept on his feet, moving, thinking, he was all right. He knew he ought to go below and sleep. He had competent officers. But he was worried about the jury rudder and about his deck cargo. So he paced the bridge with the third mate, his every sense alert for a wild yaw of the vessel that would tell the rudder had gone. So that day passed.

Toward midnight, when the gale was at its worst, the lumber on the foredeck began to groan and creak ominously.

"Call all hands," said Captain Graham quietly. "Ease her into the seas, mister. We'll have to get some extra lashings for'ard."

It was a stormy task. The men swore and complained. Some refused to get up. A few of the older seamen rose from force of habit and discipline, and wearily dressed. The little erect figure of Captain Graham stood in the foc'sle doorway, flanked by his mates, and the cheery voices rose above the noises of the ship, and the oaths of tired men dragged from rest to labor again:

"STAND to it, boys! An hour or so'll see us through. Just a few lashings for'ard before we lose the stuff. You can turn in again then and sleep all day tomorrow."

"Lumber!" said one man thickly. "Damn the lumber! Let it go! What do we care!"

The mate caught that man's arm in iron fingers and dragged him up on deck. The rest followed, swearing and grumbling still, but resigned to the task. And ahead of them went Captain Graham, his voice coming brokenly through the wind scream, the spume staggering him now and then.

Underfoot the lumber shifted and groaned beneath its chains. Here and there planks were already beginning to edge out of line. A giant baulk stuck half over the rail, fretting back and forth. A good roll, with a smashing sea, and the lot would go. Half a million feet lost in the maw of the water. And it would take with it, like as not, backstays, winches, tackle, perhaps the mast. That it would burst open the hatches as it went was certain, and if that happened no man could tell what might follow.

Slipping, stumbling, falling, swearing, screaming impotent oaths into the face of the gale, the men of the Carradine labored. Seas climbed up the hull, climbed the sides of the lumber, sent foam swirling across it. At intervals a sea would breach clear across, and there would be a wild scramble to hang on to backstays, to cling to the mast, to lie down flat and grip with bleeding fingers the great chains beneath which the lumber surged. And through it all —alert, shouting, laughing, jesting, a thing of wire and whipcord—moved the master, his oilskins in shreds, his sou'wester over one ear, his face bleeding where a sea had flung him against the foremast.

"Damned lumber!" a man would scream, lying back on a line. "Let it go! What do we care!"

"One more lashing," Captain Graham would shout. "Just one more!"

It was always one more. From rail to rail across the lumber the lines ran. They were frapped one to the other to draw them tight. More wedges were hammered under the chains. The lumber ceased to surge and groan.

"All fast, sir! And one man gone—knocked from his feet and lost in the suck of the sea. Damned lumber!"

"All right!" shouted Captain Graham. They could not hear him, so he waved his hand and essayed a last laugh. The men scrambled away, back to the wet foc'sle and their bunks. They turned in and slept, too tired even to swear now. Captain Graham took his mates aft to put extra lashings on the lumber there. It was not surging and shifting yet, but it might. The dawn was upon them again before they returned to the bridge. The mate took over. There was no sign of a wheel relief coming from for'ard, so the third mate took the helm and the second tried to sleep on the chartroom settee. Captain Graham paced the bridge. The Carradine roared, and plunged through the wild wind-swept sea.

THE news reporters came aboard in San Francisco. The Carradine had limped in with an ugly starboard list and her smokestack caked with salt. Her poop boats were matchwood. Her port bridge boat had gone, the woodwork along that side of the bridge was in splinters and the port companion was askew. The doorway to the saloon hung on one hinge, and the saloon itself was a wreck. Quite obviously the Carradine had a story to tell beyond the one concerning her jury rudder.

Captain Graham was on the lower bridge when the reporters found him. They understood three men had been taken ashore to hospital with broken legs or arms or ribs. What had happened? They understood there had been a collision and that the difficult feat of seamanship had been performed of shipping a spare screw and rigging a jury rudder at sea. What was the truth?

Captain Graham wondered dully why it mattered now. It was over with and done. He had brought his ship home with surprisingly little damage, considering. He talked mechanically while he wondered. At last, the story taking shape, they grew personal, those reporters. How old was he? How long had be been to sea? Had he ever been wrecked? What did he think of this and that?

"What," said one bright young man, his pencil poised, "would you consider the greatest thing at sea, the thing that counts most?"

Captain Graham smiled and shut his tired lids over his sore eyes for a moment. He thought, "Yes, that's it! What is it we go to sea for, work for, spend our lives for? Queer. Never occurred to me before."

As in a panorama there marched

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across his vision his years on deep water, his troubles, his fights, his ships, his storms, his defeats. He saw the beginning of this voyage of the Carradine, the loading at Gray's Harbor; the second engineer with his broken leg; the fallen boom lying across the smashed case oil; the third mate and the steward fighting in the galley; the hose spurting to put the fire out in the sacked coal; the men moving lumber after the steam schooner had ripped the screw and rudder clear; the men moving lumber back again; the struggle to check it when it was surging, to save it from going overside; men injured in the fight; one man dead.

The answer was so very simple. He understood that now. All his life and movement and work were directed to one end, for one great master. There was something greater than men and ships, greater than deep water itself, a veritable sovereign of the sea.

"There you are," said Captain Graham, his face lighted with a strange inward fire. He motioned with one hand to the rattling winches, to the sweating men, to the lumber going sling-load by sling-load on the wharf.

"I beg your pardon," said the bright young reporter. "I asked what would you consider the greatest thing at sea?"

"I'm telling you," said Captain Graham. He waved his hand again. "Cargo!"

Our Vanishing Mop

Continued from page 18

are that the hair will be abundant and healthy, provided that the scalp is also healthy.

A third influence in hair growth and health, but an influence which is growing smaller and smaller as we become more civilized, is a nervous one. Whether we once had a nervous mechanism which allowed us to shed our hair at will, or when it served a purpose of escape from a hostile clutch, we can only conjecture, but a fact which leads us to suppose that some such mechanism once existed is that after certain nervous shocks some individuals will suddenly shed patches of hair and shed it as completely as if it had been shaved off. This patchy baldness is not permanent but sometimes the new hair is quite colorless.

If we remember these few facts—that the general character of our hair is predetermined in the follicles; that our general condition influences our hair; that a healthy scalp is a prerequisite to healthy hair; that the hair on our heads, after it leaves the scalp, is really dead, and cannot be injured or helped in the sense that living organs can be injured or helped—we will relieve ourselves of many worries, and of much fussing about the treatment of the hair itself.

Leaving the maintenance of general good health to common sense and the family physician, let us consider the health of the scalp, a matter about which the family physician is seldom consulted.

Baldness is a result, generally, of one of three things:

First, though least commonly, systemic or blood disease may be the cause. Certain general diseases sometimes settle for a time in the scalp and other parts of the skin, permanently killing the hair follicles. An example is typhoid, although typhoid does not always do this. This sort of baldness is generally premature and always incurable. No local or general treatment can restore the dead follicles.

Second, and most commonly, baldness is the result or consequence of age and the sedateness which goes with advancing years. This sort of baldness occurs on top of the head, where the circulation is poorest, anyway, and where a life of increasing calm makes the blood and lymph flow increasingly sluggish. If we would imitate Father William of "Alice in Wonderland" fame, and incessantly stand on our heads, or even intermittently stand on our heads, we would have a better chance to avoid the loss of hair that comes with advancing years. Here we have another argument for the habit of routine bending exercises—they give the scalp a chance.

Third, scanty and unsatisfactory hair is the result of chronic disease of the scalp, which for convenience we will call dandruff. To the layman any scaliness of the scalp is dandruff—a poor diagnosis. *All* skin scales and sloughs off as it dies. The scaling caused by dandruff is more profuse than normal scaling, and it is accompanied by an oily, yellowish deposit on the scalp, which can be scraped off.

Dandruff is not an unavoidable inheritance. It is a low-grade infection with bacteria which are very widely spread and rather hard to destroy.

When baldness results from dandruff, we SUPPOSE that two things have happened. I say suppose, because I don't think anybody can be sure, since it is not feasible to do research work on the living scalp. We think that the bacteria penetrate first to the oil glands themselves and later to the hair follicle, killing the active part. When the growth of hair is simply made scantier by dandruff, we assume that the caking of scales and oily matter temporarily clogs the openings of the hair follicles and discourages the emergence of the hair. Certainly when dandruff is effectively cured, the normal growth of hair is often resumed.

The obvious treatment of dandruff is starvation. Remove its source of sustenance and it has a poor chance of survival. I believe that one reason for the great prevalence of dandruff is that the prejudice against frequent washing of the hair is also prevalent. If we had time, and lots of us have, there is no good reason why we should not wash the hair every day, just as we wash our bodies.

I believe the day is coming when we shall do so and be just as horrified over the person who has a shampoo once a week as we are now at the Saturday-night bath. The tropical peoples, many of them, wash their hair before breakfast, and more beautiful, luxuriant and glossy hair than is seen among Mexican women it would be hard to find.

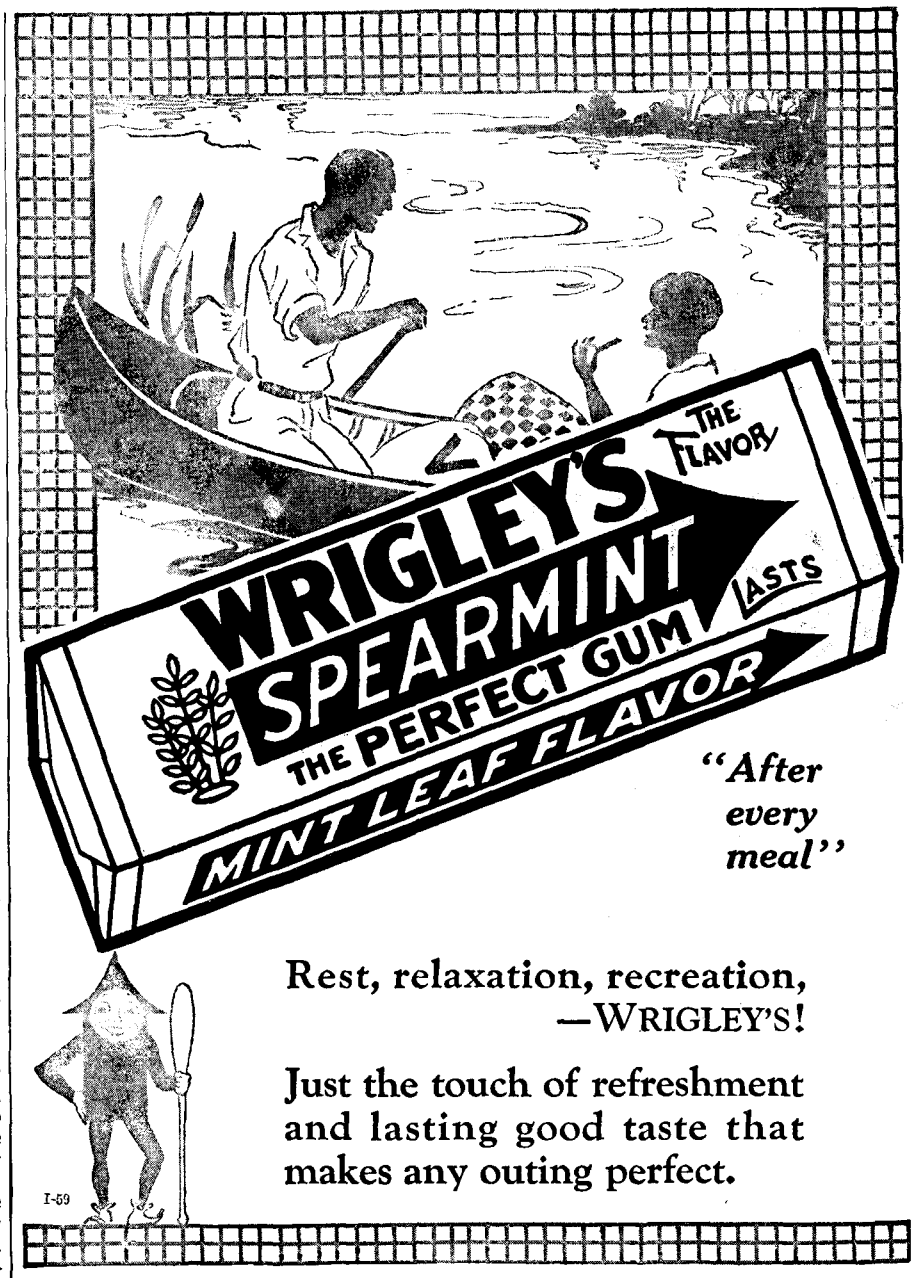
Give Your Scalp a Fair Deal

OF COURSE the dandruff germ can be killed by drugs, just as all bacteria can be killed by chemicals, but bacteria soaked in oil are hard to reach, and any dandruff cure in order to be successful must be supplemented by frequent washing.

If frequent washing makes the hair dry and unmanageable, small amounts of neutral oil can be used on the hair to lubricate it and will not grease the scalp.

About the virtue of brushing the hair opinions differ widely. In so far as the health of the scalp is concerned, brushing is a good habit. If performed thoroughly, with a stiff brush, the scalp is stimulated and circulation improved. Brushing improves gloss of the hair because it distributes the oil from the roots to the tips of the hair, much as the fact of preening in birds distributes oil along its feathers. But as for brushing having any influence on the health of the hair itself, we must conclude that it doesn't when we remember that the hair itself is not living. Brushing as a substitute for washing the hair is ineffective. The dry shampoo is a contradiction in terms.

If we want to conserve what we already have of a disappearing appendage, then it behooves us to treat it fairly and to lose our prejudices about it. The prejudices about washing and cutting the hair have their roots in ancient taboos of the human race. We should be too well educated to retain them. All we need to do to give the scalp a fair deal is to keep it clean, ventilated and as well exercised as possible—treating it, in other words, as we do the rest of our bodies.



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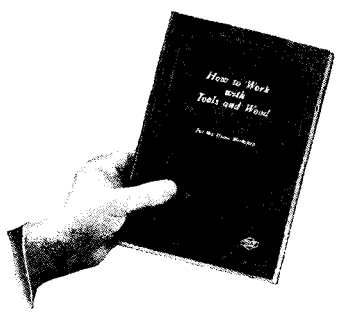

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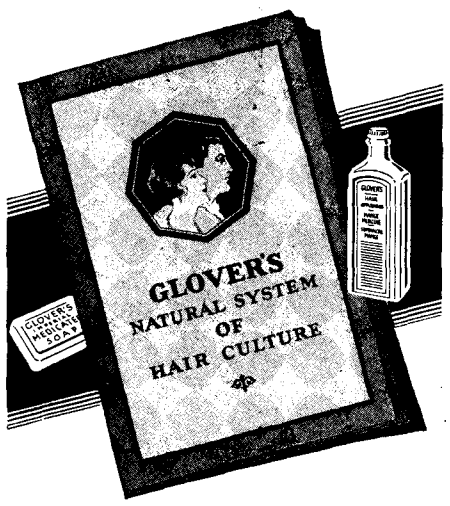

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The Main Guy

Continued from page 21

Barnum's employ, made a fatal ascension from Chicago. His body was never recovered from Lake Michigan.

But it was public opinion—not the lack of courage of circus folk—that put an end to this sort of ballyhoo.

My eyes were gladdened, that first day, by the Grand Entry. Then a majestic creature, the master of ceremonies, entered the ring, dressed like a foreign ambassador at least and swinging a long whip. In dizzy succession there were wonderful trapeze acts, and bare-back riding, and the incredible acrobats, jugglers and tumblers.

Noise and glitter and glamour brought me to a wild state of excitement; never afterward was I to feel such a hypnotic spell.

All too soon men circulated about selling tickets for the Grand Concert and Minstrel Show, to be held after the big show was over. Admission 10 cents. No place for me. Sorrowfully, with the last crack of the ringmaster's whip, I joined the majority who did not stay for further marvels. Swaggering out of the big top, I made a bee line for the menagerie and the work promised by Hickey, the boss hostler.

I had to wait outside while Hickey was sent for. I had yet to become a well-known figure on the lot, and unlike many circuses of the period Bramley's *charged* to get into the tent with the animal cages—for it carried an elephant!

Barnum's Greatest Drawing Card

AN ELEPHANT was a fabled beast in the country districts and an attraction second to none. The first had been brought to America early in the century by Hackaliah Bailey of Somers, N. Y. S. B. Howes and P. T. Barnum imported a drove of ten in 1850. Jumbo, the greatest ever exhibited in captivity, became Barnum's greatest drawing card.

The combine of Barnum and Bailey was caused by James A. Bailey having in the menagerie of Cooper & Bailey's Circus the only baby elephant ever born in this country. Cooper was dead. After offering $100,000 for the baby elephant, and meeting with a refusal, Barnum combined with Bailey to get the prize and thus started the great firm name. So you can see how important the elephant was in early circus days.

Hickey beckoned me. The menagerie cages would have held my attention, but I was led past them down the line to where the ring and baggage stock were stabled.

I was told to rub down the horses, also to clean out the cages daily and feed the animals their one meal. I would follow the example of several other youngsters. At night one of the teams would be driven by me on the road. In between my services might be called upon for anything that turned up.

I was famished by the time I was led to the house in town where food had been ordered for the fellows in Hickey's gang. No circus at that time fed its employees on the lot, and the sleep part was a joke with Bramley's and other shows. It simply wasn't figured in the scheme of things.

An old circus hand was once asked when he slept. His answer became a classic: "In the winter time!"

When we returned to the lot huge torches were burning and the ends, wrapped in cloth and soaked in turpentine, made a great blaze. Inside the menagerie tent I learned to light candles, in rows, on two huge square wooden chandeliers, arranged in tiers which were smaller toward the top. About a hundred big candles were started on each chandelier, and then they were hoisted about fifteen feet in the air.

The menagerie was only open until 9:30. Then a rough crew of canvas men started to tear down the tent, and we had to get the cages and horses out of their way. I stood for a time watching their expert work, but Hickey pointed to several horse blankets piled on straw behind one of the cages.

"Snatch a nap while you have a chance," he said; "it will be a long pull to the next stand, and we start early. We're headin' south." When I awoke it was after midnight.

The first train, called the baggage train, with tents, poles, stakes and equipment, was gone into the night. Our second section was named the cage train. The line of march was formed in regular order. There were the menagerie cages, the band wagon, the caravans for performers and their baggage, and a number of little light rigs. The ring stock trailed at the back. Our elephant, a monster called Sambo, was covered with a big dark drape or blanket. Little did I know how valuable he would prove on the road.

The torches were left burning on the lot; only the paper and refuse and the dirt ring, still up, bore witness to the fact that the Great Bramley Circus had played a date in Glendale—a date important to me because I was going with the show on the road into a round of sleepless nights and days of danger.

I had driven a team on the farm and, though my perch was much higher, I experienced no difficulty keeping the line, as we proceeded, slowly, Hickey leading the way. I was three wagons behind him and could see the road by the light of a slim moon.

We started southward on a road unfamiliar to me.

"How does Hickey know his way?" I asked the man who shared my seat. "Has he been over this route before?"

"No, the contractor leaves written directions for the leader of the baggage wagons. He, in turn, furnishes indicators for Hickey to follow. I'll show you when we come to 'em."

The wagons kept in close order. We had progressed a couple of miles when we came to a fork. My mate pulled my sleeve.

"See, he's railed the road."

Sure enough, a long fence rail had been thrown across the road to the left.

"That means we take the one that ain't railed."

"But where there aren't any rails handy at forks?"

"He puts some paper under a stone on the road we're to take."

As we weren't on a bad road—yet—the motion of the wagon was soothing. I had a hard time keeping my eyes open, as I was used to my good eight hours' sleep; but I had to break myself of that habit.

Good roads can't be counted upon to last. This one grew worse and worse, thick and muddy, the heavy wagons sinking almost to the axles. I was obliged to urge my horses to keep them moving. Suddenly the line stopped. The wagon behind Hickey's was stuck in a marshy bottom and the driver could not get his team to pull it out.

"Mile up! Mile up!" roared Hickey, and the cry was relayed back. Under the charge of a bull man our precious elephant lumbered ahead, and way was made for him behind the wagon imprisoned in the mire.

"Mile up!" commanded Sambo's keeper.

The elephant took a firm brace, seeming to understand what was expected of him, and lowering his head pushed steadily. That wagon was lifted out of the mud as gently as if it had been a toy. Sambo raised his trunk and squealed triumphantly—and the wagons rumbled onward again.

Dangerous Trespassing

A MILE or so further on we started to ascend a very steep hill that sloped endlessly in the darkness.

"All out but the drivers," the cry went back. I figured being a driver wasn't so bad!

Now and again I noticed riders moving forward and back beside the wagon line. In the dim moonlight I could see that they were armed with rifles.

"Who are those fellows?" I asked my companion when he had climbed back upon the seat.

"Outriders—guards."

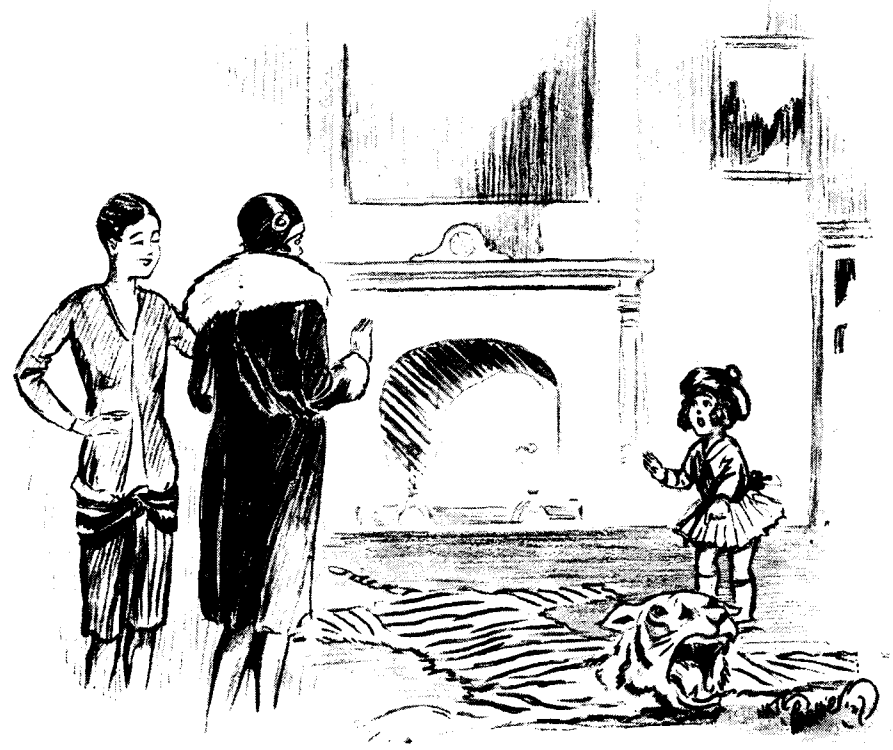
"Yes, and what for?"

"Of course you couldn't be expected to know. The main guy—Bramley—is headin' us south this season, right into the territory Uncle John Rutledge claims as his own. Rutledge warned Bramley to keep out of his country or he'd come back on foot with no more show than a rabbit. We have these riders, so there'll be no chance of panic or stampede."

"Then there may be danger?"

"Playing opposition to Rutledge? You can bet your bottom dollar on it. Uncle John figures the South belongs to him, and he won't stop even at murder. They say he has to leave the show when it trails into Mississippi—he killed a man there in cold blood a couple of years ago."

I whistled. Though I'd missed the big war, I had evidently enlisted in a healthy private one.



"Oh, Mother, look! Somebody stepped on the cat!"

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Several miles farther on the cavalcade stopped at a crossroads hamlet, a group of log cabins, where I found arrangements had been made, in advance, for our breakfast. The hostlers were allotted to one house, windjammers to another, and the performers trooped into several of the largest habitations.

I will have a lot to say of the gamblers, pickpockets, and short-change artists who traveled with the show and paid for the "privilege" of preying on the public. But you mustn't get the crooked gentry mixed with the performers!

As far back as you can go in circus annals the family life of these people has been a fine thing. Nomads, freed from convention, with no artificial safeguards, the performers kept their strain clean by keeping entirely to themselves. The young folk of famous families were brought together by marriage. They guarded their domestic integrity fiercely, and you'll find no breath of scandal to mar the record. This clan comprised an aristocracy proud and jealous. Outsiders were calmly excluded. The grafter might make more money, but they looked down on him with contempt.

When a circus owner myself, I had naught save financial dealings with the stars of the tanbark. They never needed discipline. No circumstance could make them break that iron rule of the circus world: "No matter what happens, the show must go on!"

We gobbled a hearty breakfast. Before getting back on the wagons the performers and members of the band donned long yellow cloth coats and fancy hats with plumes. I joined a bucket brigade to wash from the gaudily painted wagons the mud and dust of the trip.

Deltonville, the next stand, was only a mile away, and we would stir up the natives on the drive to the circus lot. The formal parade, after arrival, a feature of modern days, was unknown to the red wagons. But the total population of a town would stay up most of the night to wait for the scrolled menagerie cages and the band wagon to heave into sight.

Our one band played furiously as we drove into town, seeking to make up in noise what it lacked in harmony.

On the way to Deltonville I made a discovery: We carried several phony cage wagons. I found that I could open the back shutter of one of these empty wagons, and figured I had picked upon a great place for a nap.

Creeping into that dark hole, I stretched at full length and went off to sleep.

Bedlam Breaks Loose

WHEN I awoke, hours later, I fervently hoped that I hadn't slept too long. I stretched, much refreshed, and just then was startled by a soft whimper from the corner of the cage. Reaching out instinctively with both hands, I touched the body of a child I'd judge about five or six years old. His hands were bound; so were his feet, and though he was gagged I had heard the slight sound he had been able to make.

Leaving the little prisoner in the dark, I ducked out for Hickey. I didn't see him anywhere, but from outside came the roar of a crowd, and it did not have a pleasant sound. Anger and rage were mixed in it. Quickly I ran to the entrance, where I found Hickey, a batch of hostlers armed with stakes, and several men carrying muskets. Bedlam had broken loose. A mob of men were shouting and mulling about. I could distinguish hoarse calls for Bramley, the owner of the show.

"We'll have that child or pull the tents down!" I heard a bearded giant yell.

I pushed to Hickey's side.

"Something important," I said shrilly.

"It'll keep," he growled. "Uncle Rutledge has made his threat good. He swore he'd stop us going south. It's a damn plant."

I jerked him inside the tent flap.

"I've found a kid back in an empty cage, bound and gagged."

I'll say one thing for Hickey—he was quick to act.

He dispatched a secret message to Bramley; then hurried to the cage I had so luckily picked on for a nap.

Bramley sent round a gambler's rig. "Thank goodness," said Hickey, "the grifters always keep their get-away handy, in case of a squawk that can't be satisfied. And they have stock that can't be beat."

He wrapped the child in a blanket and put it in the rig at my feet.

"Drive like the devil was after you, back to that hamlet, and don't let anybody or anything stop you. Here"—some silver coins clinked into my hand—"explain to the kid's family—there must be some woman there—that he was found, and we're returning him. Give 'em the money so they'll be satisfied and keep quiet."

Lucky Meets the Main Guy

I LASHED the horse and circled over the rough ground on a roundabout passage to the main thoroughfare. It wasn't long before I was back at the hamlet where we had stopped for breakfast.

Mercifully the mother was at home and so overjoyed to get her son back that she crooned and cried over him before paying any attention to me. A huge, rawboned woman, I could see that she didn't know what attitude to take toward me; the surprise was too sudden.

"Your boy was stolen by some scoundrels who wanted to get our circus in wrong," I told her. "We are glad to return him and pay you for the trouble you've gone through."

She clutched the silver coins as if she'd never seen any before.

"If anyone asks you, be sure to say your boy was lost in the woods and wandered home. Otherwise I shall come back for that money. You understand?"

I made fast time back to the lot. Or nearly to it. I thought best to tie the team to a tree at a short distance and approach on foot. I managed to push my way to Hickey's side and report.

Hickey jumped on the platform usually taken by the "blower" holding forth about the freaks. His strong, hoarse voice rasped above the hell-raising of the crowd.

"That kid is home! I'll give twenty dollars in gold to the first man who goes to Deltonville and brings word I'm telling the truth."

"That's only a lie to throw us off the track!" yelled a farmer.

"All right, boys," retorted Hickey, "here's where we make some money."

He pulled a handful of gold coins out of his pocket and jingled them temptingly.

"I'll bet you even money that the kid is safe at home. And let one of you hold the stakes."

The crowd milled around the platform.

"I'm Captain Connors, and I'll do to hold the stakes," said a burly ruffian, who patted significantly a bulge at his hip.

"You're on," countered Hickey.

Betting was brisk. Several of our own sure-thing gamblers joined in taking wagers. They knew Hickey wouldn't risk his cash unless he had the goods back of him. At the same time I saw several stragglers make off to win that twenty-dollar gold piece.

Time seemed to stop while the crowd waited surlily.

At last a man burst through the mob and thrust up his hand to call attention.

"You all know me—Drummond, the grain merchant. I win that gold piece, mister," he panted. "The kid is home—"

Hickey tossed him the reward. Reluctantly Captain Connors disgorged the stakes to the winners. The natives had lost plenty, but couldn't kick. Not until then did the boss hostler wipe the beads of perspiration from his brow with a big bandanna.

"Lucky," he said, patting me on the back—and that was my nickname from then on—"you saved us from a terrible 'clem'—broken heads and lots of bloodshed, with a lost date and maybe our havin' to fight our way out of town. Bramley will think a lot of you for this. Luck's always aces high around a show lot. You've never met the main guy, Lucky. Well, come with me—now! He ain't a bad boss—if you don't feel very particular 'bout what you say."

(To be continued next week)

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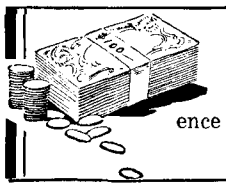

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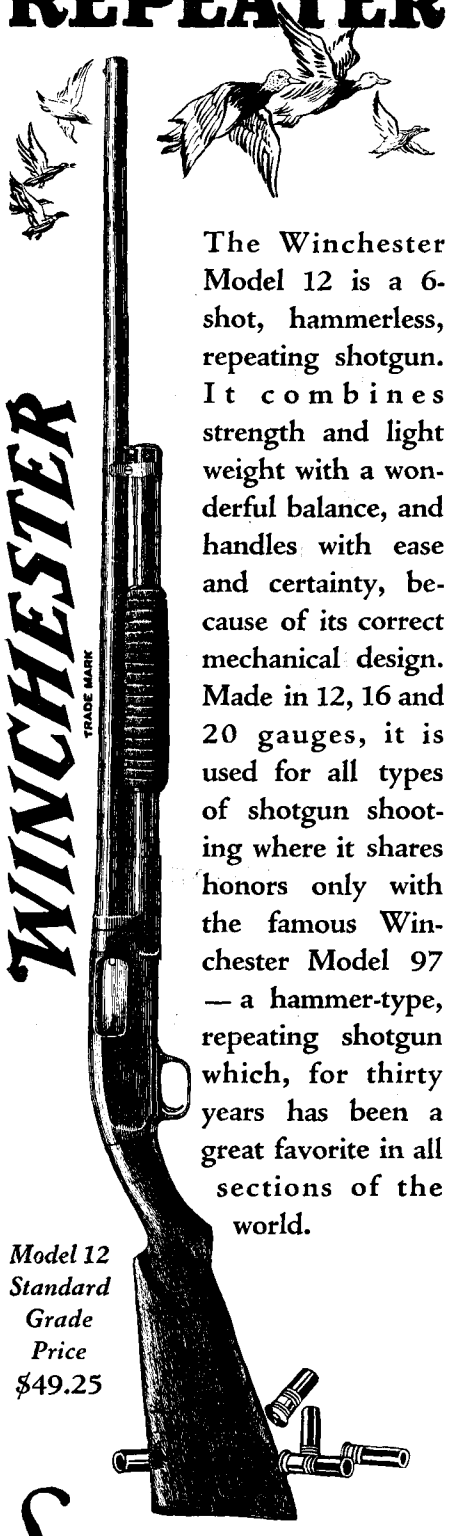

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The 'Twenty-eighters

Continued from page 22

and a superiority to the unpleasant vagaries of touring. So far as preparation and recuperation are concerned it should be as easy to motor from New York to California as it is to drive downtown.

"How are the roads?" is one of the first questions always asked.

I am glad I made no attempt to cross America by motor fifteen or ten or even five years ago. Then there were infrequent boulevards part of the way.

It was only three years ago that the decided change came. Fifteen years of effort and half a billion dollars made the turnover from passable to enjoyable. Each year since has meant a 10 to 15 per cent improvement. Another three years, on present appropriation schedules, will see almost another 30 per cent improvement. That is, on main highways.

Today you can go from New York to thirty miles beyond Topeka, Kan., on surfaced roads, 60 per cent cement. The only doubtful spot is from Topeka to the middle of Colorado, and then only in rainy weather. In dry weather the dirt roads are fine, for a fast dirt road is better than any other. But not a wet dirt road.

I never attempt to cross Kansas, eastern Colorado, western Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Montana, Wyoming or Georgia in the rain. Nor will I until they surface the roads.

Some dislike Nevada, but I like it in any weather, for, though it has very few surfaced roads, the soil is largely sand or decomposed granite, and it is the stickiness of dirt that is menacing.

When touring I am always on the road by dawn. The first hour is the best of the day. The sunset hour is very fine, especially with a good meal and a bed in prospect, but it is second to the dawn.

I hesitate to reveal publicly the ecstatic charms of dawn on the road for fear that when I get out again this summer I will find the ways blocked with traffic —and comparative solitude is doubtless a strong factor in the charm.

Dawn on the road lifts you out of yourself. As the sun appears and burns out the mists, and the heat begins throbbing into your engine, the dregs of fatigue leave your body; you feel superior to all; you shuck your past; you speed as on wings, roseate, master of time and fate.

About ten o'clock this ecstasy begins to fade, and you become an ordinary human being again. I stop wherever I happen to be when the sun goes down, or a little before. I begin looking for signs about four in the afternoon.

East of the Kaw, "Tourists Accommodated" on a farmhouse or suburban home is often the place.

Shopping for Sleep

IN MANY localities it seems that the rural population has solved the farm problem by turning to the tourist crop. Many of these homes are pleasant places to spend the night, but because some of them are not I start looking well before sundown, for I won't be on the road after nightfall, and I won't stay in the first place I see unless it looks right. I believe in shopping. Seldom does anyone resent it, and when anybody does that is the place to avoid.

Tea houses or country hotels are usually available, if no American "pension" is handy. Their atmosphere is amiable, the food good and the people honest. The name of one I must record. It is Twin Pines, Seneca Falls, N. Y. I left my watch in the bathroom, and when I reached California three weeks later it was awaiting me in the mail. The proprietress had forwarded it without request. And we were casuals, one-night guests.

In choosing hotels I follow the rule I observe in buying gas. I avoid places that obviously cater exclusively to through traffic. I go off the main street in a small town and look for some place well established with a good local trade. It is not living off the single-timers, and the local people are keeping it straight.

So with hotels I like the comfortable little places with a good clientele of local traveling salesmen. They do not have to live on the profits of a short touring season.

Some people feel safe only if in sight of another tourist. They fear intimate contact with a native as if it might be contaminating.

That contact, however, is to me a prime object of the trip. I crossed the United States eighteen times by train and knew practically nothing first-hand about it until I had gone across by motor, stopping each night in a small place.

The average rate in a "Tourists Accommodated" home is $5 for two—supper, bed and breakfast. Some shave that, and some stretch it, but I consider $5 a fair price. The small-town hotels come to about the same thing.

One can go the entire trip in "tourist traps" if he prefers. That is, hotels where the minimum charge is $5 to $10 a night for a room, everything extra, including a garage at $1.50. I have tried it that way, but I prefer to keep close to the soil and the life of the people. Besides, you save half or more on expenses.

West of the Kaw the "Tourists Accommodated" private homes disappear. Instead one finds tourist camps. There are thousands, many operated by municipalities.

For 40,000 miles I was a snob regarding tourist camps. I associated them with sleeping on the ground and cooking over a crude fire between stones. Then one Arizona night nothing else was available. We tried the local municipal camp, and survived, for only $1 for bed, shelter, light and water.

A week later, on the western edge of Junction City, Kan., just at dusk I spied the bright lumber and freshly made sign of a new tourist camp.

For $2 the night we had the use of a separate dwelling, with enclosed garage, gas, electricity and water, bedroom, kitchenette, shower bath and toilet.

The proprietor, a country editor the year before, had studied more than 200 tourists' camps.

The result was our opportunity of that night when we were better off as to comfort, privacy and expense than in any private home or public hotel.

Most camps supply bedding at an additional cost of 50 cents or $1, but it is best to carry your own blankets.

Some of these camps are quite luxurious. For instance, one near San Diego will lease for $3.50 the night a separate bungalow of two rooms, with attached garage, bath and kitchenette, completely and attractively furnished, including bedding, dishes and kitchen utensils. Which is a far cry from the old-time camp where for a quarter you got permission to park under the trees, draw water from a common tap and spread out a cold meal on rough pine boards.

"How much does it cost to go from coast to coast?" I am asked.

Naturally, that depends. Anything from $27 up—for I know two boys who went across for $54, sleeping on the ground and eating sparse hot dogs. They used no oil, practically wrecking their old machine, and the gas cost them about $35.

A young man living near me drove last summer from Los Angeles to New York, taking his mother, in a four-cylinder roadster, in nine days, at a total cost of $94, and they slept each night in good beds, either in a hotel or a private home. Half that was for gas and oil.

Why Motorists Leave Home

MY CAR is of eight cylinders and weighs 5,000 pounds. For 3,500 miles I allow $100 for gas and oil. Then I add $7 a day for traveling expenses. For either of the middle routes, the Santa Fe Trail or the Lincoln Highway (each around 3,200 miles), I allow two weeks, and for the Yellowstone or the Spanish trails (each around 4,500) three weeks. This means traveling for pleasure, not for a record.

A friend in a six-cylinder car weighing under 3,000 pounds, recently made the round trip, west by the Yellowstone Trail, east by the Santa Fe, about 7,500 miles, at over 400 miles a day.

"All I can remember," said his wife, "is that all the roads in America are just like the waves of a stormy ocean, bobbing up and down."

I seldom go over 350 miles a day, and my grand average is just above 200.

A California family, father, mother and three children, told me that they had made the trip eight times, but they disliked the desert.

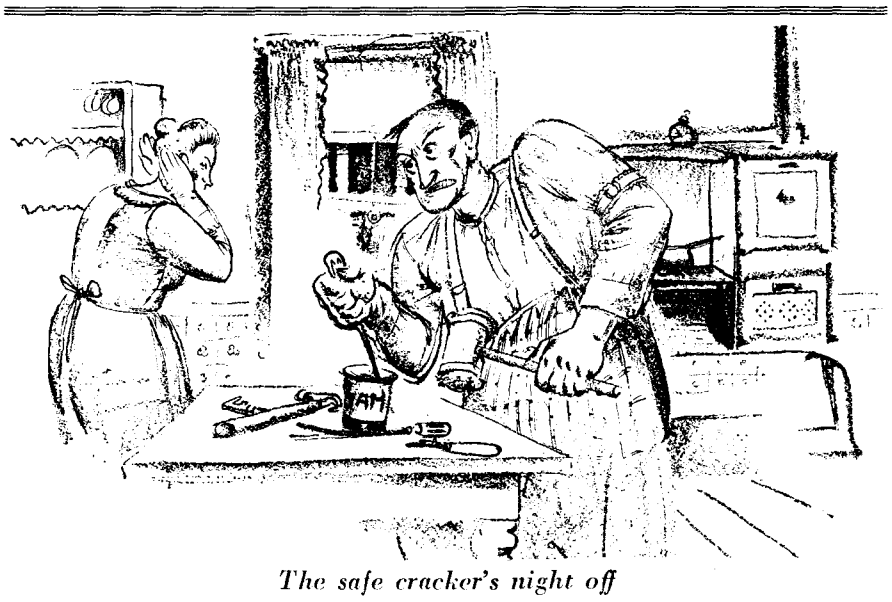
The desert is evidently a matter of taste. I prefer it to all other places, especially in spring, with its flowers. Once, making for a friend's house on the rim of Death Valley, misdirection kept us on the road long after nightfall. After riding steadily for hours, seeing nothing and nobody, my companion exclaimed, "We are standing still!"

The speedometer registered 61 miles an hour. Yet it seemed we were not moving, for no object was visible, and we were crossing a dead lake. There was nothing to do but put the North Star over our starboard beam, hold it there and steer a straight course until we got to the edge of the lake.

An hour later I drove into a yard, and a rancher came out with a lantern.

"I ben watchin' ye two hours over thar on th' lake," he said. "Seen yer lights a-bobbin'. If they'd 'a' stopped I'd a bin out after ye. Lots o' you tenderfeet git lost on that lake."

That is what we leave home for—Adventure!



The safe cracker's night off

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Home, Sweet Home-Brew

Continued from page 9

for the sake of being quite safe, let us take Mr. Fox's figures, and we then have the following expenditures for home-brew:

Malt and Hops	$85,000,000
Sugar	36,000,000
Yeast	3,000,000
Cork Caps	6,000,000
Rubber tubing	1,800,000
Gauges	1,500,000
Crocks, bottles, gelatine strainers and other paraphernalia	3,000,000
Total	$136,300,000

Now, in addition to all this there is another 100,000,000 gallons of near-beer made. And for this our people pay at the very lowest another $120,000,000, making an expenditure for beer alone of more than $250,000,000 in a year—which is not bad for a DRY country.

The malt-syrup men think this is too low an estimate. And the brewery people equally insist that the amount of beer made is greater.

I am sure the reader will be astonished to be told that the production of near-beer is actually falling off. They will be astonished to hear, as I was, that in the old days of the saloon the great Anheuser-Busch brewery was making three bottles of near-beer to four of real beer.

The same thing is true the country over. In 1921 there were 285,825,000 gallons of near-beer made. This fell off 90,000,000 gallons in 1922 (round numbers), another 33,000,000 the next year, 12,000,000 more the next year, 1,000,000 in 1926 and 50,000,000 last year.

It is now down to just about 100,000,000, or little more than one third the output in 1921.

What is the reason? The brewers say it is the competition of the home cellar and the little outlaw alley brewery. In fact, the Anheuser-Busch Company actually went to the Prohibition Unit and urged a more vigorous suppression of outlaw breweries.

Around this national practice clusters a number of industries. Aside from malt syrup, the paraphernalia for cooking and brewing the malt are also sold in thousands of hardware stores, department and chain notion stores, many of them operated by gentlemen who vote dry.

The reader will recall the announcement last winter of a contribution by Mr. Kresge, the five-and-ten-cent-store king, of $500,000 to the dry campaigners. Mr. Kresge was also chairman of the committee to raise funds among manufacturers and business men. He called his earlier contributions a "good investment," though it is not hinted whether or not he referred to the profits on crown caps, bottle stoppers and rubber tubing to the home-brew trade in his numerous stores.

But he was not the only one. The great Woolworth chain deals heavily in this business, and has a special department for corks, bottle cappers, tubing, crown caps, etc.

About 18,000,000 feet of rubber tubing a year is sold to the home liquor trade, and it is made by eminently respectable manufacturers, some of them vestrymen in their churches.

There are more than 61 bottle cap and seal manufacturers, 42 metal crown cap makers and more than 90 bottle-stopper manufacturers.

The trade journals of the home-brew trade are filled with the advertisements of these industries. In the same journal one notices the advertisements—very large and very prominent—of the American Can Company and the Continental Can Company to sell their cans to the malt-syrup trade—a big business, as it involves hundreds of millions of cans a year.

All this business is perfectly proper and legal. Even rabid dry states have refused to pass laws to reach it. But it is built around prohibition and it is getting larger all the time.

It would take an army larger than we used in the World War and more judges than we now have police to reach into the homes. And there seems to be no disposition anywhere to do that. . . .

Greater, however, than the malt-syrup business and its appurtenances on the great Volstead frontier is the home-wine business. America is growing faster as a wine-drinking country than any other in the world. France, the great wine nation, is actually declining.

In 1919, the year prohibition was adopted, California shipped 20,000 tons of juice grapes. Last year she shipped over 800,000 tons for juice purposes.

Of course all the wine made in American kitchens does not come from Californian grapes. Almost any sort of fruit will yield a drinkable wine.

A traveler to this country is reported to have said that he never saw anywhere men, particularly workingmen, so devoted to the beauties of nature. Wherever he went, he declared, he saw men or children out in the fields gathering flowers. He did not know of the sudden popularity of the humble dandelion!

Last year this country used 2,464,712 tons of grapes. Of course all these grapes are not used for wine. But from back yards and hillsides and private orchards all over the land are hundreds of thousands of grape vineyards whose product does not figure in this total. We can only estimate what volume of grapes wound up in the wine barrel.

From California 473,000 tons of juice grapes were shipped last year. Also there were sent out 303,000 tons of fresh raisin grapes—the variety raised for raisins, but sold for wine-juice purposes. Add to this 43,000 tons of table grapes. This is about one eighth of the table grapes shipped. About that much goes into wine making. This gives us about 820,000 tons of grapes shipped from California for juice purposes.

In addition to this a very large amount was shipped out as juice. This is a new industry. Foremost in it is the Italian-Swiss colony, which has developed a method of shipping the juice in barrels in refrigerator ships. Thus preserved it is saved from fermentation while passing from seller to cellar. A single ship has brought as much as 3,000 barrels of this juice to New York in a single trip. It is sold all over the country.

Then Californian householders make wine out of a lot of grapes which are not included in the totals given above. San Francisco is one of the largest consumers of juice grapes, taking last year over 2,000 carloads.

No Wonder Wets Vote Dry

IT IS no wonder sentiment in California has changed on prohibition. Some years ago California's grape growers contributed heavily to kill all the biennial attempts to fasten state prohibition on that state. They were told prohibition would destroy their business.

Back in 1918 the state made its biggest test on the wet and dry question. The grape counties voted wet.

But since the advent of national prohibition and the rise of the grape trade in an election in 1922 on the state Wright Act all the grape counties went dry. And four years later, when an attempt was made to repeal the Wright Act, they went drier still.

There are, of course, many other grape states. New York State raises 106,000 tons. Michigan raises over 50,000 tons, Pennsylvania grows 25,000 tons, and Ohio produces 20,000 tons.

The grapes of these states are consumed largely by the states themselves and by their neighbors. Cleveland got 124 carloads of Eastern grapes, and Cincinnati got 127 carloads last year. But they got even more by truck. Philadelphia got 333 carloads by rail and more by truck. New York City got 202 carloads of Eastern grapes by rail and another 600 by truck.

In several of these states the new

(*Continued on page 48*)

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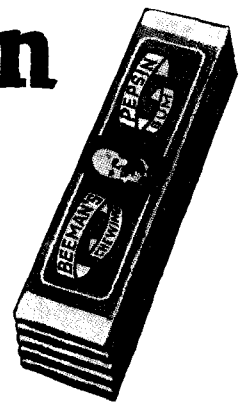

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Home, Sweet Home-Brew

Continued from page 47

wine-juice industry shows signs of flourishing.

In Pittsburgh the Agricultural Exchange announces that it has installed modern crushers and presses in its building and that it will deliver grapes, stemmed, crushed and pressed, at regular grape prices.

Michigan grape men admit that the bulk of their crop goes into juice. And in the last few months seven wine-juice concerns there have consolidated into one big corporation.

In Indianapolis four men were recently indicted for selling this wine juice. The prohibition commissioner bought a barrel and set it up in his office for a month. In that time it registered 12.85 per cent alcohol. I do not think the case has been finally disposed of. But it has done one thing. It has furnished to the trade a certificate by the Prohibition Unit that the juice will produce a strong wine.

It is in the nature of a guess—but one that errs on the side of moderation—that the amount of grapes and raisins that go into wine making is not less than 2,000,000,000 pounds, and from this amount not less than 175,000,000 gallons of wine are made.

If we will add to this all the wine made from currants, black dried cherries, dandelions and numerous other fruits, including cider mixed with sugar and honey, we have a wine production in this dry country of ours of 200,000,000 gallons. Compare this with our consumption of domestic and imported wines before prohibition of 60,000,000 gallons.

To make all this wine, of course, an immense amount of machinery is required. Great quantities of crocks for the first process, crushers for breaking the grapes, presses for squeezing out the juice and kegs for holding it, fermenting tubes and bungs, rubber siphon tubes, faucets, jugs for holding it and bottles and corks, as well as gelatine for forcing the settlement of the sediment. The production of all this apparatus requires the expenditure of millions every year. I have a list of thirty-two wine-press manufacturers whose output has been on a gigantic scale.

Uncle Sam Loves Grape Growers

OF COURSE the curious reader asks how the home vintner gets away with this business. Well, the trade enjoys a kind of respectability. In one state prohibition agents stationed themselves near the freight cars from which the populace was supplying itself with grapes. They took the names and addresses of purchasers and, in a few weeks, just about the time the wild juices were working merrily, they appeared at numerous homes and emptied the lawless broth into the streets.

A committee of grape growers called indignantly upon a high official of the government, and, I am informed, he gave orders that this sort of thing was to stop.

The whole industry enjoys the especial care of our dry government. Not only do these grapes come from the driest portion of our arid nation, but every effort is made to encourage, stimulate and protect it.

The Agricultural Department of dry California works constantly on the problem of assisting the grape growers while the U. S. Agricultural Department has done wonders for the grape business. In New York State the chief spokesman for the grape growers is the speaker of the dry Assembly!

The Interstate Commerce Commission has reduced the freight rates on shipments across the continent.

There is certainly nothing illegal in a grape, and every man who sells a basket of grapes is presumed to be doing so for a lawful purpose, and there is no way of proving that he is not.

The buyer takes it to the secrecy and privacy of his own home, and the great crime of repeating the miracle of Cana takes place there.

Here, then, is another industry, apparently perfectly legal, yet built wholly on the liquor demand, enjoying government encouragement and protection and consuming in the cost of grapes and paraphernalia every year not less than $220,000,000.

And now we come to the heart of all good liquor—the demon alcohol. Around this prime unconstitutional villain has grown up another group of industries which are quite lawful and are plied with equal profit by good Drys and wicked Wets.

There is nothing inherently evil in a copper boiler. There is nothing unconstitutional in a pound of corn sugar. There is nothing sinful in a sack of rye.

It is unlawful to take these perfectly innocent commodities and over the kitchen stove unlock the wild spirits that sleep in the harmless grains. But it is not unlawful to sell these things.

Once again I must point out that I am not referring to the production of commercial moonshine. It has been estimated, and I think rather moderately, that there are not less than 30,000 commercial stills turning out in the neighborhood of 75,000,000 gallons of whisky a year.

In 1921 seizures of illicit distilleries and distillery apparatus amounted to 95,933. In 1926 it was 161,979. In 1927 it was 208,073. All this trade is illegal from beginning to end. It comes under the general head of bootlegging. It has no standing, and I do NOT include it in my calculations at all. But besides this there are under operation hundreds of thousands of home stills which are making white lightning, white mule, stump rum, peach brandy, applejack and frog poison of all sorts.

No Great Still Alarm

HUNDREDS of thousands of copper stills are manufactured. I have been able to locate forty-nine copper-still manufacturers.

The Prohibition Unit says it keeps a record of every still made: it must be registered. At the New York office I was informed that if there are stills in stores in this region they must be registered. They are certainly on sale not only here but all over the country. In a very small stretch of territory I counted

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200. In many places they were on display on the sidewalk.

I read a few days ago of an attempt to proceed against the malt stores in Boston. In one of them forty-nine stills were displayed on the shelves.

I am informed that in Detroit stills are sold in at least 200 stores.

There is no way of telling how much alcohol is produced in this way. But it must be a very great volume. Testifying before the Senate's prohibition hearing, the Rev. Father Kasaczum declared that among his people—Polish settlers—practically every home had a still. I can corroborate that. In a Polish neighborhood near my own the same thing is true.

While these spirits are distilled from all sorts of things, I am told at prohibition offices that corn sugar is becoming increasingly popular. It requires no mash, leaves almost no refuse and has no smell. A correspondent informs me that in Detroit it is the favorite agent.

The Detroiter takes 100 pounds of corn sugar, costing $3.50; three gallons of malt syrup, costing $1.50, and gets 10 gallons of 180-proof whisky. Reduced to 90 proof, this gives him 20 gallons of hard liquor for $5, plus the gas and labor.

General Andrews told the Senate that the Prohibition Unit was enabled to locate stills by following shipments of corn sugar. Certainly the following figures are significant: In 1921 the production of corn sugar was 152,000,000 pounds. In 1925 it was 580,000,000 pounds. This is almost a 400 per cent increase.

Some of this is used in rayon manufacture and some in tanning and some in the chemical industries. But during the years of this increase the production of the leathers requiring corn sugar has actually fallen off.

Prohibition officials insist that making whisky is the chief use of corn sugar. Certainly it is found on sale in all home bottlers' stores, and frequently one sees sales of it featured. The production of this commodity is a perfectly legal operation. And the head of the great corporation which is the largest manufacturer of corn sugar is a prominent Dry and a generous contributor to the cause.

There is also another industry which has found in the prohibition trade an enormous outlet for its product. This is industrial alcohol. Its manufacture is quite legal, but it never could be produced in the quantity it is if it were not for the fact that it will ultimately cross the border of illegality.

In 1912 we produced around 73,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol. In 1926 we made 202,000,000 gallons. There was an increase of 35,000,000 gallons from 1925 to 1926. How much of this owes its existence to the Volstead trade?

We are told that this great increase is due to the rise of alcohol as an antifreeze mixture in automobiles. But we know how much is used for that purpose. It is about 35,000,000 gallons. The increase of a single year takes care of that.

The Great Gin Wave

THE diversion to illegal purposes comes from the specially denatured alcohol which amounts to about 90,000,000 gallons in a year. This is prepared for perfumes, vinegars, rubbing, hair tonics and numerous industrial uses. But the United States district attorney for New York City testified before the Senate Committee that the amount recovered for illegal purposes was not under 60,000,000 gallons. Estimates around this figure have been made by others.

And industrial alcohol is produced by a number of large corporations of national standing, some of them numbering among their directorates convinced and earnest Drys.

A lot of this alcohol is used to dilute imported whiskies. A lot is used with flavorings of all sorts, and this flavoring business is becoming an extensive one. A number of domestic manufacturers put out flavors of all sorts. There are little boxes containing rows of bottles with essences to produce rye, Scotch, Benedictine, peach and cherry brandy flavors. They contain no intoxicants. They must be mixed with alcohol to make a beverage. But until they are so mixed they are quite legal.

Numerous firms manufacture nonalcoholic Bronx, Martini and Manhattan cocktails having less than one half of one per cent alcohol. All the buyer has to do is to increase the alcoholic content.

In this connection it is interesting to chart, in the sales of juniper oil, the rise and decline of the great gin wave.

All our juniper oil is imported. It comes from Italy, Austria and a few countries in that region. It has little value outside of producing gin. In 1920 the imports of juniper oil were 8,885 pounds. A pound is equal to about a pint in volume. And one ounce is enough to flavor several gallons of gin.

Then the imports began to increase as our sober citizenry learned how to shake up a few quarts of water and alcohol and juniper and serve an orange blossom fresh from the kitchen factory.

Soft Drinks Fortified by Booze

THEY rose yearly right up to 1923. And then they began to fall off. By 1925 our juniper-oil imports had dropped to 10,958 pounds. Last year they were only 9,305 pounds.

It seems clear that the great gin wave reached its peak in 1923. Since then the thirsty have been turning to other forms of refreshment. The chief reason doubtless has been the difficulty of getting safe gin. And bootleggers have felt no interest in selling alcohol at low prices when they could market it mixed with a little Scotch and dressed in a fancy bottle and label for twice and three times as much.

But, of course, this is not all of the story. Around the hard-drink business hangs another one which is quite reputable and wholly within the law—the soft-drink industry.

Ginger ale and carbonated waters of all sorts are almost essential to the modern party. The president of the New Jersey bottlers observed in a speech that, since soft-drink bottlers have prospered under prohibition, they have decided to remain neutral.

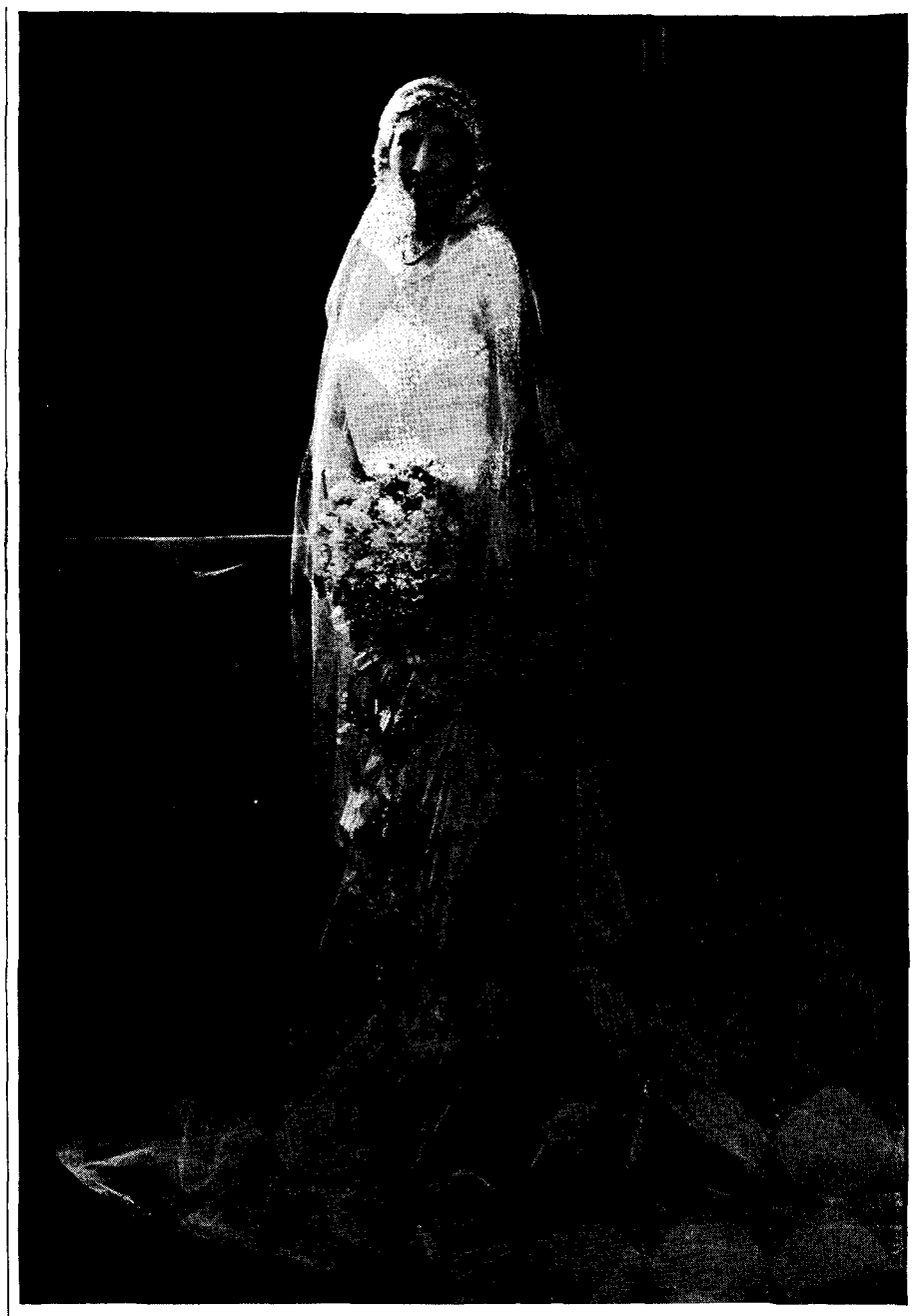
A firm in Boston gives figures on ginger-ale sales. They have practically doubled since prohibition, and the firm's representative declares that "if beer became available again it would have a temporarily devastating effect on our business."

How much ginger ale is made it is difficult to say definitely. There are 10,000 bottlers of carbonated beverages turning out about 10,000,000,000 half-pint bottles a year, and according to the secretary of the national association, all make ginger ale, and that drink amounts to about from one third to one half the total output. Of course all this ginger ale and mineral water is not used to take the curse off "bootleg booze," but a huge amount of it is.

Sales of root beer have increased three or four times. The Welch grape juice people say, on the contrary, that the increase in the consumption of grape was greater each year before prohibition than since.

Now, along with all this goes the trade in what might be called the appurtenances of liquor. I made a stroll through a great department store owned by a man who contributed generously toward the coming of the Volstead era. I found twelve styles of cocktail glasses in silver, twenty-three styles in glass. I found over fourteen different types of cocktail shakers and eighteen different styles of pocket flasks. There were innumerable kinds of wine glasses, champagne glasses and so many kinds of whisky glasses that I lost count.

In the old days before prohibition we had the brewery and the distillery and the saloon, with a money interest in continuing the reign of rum. *Now* we have another group of interests equally interested in a commercial way in continuing the reign of prohibition. I do not mean businesses like coffee manufacturers and milk dealers and business men generally who think people have more to spend since the passage of the saloon. I mean manufacturers and retailers who have an interest in selling supplies and equipment to what might be called the prohibition trade in drink. Who can say that it is not a force to be reckoned with?



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Adventure Eternal

Brown Bros.

Dogs provided polar transit for Peary

THE polar regions have taken a heavy toll this summer. Explorers have suffered in body and soul most of the evil which the icy desert can inflict, and yet others plan to go forward. Tragedy serves but to lure fresh adventurers onward.

What is the magic which persuades vigorous men to abandon the ease and comforts of civilization to undergo heavy labor amid harsh surroundings and to chance it with suffering and death?

Certainly money does not beckon. No man can hope to derive much profit from what he may encounter in the polar seas.

Fame, yes, if body and spirit stand the strain, but humiliation awaits him whose courage cracks in the loneliness of the great waste.

Amundsen, Scott and Shackleton in the South, and Peary, Byrd, Amundsen, Stefansson and a host of others no less famous in the North have year after year pitted their endurance and ingenuity against the menace of the polar

were accidental. Columbus was looking for something else when he found America. Australia was the unforeseen incident of Captain Cook's long voyage.

The men who challenge the polar region are for the most part looking for nothing of immediate practical worth.

Men want to know the unknown. Studies must be made of ocean and land, of wind and of rainfall. Geologists must map the remote areas and other scientists must study the fishes and animals and plant life.

What good will come? Who can say? What good came of Charles Darwin's studies and voyages? The formulation of an idea of growth, a rule that the simple precedes the complex, and that in all life there is unity, are some of the truths glimpsed by the great biologist.

Perhaps the first fruits of the arctic trips will be a better understanding of the conditions which influence the weather. That is practical enough. Other things immediately useful may be learned, such as possible airplane routes across the polar seas.

But these possible gains, important as they are, are relatively insignificant. The great thing is that exploration offers an avenue of effort for the best the human race possesses.

The inquiring mind, capable of learning new truth, the dauntless spirit, the will to live and to struggle amid incredible hardships, the sense of brotherhood which makes brave men of every nation risk their lives to aid unknown comrades, what is finer?

Yes, the polar region has taken its toll, but it has left memories, some of them as inspiring as anything written upon the pages of history.

International

Fisherman Cal

THERE must be any number of white-whiskered old gentlemen around Plymouth, Vermont, who could get more and bigger trout out of a given stream than Calvin Coolidge can. But this summer Mr. Coolidge became America's most famous fisherman because he refused to do or say unnecessary things merely for the sake of getting his name in the papers.

There were days and days when he did not even make the first page. But the newspaper boys had to write about something and so they wrote about the sort of bait he used, which was mostly worms; his costume, which included the cowboy hat given him last summer in the Dakotas, and his catch, which had never been large enough to make a mess for the entire Presidential household.

These details wouldn't of themselves be worth bothering about. But, besides revealing the President to his countrymen as a person of simple and human pleasures, they showed him as that uncommon type of statesman who knows how to give up the center of the stage gracefully.

A national campaign is a period of deflation for a President who is not also a candidate. He still has all the power and dignity of office, but we all tend to look ahead and our eyes are on the candidates.

Mr. Coolidge has gone quietly about his business and apparently has been having a very good time.

Perhaps he has enjoyed the peace that comes from being out of the arena. At any rate he has earned more than ever the liking and respect of his fellow citizens of all parties. And he has set an excellent example for Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith to follow when their turn also comes to walk into the wings and let new performers take the spotlight.

The Old Romance

A FEW weeks ago fire started in the projection-room of a moving picture theatre in Hartford, Conn. Cautious patrons sought the nearest exits, and firemen from three companies dashed in prepared, as always, to do or die.

A half hour later, the fire extinguished, the show went on. Had the audience stayed through the excitement and the supposed

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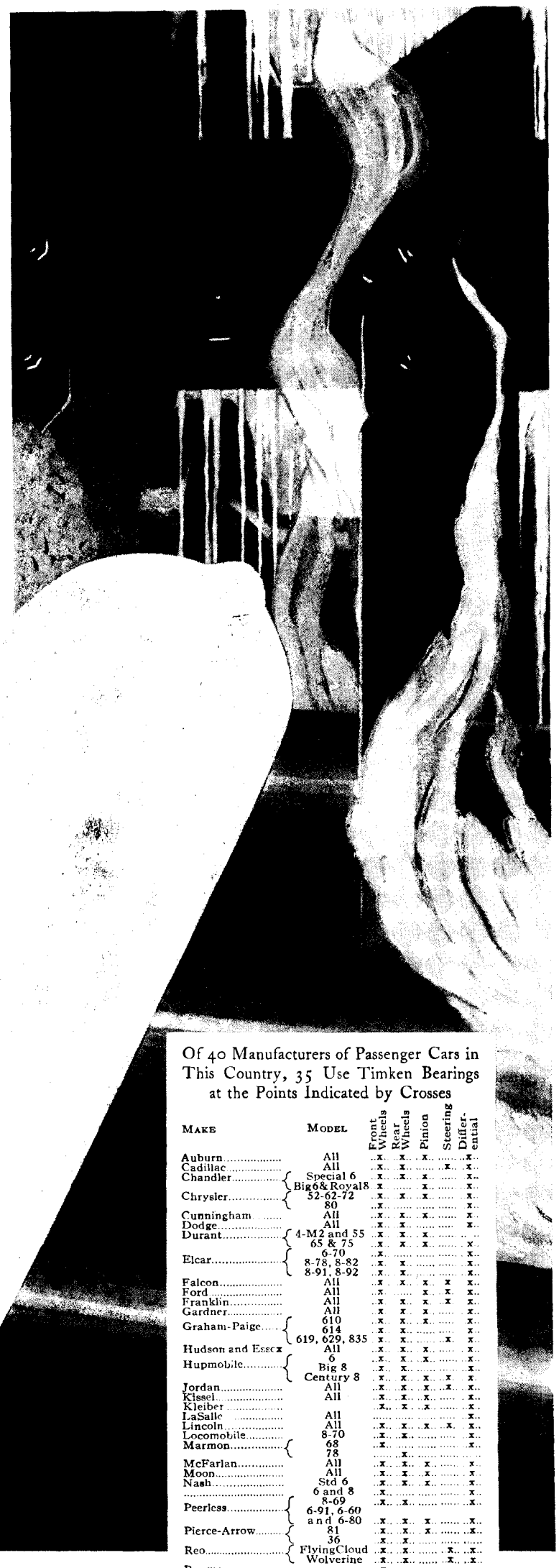

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Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	Special 6	x	x	x		x
	Big 6 & Royal 8	x		x		x
Chrysler	52-62-72	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	4-M2 and 55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	6	x	x	x		x
	Big 8	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	8-70	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	6 and 8	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
	Wolverine	x	x		x	x
Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

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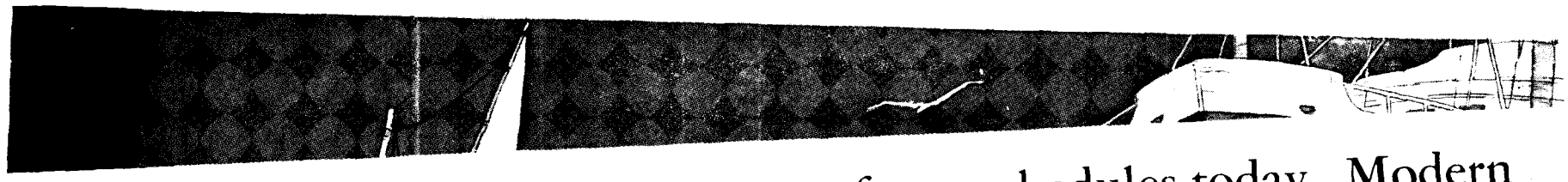
S-126 A-1024J Endora



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